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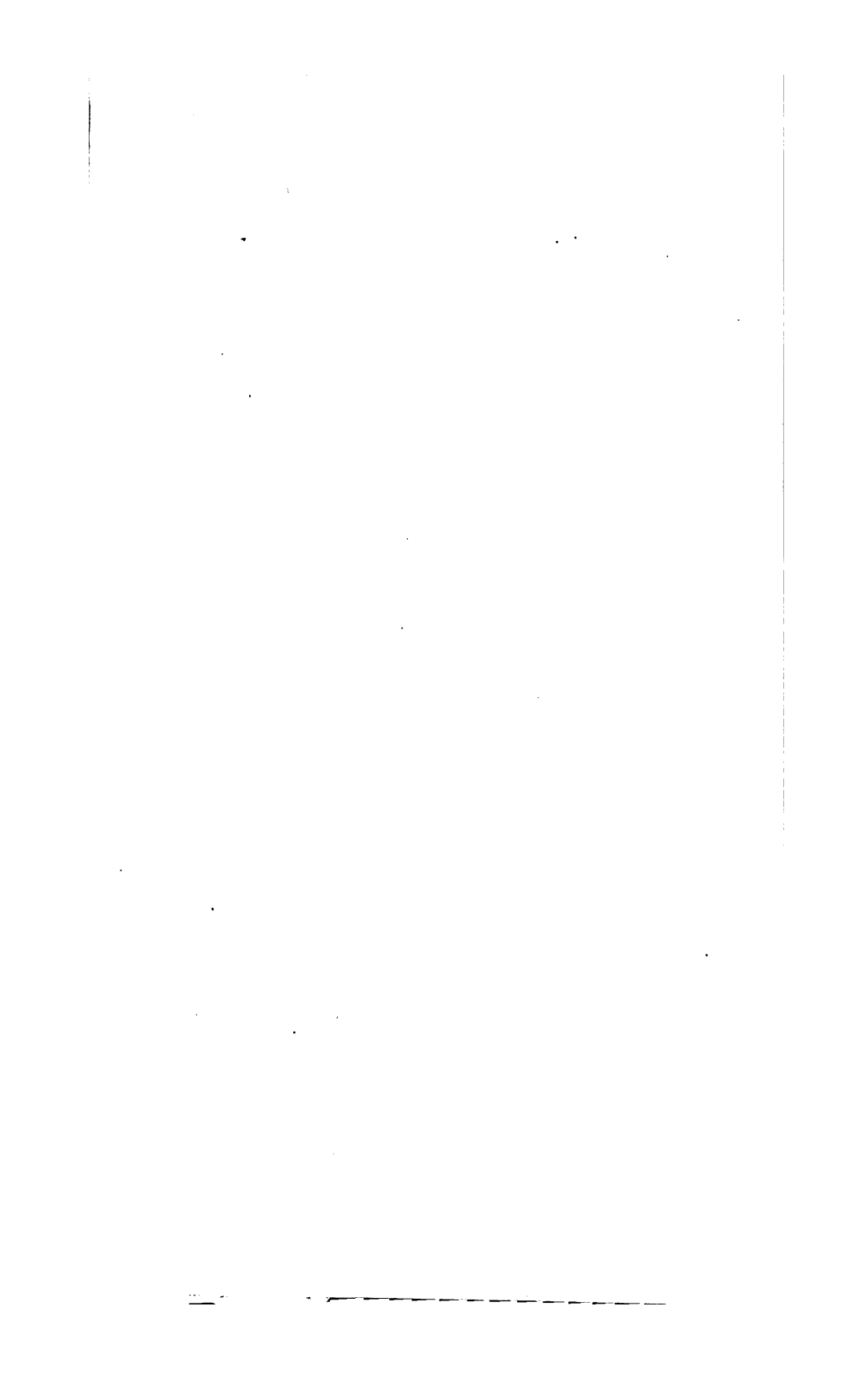
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THE
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BY CAROLINE FRY.

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THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JANUARY, 1825.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 311.)

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS FROM THE BABYLONISH CAPTIVITY, B.C. 588,
TO THE REBUILDING OF JERUSALEM, B.C. 636.

WE have now to resume the history of God's chosen people—not, indeed, as a nation and a government known and acknowledged in the world, and playing an important part in the great scene of life. As in the time when Abraham wandered from land to land, and from court to court, but claimed none of his own—as in the darkness of Egyptian bondage, when Moses seemed alone distinguished by the favour that had been promised to his race, we must again seek in the adventures of an individual the thread of this important history. And surely in doing so, a striking, a delightful picture, is presented us of the stability of the Creator's purpose, and the unchangeable faithfulness of his promise. Had there been any lookers-on upon this scene, any who knew what God had purposed and had promised, seeing now what he permitted to be done—how could it have appeared to them but that all was defeated or relinquished. The thread had seemed to them to be snapped in sunder, the chosen race extinct, and the children of God, whom from the beginning we have traced as distinct and separate from the children of men, now finally merged in the corrupted mass, and abandoned to the misery of their race. But they would

have been mistaken. Jerusalem was a waste, and the sceptre of Israel had departed: its wretched inhabitants, who for their idolatry and corruption had gone into captivity, were not likely to remember in a heathen land the God whom in the precincts of his own temple they had forgotten, and were in all probability serving the gods of Assyria and Babylon; at least we have no intimation to the contrary, as to the mass of this outcast people. But he had yet a remnant, a little flock, a people who were his. In the idolatrous city of Babylon, in the palace of the great Nebuchadnezzar, four persons we know there were who served the God of Abraham—for though there might be more, it is certain no more than four are spoken of. These were of the royal line of Judah, but now like the rest of their nation, slaves to the victors of their people. They had not been made captive at the final dissolution of the kingdom of Judah, but on the first besieging of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar in the reign of Jehoiakim, at which time these royal captives must have been very young children. They were probably between the ages of fifteen and twenty, when Nebuchadnezzar, to administer to his pleasures and aid his magnificence, commanded that a number of his captives of the highest birth, should be selected and educated to attend upon him in his palace. Daniel, Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, the three latter afterwards known by the Babylonish names of Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego, were among the number selected, eminently distinguished by personal and mental endowments; for after the three years assigned for their education were completed, we are told that Nebuchadnezzar found them on examination, (and this great monarch was no incompetent judge,) superior to all the professors of wisdom and learning in his kingdom. God had a distinguished part for them to act, and he chose thus to distinguish them by extraordinary endowments, doubtless to bring them into that conspicuous station which

they could not else have attained, and where they were in so extraordinary a manner to acknowledge him they served. But in nothing so much were they distinguished as in their consistent piety and the purity with which they held the religion of their fathers, as is apparent through the whole of their miraculous history. First, when they refused to take of the meats prepared for them in the palace, consisting no doubt of something forbidden by the Mosaic law; and then again, when danger threatened them, as included in the proscription of all the wise men of Babylon who had failed to satisfy the demands of the imperious monarch, Daniel, or ever he bethought himself of other aid, hastened to his companions and bade them seek it with him of the God of Heaven; and no sooner is the demand accorded, than in most beautiful and grateful terms he speaks his thanks, and hastening to the king, declares that the wisdom is not his own, nor the secret of his disclosing. We may remark on, without repeating, this extraordinary dream, so familiar to us in the language of Scripture. The interpretation of it was but of little importance to Nebuchadnezzar; he lived not to see any part of its accomplishment. It was the voice of Heaven, unheard, indeed, at that time, but proclaiming through the world, in tones that have never been silent, its own determined purpose, its absolute disposal of a world that seemed to be defying its power, and the merciful issue in which it all must terminate—the re-establishment of God's kingdom upon earth. It was to repeat, in short, the often told tale, and renew the often signed covenant, that he had made first with Adam ere he went forth from Paradise, and had so frequently renewed—the scheme and covenant by which he would redeem his ruined world: and that they who should thereafter read these promises, might be assured that they were his, and know that he was Lord, all the intermediate events were clearly and succinctly told, so

as, when they came to pass, to be instantly recognized as the things predicted.

We cannot perhaps make choice of a better place in our history, for speaking of the nature of prophecy in general, and of those men who were appointed to deliver it; among whom Daniel stands very eminent. We have made some mention of these people in an early part of the Jewish History, as a race always existing among them, leading a life of abstinence and poverty, separate entirely from the rest of the people; usually distinguished by the appellation of Prophets, or men of God. Their business appears to have been as messengers between God and man, to convey his warnings, promises and threats, to his forgetful and obdurate people. At first we find them only employed to announce the near approach of any peculiar event to nations or individuals. Such were Samuel when he carried messages to Saul, and Nathan when he visited the court of David to declare the displeasure of the Lord. How the Prophets received these messages we know not—"The Lord spake unto them," is the expression used in all these relations—but whether in a perceptible, external sound, or, as is more probable, by a silent inspiration in their minds, is not any where explained to us. Of infinitely greater importance became afterwards the office of the Prophets; who, while they declared to surrounding nations their downfall and their rise, their victories and defeats, became the lasting and perpetual recorders of the Almighty will. Events with which their contemporaries had no concern, the affairs of centuries to come, even to the extremity of the world's continuance, were made known to us through them; and the writings of these Prophets stand as a part, a most important and valuable part, of the sacred word of God. But whereas the events immediately predicted were directions or warnings intended to be understood by those to whom they were delivered, and therefore couched

in unequivocal terms, the proper names of the actors being generally mentioned, these more distant predictions were otherwise designed—it was not meant we should understand them till they came to be fulfilled—it is not the purpose of them to let us into the secrets of futurity, but that when they have come to pass, we may know that God fore-ordained and fore-declared them, and trace in all his one, unvaried purpose, and entire management of this world's affairs. The expression therefore of the more extensive prophecies became dark and enigmatical—metaphorical names were used for real ones; and it is more than probable even those who foretold, as they were inspired, the things to come, knew not of what they were writing or speaking: yet still we know not in what way the words were dictated to their minds. Of this description are the prophecies of Daniel—the result, indeed, of Nebuchadnezzar's vision, but excepting one, of very little importance to himself—revealed of heaven for us, and not for him. We have seen the greater part of them exactly and strikingly fulfilled, and thence are constrained to acknowledge whence they came. Nebuchadnezzar could not have any proof of their authenticity but that of Daniel's knowing what he had dreamed, when he himself had forgotten it; and this seems to have been sufficient—for he gave honour to the God of Daniel, and raised himself and his three particular friends to the highest appointments in the state, B.C. 603.

This, we shall observe by the date, had occurred previous to the final destruction and captivity of the Jews. Immediately after that event it probably was, that, elate with success, and rich with the gold he had ravished from Jerusalem, Nebuchadnezzar erected on the plains of Dura the colossal statue in honour of his god Bel. The statue was all of gold, and the height of it above thirty yards. At the dedication of this magnificent work, every person of consequence in the kingdom was commanded to assemble: at the given time, and summoned by every

species of music known to them; all the officers, civil and military, of his extensive dominions, crowded to the plain—a painful death being the penalty laid on their absence by the arbitrary monarch. The three Jewish officers whom he had distinguished by so much favour, alone came not; or, if they were present, refused to prostrate themselves in idolatrous worship before the image. It may seem extraordinary, that of all the people who professed to worship the one true God, three only should be brought into this difficulty—but it does not appear that any persons were summoned but those who held some office of dignity in the state; and probably of the despised and captive race, these only had been raised to honour. Why Daniel was not there, or being there was not accused, is more difficult to explain—but as it cannot be supposed he worshipped the statue, we conclude his high favour or other circumstances saved him from the charge of disobedience. We need not relate the event of this idolatrous assembly, in the miraculous interposition of God on behalf of his servants, who refused to pay adoration to another. The fourth person who was seen walking with them in the fire was probably the Son of God, the future Saviour of the world: so at least it is considered by those who suppose that it was God himself in the person of the Son, and not a created angel, that so frequently appeared to the saints of the Old Testament on special messages from above. From the glorious appearance of this person, Nebuchadnezzar himself concludes him to be a celestial being, or a Son of God. How strikingly, how consistently we now see the Creator of the universe engaged in watching over the few individuals who remained to him in the abandoned world. Where his children were, there only He manifested himself; and thus we hear of him no where at this period but in the palace of the king of Babylon—for all his worshippers now were but a few poor captives there—yet at no period did he signalize his power more strikingly—doubtless to prove that he was not, as he seemed to be, expelled from

his own world. Shadrach, Meshac, and Abednego, were raised to higher honours, and we have no further notice of their history.

There is no reason to suppose that Daniel ever lost his favour at Nebuchadnezzar's court. In the history of Assyria, we have already mentioned the dream and its fulfilment, which for a time removed that monarch from his throne, in chastisement of his pride and his obdurate defiance of the power of heaven, so often manifested before him. Twenty-four years from the death of Nebuchadnezzar elapse, ere we hear any thing more of Daniel. The prophet must by this time have been nearly ninety years of age, and as he was not known to the reigning monarch, it is probable he had withdrawn from public life to serve his God in privacy. The important event that again called him into notice at the Assyrian court, belongs more properly to the Assyrian History; and we shall notice it here only in so far as it affects the history of the prophet. Daniel came not to the presence of Belshazzar with the rest of the magicians and wise men of whom he had once been chief; from which it further appears that he had retired from office; and he was remembered on this emergency only by the queen, the mother, or possibly the grandmother of Belshazzar; for it does not appear certain whether he was the son or the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar. Daniel came at the king's summons, and again the God of Heaven made known to him what he concealed from the heathen interpreters. The words written on the wall were probably in Hebrew characters, of which the Chaldeans were ignorant; but even if they could read them, they could not possibly understand their prophetic import, as the literal meaning of the words seems to be no more than "He hath numbered, He hath numbered, He hath weighed, and they divide." What He who wrote these mysterious words intended by them, he only could disclose, and it pleased him to reveal it through his servant Daniel—once more to signalize and to remit to pos-

terity a record of his power; for as it regarded the monarch, it was unavailing—no time was given for repentance or defence. In the time of Nebuchadnezzar, Daniel had accepted the rewards and honours conferred upon him—now he rejects them with contempt; for he knows that the kingdom of which he is to be third in dignity will cease to exist before the ensuing morning. It did so—Belshazzar was slain that night, the kingdom of Babylon was at an end, and Daniel passed with the rest of the people into the subjection of Darius, the reigning prince of Media, B.C. 538. His fame went with him. Darius having doubtless heard the circumstances of Belshazzar's feast, preferred Daniel to be chief of all the presidents and princes, of whom he had selected a hundred and seventy to manage the affairs of the kingdom.

Envy and malevolence were sure to follow on such distinctions, especially when conferred on a stranger and a captive, the professor of a new religion, and the servant of an unknown God. But Daniel stood high in the king's affections, and his own holy and faultless life made it very difficult to impeach his conduct. One way only was open to his enemies—in the midst of idolatry, he openly served the God of his fathers, and they knew he would persist in serving him, however it might be forbidden. Availing themselves of this only means of attainting the favourite, they proposed to the king a decree, of which we cannot but be struck with the absurdity, and be surprised that any prince should sign it; since amid all their vices, the heathen princes seldom refused the external honours paid to their gods. For thirty days all worship was forbidden, and it does not appear that any one transgressed, except the prophet Daniel. To him compliance was impossible. Where the will of God and of his prince were decidedly in opposition, he not only could not hesitate, but could take no measures to conceal his preference. On the contrary, as an example to others, and in firm avowal of his allegiance, he opened wide his

windows, and left his doors unclosed, while on his knees, three times a day, as was his custom, he invoked the God of Israel. The purpose of his enemies was attained, and they hastened to claim from the king the fulfilment of his own edict in the punishment of the delinquent: the assigned penalty being, that the transgressor should be thrown to wild beasts—no uncommon mode of destroying criminals among those nations where wild beasts were usually kept confined for the amusement of princes and their courts; as was probably the case in this instance. Darius now perceived the malice of his princes, but he could not revoke his decree: the law left him, it seems, no power to pardon, and Daniel was given up to his enemies. But even Darius appears to have expected that one so devoted to his God would not be forsaken; and when he had set his seal to the stone that inclosed the holy prophet in the den, he retired to his chamber, refused his usual recreations, and passed the night in sleepless anxiety; while the victim remained in security, and slept perhaps in peace, amid the ferocious animals, whose most natural desires were suspended at their Maker's bidding, and they touched not the charge committed to them. There is something interesting in the eagerness with which Darius hastened in the morning to the den to ask of the result: had he not believed something of the power of Israel's God, he would have considered it as of course that his favourite was no more. His expectations were realized; the prophet came forth unhurt; and in the midst of an idolatrous nation, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, thus once more forced from the idolatrous world an unwilling acknowledgment of his power. Of Daniel, we know only that he continued in prosperity and influence during the remaining reign of Darius, and was living in the third year of Cyrus, his successor—probably he died about the year B.C. 534.

Though we have no further historical records as to where and how the prophet lived, we are not uninformed as to how he was employed. In constant prayer and

holy communion with his God, he was receiving those extraordinary revelations of his will, which make up the sacred Book we call now by his name. His first dream, for such his inspirations are here distinctly stated to have been, was received in the first year of Belshazzar, the interpretation resembling in substance that given to the vision of Nebuchadnezzar. Another is mentioned as having been received in the third year of Belshazzar. In the first year of Darius the Mede, we find him in deepest humiliation before God, confessing the sins of his nation, and imploring Heaven on their behalf for pardon and restoration—for the seventy years of their captivity, announced by Jeremiah, had now nearly elapsed. The prophet's beautiful prayer was answered by fresh revelations, not only respecting the immediate restoration of the Jews and their after concerns, but also of the often foretold coming of the Messiah, the great and never forgotten consummation of the Creator's sometimes mysterious management—and beyond this, even to the final resurrection of mankind. In the third year of Cyrus the Persian, the revelations are resumed—the affairs of many nations and the interests of the whole earth are included in them—and then the aged prophet is bidden to go his way, and rest till all shall be accomplished—a beautiful dismission from the cares and agitations of this nether world, to the everlasting repose that awaits the blessed.

We enter not more particularly into these visions, because our business is with the historical, not with the prophetic parts of Scripture: our readers can elsewhere learn how exactly the greater part of these prophecies have been fulfilled, and how surely the remainder shortly will be so. The character of Daniel, as far as it is known to us, is faultless, of most consistent and devoted piety from his earliest to his latest years, though surrounded by the temptations of a court, and of an idolatrous nation of which he was at some time almost the chief: nor, excepting in that one glorious night passed in the den of the lions, do we ever find him suffering the reverses of for-

tune to which most of the people of God had been subjected: his course seems rather to have been one of uninterrupted and sanctified prosperity. With the writings of Daniel we are all acquainted—the first seven chapters are written in Chaldee, no doubt as being that in which the Babylonians were chiefly concerned; the remainder is in Hebrew.

In the first year of Cyrus, king of Persia and Media, two years after the destruction of Babylon, and three years previously to the last mention of Daniel, the seventy years expired, during which the God of Israel had determined to leave his people in captivity with his enemies. Longer than this, no earthly power could have retained them, as had been sufficiently proved in their bonds in Egypt—but compulsion was not now the means to be used. By the persuasion of Daniel, probably, who showed him the prophecies of Isaiah respecting himself, Cyrus was determined to restore the captive race; and in the first year of his reign, and the seventeenth of their bondage, exactly according to the predetermination of God, he published the famous edict by which the people of Israel were commanded to return to their country and rebuild their temple, and their neighbours enjoined to help them with gold, and silver, and horses, and whatever else might be necessary. On the issuing of this decree, the captive Hebrews assembled from the different provinces of Babylon, to the amount of 11,573 persons, and set out for Judeah, bearing with them all the vessels of the temple that Nebuchadnezzar had brought away and laid up in the temple of his own gods, and which Cyrus now restored. The Samaritans, the then inhabitants of some part of the country, and the lasting enemies of the Jews, used all their arts to obstruct the building of the temple and the city, and for some years it proceeded but very slowly. It was on this account, doubtless, that the pious Daniel gave himself to fasting and prayer, to propitiate Heaven for his people, two years after Cyrus had decreed their restoration, B.C. 536.

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God. Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast, and repent. If therefore thou shalt not watch, I will come on thee as a thief.—REVEL. iii. 1. 2. 3.

WHERE is love, where is gentleness and forbearance like our God's? His very threats are tender exhortations, his very reproaches are encouragements. Man, hard, severe, and pitiless, when he marks the faltering of another's walk, and sees his works that they are not perfect, and his professions that they are false, man calls them hypocrite, shuns them as dissemblers, bids them give up their hopes, nor deceive themselves longer, nor take to themselves the name of life when they are dead. God how differently. When the heart was grown cold as death, when the fire has indeed gone out, and the flax emits no more but a small smoke by which He cannot be deceived though others are, God does not make haste to quench it; but with persuasive pity tries to light it up again, fans it with the soft breathings of his love to see if it will burn afresh. He does not say "Despair; give up thy profession, and deceive the world no longer." To the faithless spirit that has so far forsaken his ways that the little good which remains is on the point to die, he does not say "Let go and perish." His language is "Hold fast: however little it be, if there is a thought, a feeling, a bare remembrance of what thou hast once accepted and received as good, watch over it, strengthen it, let it not go out—repent—and dead as thou art, it may yet be re-kindled in thee." The threat indeed comes at last, but

there is an *if* in it yet—a kind, forbearing *if*, that leaves not the saddest bosom to despair.

Seigneur, que veux-tu que je fasse ?—ACTES ix. 6.

LA plupart des gens, quand ils veulent se convertir ou se réformer, songent bien plus à remplir leur vie de certaines actions difficiles et extraordinaires, qu'à purifier leurs intentions et à mourir à leurs inclinations naturelles dans les actions les plus communes de leur état : en quoi ils se trompent fort souvent. Il vaudroit mieux changer moins les actions et changer davantage la disposition du cœur qui les fait faire. Quand on est déjà dans une vie honnête et réglée, il est bien plus pressé, pour devenir véritablement chrétien, de changer le dedans que le dehors. Dieu ne se paie ni du bruit des lèvres, ni de la posture du corps, ni des cérémonies extérieures : ce qu'il demande encore c'est une volonté qui ne soit plus partagée entre lui et aucune créature, c'est une volonté souple dans ses mains, qui ne désire et ne rejette rien, qui veuille sans réserve tout ce qu'il veuille, et qui ne veuille jamais, sous aucun prétexte, rien de tout ce qu'il ne veut pas. Portez cette volonté toute simple, cette volonté toute pleine de celle de Dieu, partout où sa providence vous conduit. Cherchez Dieu dans ces heures qui paroissent si vides ; et elles seront pleines pour vous, puisque Dieu vous y soutiendra. Les amusemens même les plus inutiles se tourneront en bonnes œuvres si vous n'y entrez que selon la vrai bienséance, et pour vous y conformer à l'ordre de Dieu. Que le cœur est au large, quand Dieu ouvre cette voie de simplicité. On marche comme de petits enfans que la mère mène par la main, et qui se laissent mener sans se mettre en peine du lieu où ils vont. On est content d'être assujetti ; on est content d'être libre ; on est prêt à parler ; on est prêt à se taire. Quand on ne peut dire des choses édifiantes, on dit des riens d'aussi bon cœur ; par là on se délasse en délassant les autres.

FENELON.

Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ.—ROM. xiii. 14.

O THAT we had hearts to it! It is high, it is sweet, to be growing more and more Christ-like every day. What is the purchase or conquest of kingdoms to this? O! what are we doing, that mind not this more, even they whose proper work it is? How remiss are they in it, and what small progress do they make? Are we less for the world and ourselves, and more for God this year than the former, more meek and gentle, abler to bear wrongs, and do good for them, more holy and spiritual in our thoughts and ways, more abundant and fervent in prayer? I know there will be times of deadness and winter seasons, even in the souls of living Christians; but it is not always so; it will come about yet. So that, take the whole course of a Christian together, he is advancing, putting on still more of Christ, and living in him. Learn to have these thoughts frequent and occurrent with you on all occasions. Think, when about any thing, how would Christ behave himself in this, even so let me endeavour. You will possibly say, they that speak thus, and advise thus, do not do thus. O! that this were not too true: yet there be some that be real in it; and although it be but little that is attained, yet the very aim is excellent, and somewhat there is that is done by it. It is better to have such thoughts and desires than altogether to give it up; and the very desire to be serious and sincere, does so much change the habitude and usage of the soul and life, that it is not to be despised.

LEIGHTON.

But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods.—DANIEL iii. 18.

BEAUTIFUL perfection of a confiding spirit! He we serve is able to deliver—in our extremest risk he can come in to save—though the cords be about us, and the flame be before us, and all be ready for the sacrifice, it is not too late for rescue. Against every thing that we

see, against hope, almost against possibility itself, we believe he will deliver. "But if not," there is the issue—if not, it makes no difference—if he cannot, or if he will not save, it does not alter our resolves. He is God, and we will serve him, even without our wages—though he slay us, yet will we trust him. If he minds not to save us from the consequence of doing right, we will not do wrong to save ourselves—we will not serve thy gods though ours abandon us. It is sweeter to perish in the service of him we love, than to live in subjection to another master. So rests the spirit of the Christian on the Saviour he adores. He believes, and he believes it on no poor security, that every sacrifice he makes will be rendered ten-fold into his bosom. Peace amid the tumults of an opposing world, and the yet more tumultuous opposition of his own wild passions, joy in the midst of sorrow, protection in every danger, defence from every enemy, security in life, and comfort in death—all this is what he expects from him to whom he devotes himself. "But if not"—if it be so, as they are told, that the portion of the servants of God will be worse rather than the better for their devotion; that no equivalent will be given for the sacrifices they make; and all will go with them even as with others; excepting that they relinquish advantages, and expose themselves to difficulties and privations for the sake of one who will make no extraordinary interposition on their behalf—if it be so, it makes no difference—they love him, and they will serve him. He has died for them, he has redeemed them, he is their God—for his sake they will take the risk, and be the losers, if it must be so, in this transitory world, rather than even take the venture of offending him, by sinful compliance with the things that offend him—rather than be the servants of any other master than the one they choose. "If not"—it is the language of a devoted spirit, trusting because it loves, but not loving only because it trusts—expecting to be upheld, but determined to love on, whether it be or not.

Si je le prêche de bon cœur, j'en aurai la récompense.—

1 COR. ix. 17.

C'EST le cœur que Dieu regarde, c'est le cœur qu'il récompense. Chacun reçoit ce qu'il cherche dans le travail: si c'est la vanité, il trouve la vanité; si c'est Dieu, Dieu est le prix de sa fidélité et de sa peine. Ce n'est pas assez de remplir ses devoirs à l'extérieur pour attendre récompense, si on ne le fait pour l'amour de celui de qui on l'attend.

QUESNEL.

THE LISTENER.—No. XIX.

SOME of my readers, I understand, wonder I contrive to hear so many things they never happen to have heard themselves—nay, some even go so far as to doubt if I really do hear all I tell. I would advise them, that hearing depends greatly upon listening; for many things pass under our eyes that we do not see, and under our ears that we do not hear, for want of attention and observation: and, what is far more extraordinary, that these very things that we hear not and see not, are the things we are ourselves doing, or saying, or thinking, or feeling. If I could prevail on some of my incredulous friends to listen to themselves, to what is whispered in their bosoms as well as to what finds louder utterance, for one whole year, I should be much surprised, if, at the end of it, they could not tell me some very marvellous stories; and some, perhaps, that had I told to them, they might not have taken to be truth. This preamble I should not have made, as having little to do with the subject of the paper, had I not been apprehensive that some of my readers will doubt whether I ever heard what I am going to relate.

The three daughters of Lady S. had received something more than a fashionable education; though it must

be allowed, a fashionable education in the days of George IV. is nearer to being a good one, than at any time we wot of in the annals of the world. I do not mean to speak particularly of her ladyship's character, because my criticisms presume not to attain my elders, except in so far as her character may disclose itself in the concernments of her family, and the conversations I was so fortunate as to hear. The outward seeming and circumstance of her condition I may mention, as being that with which the world is doubtless well acquainted already. A widow while her children were yet babies, with more rank than she had fortune to compete with, this excellent mother had supplied by most assiduous care and many ingenious contrivances, the deficiency of income as it might have affected her daughters' education. Withdrawn from a world that had lost its attraction for her, since the bosom's friend was gone who had been to her all its zest and interest, she had time to form and execute her plans of education, without interruption from other claims; and whether her plans were good or bad, or both, of which I mean to give no opinion, they were maturely considered, and very consistently executed. She knew her daughters were to move in a genteel, possibly an elevated station in life, and she resolved to omit nothing that could prepare them for it, and fit them to be admired and beloved. She knew they were to pass out of this sublunary sphere of action into one in which neither the love nor the admiration they had gained in it would avail them any thing, and she resolved to prepare them for this too. The proportionate degree of importance she attached to these separate objects, or whether either had undue preponderance in her measures, remains a secret to me, and may as well remain so to the world; since He who judges from principles rather than from actions, who, while he looks closely to the motives of a conduct seeming fair, judges leniently of the mistakes that supervene upon the best intentions, has alone to do with this decision.

The Misses S. had been taught, as all other ladies are,

to do every thing ; and they had also been taught, as all other ladies are not, to understand, reflect, and judge. Unlike those parents, who, by too much constraint, make their children passive machines up to a certain age, and then expect they should know how to move alone, Lady S. had rather guided than constrained their minds—she had accustomed them to deliberate, to reason, and to choose. Whether at their age she did right to let them take their choice when she herself thought it a wrong one, is not my business to determine—I have only to disclose the fact that it was so. If, in relating what I overhear, I should alter things to my own taste, my readers would have cause to complain of my want of veracity ; therefore whatever may be thought of this, I am not responsible, and can only say, so runs my story. Nothing had been omitted to give grace and beauty to the minds and persons of these young people—they had been taught to walk and to dance, and to lie down and to sit up, and to dress and to undress ; but not more assiduously had they been tutored in all these things on a Saturday, than they had been taught to read and pray on a Sunday. I do not mean ostentatiously—far from it ; they had been accustomed to spend the Sabbath properly ; they had learned all the catechisms that ever were published, and read all the tracts that ever were written ; and better than this, they had been made intimately acquainted with the sacred language of Scripture, and pains had been taken to make them understand and feel their interest in it. And here, alas ! so captious are our criticks, I must again pause to make excuse for my story. I am aware that some will say the dancing and dressing should have been omitted—and others will say the catechisms and tracts should have been omitted—for who ever met with a lady that thought another lady's child had been properly brought up ? I never did. But if any one says the statement is not consistent, I beg their pardon. Every one who knows Lady S. knows it to be exactly correct ; and those who are not of her ladyship's acquaintance,

may find many among their friends, titled and untitled, who are pursuing very much the same plan.

Lady S.'s system of education had in one respect differed from that of some fashionable mothers, who think the best preparation for succeeding in the world, is to be kept in total ignorance of it till a certain age; when the new claimant on its smiles, who has had intercourse only with her governess, her waiting-maid, and possibly, but not certainly, with her parents, comes forth as at a signal into the mid-day of its splendours, its allurements, its joys, its difficulties, and its crimes, to understand them if she can, and abide them if she may. What would become of the mazed and dazzled vision, that had for eighteen years been closed in impenetrable darkness, as a preparation for opening at once on the full blaze of a meridian sun? Lady S. had accustomed her girls to her own society and that of her friends, and without exactly taking them into publick, had accustomed them to frequent and free communication with the beings, among whom they were to find their future happiness and perform their future duties. How the three daughters happened to come to maturity at the same time, is I confess a difficulty. I do not say they were all of the same age; yet they could not be very far apart. If I were more used to telling stories, I should not be puzzled by these small difficulties, perhaps. A good novel writer can have the moon full many times in a month; and what might seem equally difficult to a plain astronomer, can make a full moon rise in the middle of the night. Why then may I not make the three daughters of Lady S. *come out* at the same time? It remains only to be further understood, that I, listening, heard the succeeding conversation.

"My girls," said Lady S. to her daughters, as they sate round the tea-table one Sunday evening, "you have reached the age at which I have always promised you an introduction to the world, for which you have been so many years preparing yourselves. I have given you every advantage befitting your rank, that may ena-

ble you to enjoy its pleasures ; and such principles as I trust may help you to avoid its dangers. I have prepared you for the world because you must sojourn in it a little time ; you must act in it the part assigned you ; society will lay its claim to you, and if I had neglected in your education any of its requirements, the world would have said, and you might sometime have said yourselves, that your mother had failed of her duty towards you, and suffered her own sorrows to blight the budding of your joys. But I have told you too, that this world is not your abiding place, nor its maxims your safest guide, nor its pleasures your best enjoyment. The higher importance of eternal things, the greater claim of Him who made you on your affections, the better happiness his love prepares for you, are themes you have not now to hear of first. Knowledge of either world, as far as it can be communicated to you by another, you cannot want : the time is come when you are to take upon yourselves the character of women and of Christians on your own behalf, and personally to answer to God and man the claims that each may have on you, for which hitherto I have been in some measure your sponsor. I need scarcely remind you that you have a fortnight since, after the manner of our church, renewed in confirmation your baptismal vows—you cannot be forgetful what they were ; and that you promised by them not only to believe the word of God, but to obey it—not only to devote yourself to his service, but to renounce every thing that may stand in opposition to it, or interfere with it ; whether it be the sinful suggestions of your own heart, prompted by the evil spirit to do his own dark works, or the allurements of the world, whose pomp, and fashion, and too vehement desires, you pledged yourselves neither to follow nor to be led by. I trust you are ready to fulfil your vows and keep your faith with Heaven.”

“ I hope so, Mamma,” said Emma ; “ it was a solemn service ; and when I had gone through it, I felt I

had pledged myself to do I scarce know what, and certainly have but little power to perform, except as strength from above is promised to the wish and the endeavour."

"On the other hand, the world you have promised not to follow, awaits you and invites you: you have blessings to seek from it, and duties to perform in it—you can neither do without the one, nor are at liberty to evade the other:—these opposing duties——"

"But why, dear Mother," said Maria, "should they stand opposed? God made the world and placed us in it; surely then we may partake of it without offence to Him. I do not see any difficulties in dividing our attention between our religious duties, and the concerns of life, and giving to each——"

"Its due proportion you would say," interrupted Lady S., "and it is true you must; but not to each an equal share; and as they will too often clash, there must be in every such instance a preference to one above the other—my children surely know to which the preference is due."

"Of course, Mamma," said Fanny; "every body knows that God is to be preferred before the world, and we shall never think of doing otherwise. But I do long to go out, and taste the delights of society: it is so natural at our age to like pleasure, that it cannot possibly be wrong. When one is older it may be different. When are we to begin to go out, Mamma?"

"That is exactly what I was preparing to tell you—I have two invitations for you this week."

"Two in one week! O that is delightful," cried Fanny.

"I should have preferred that it had happened otherwise; for as we are circumstanced, considerable preparation will be necessary for your appearance in publick on such occasions, especially as it is the first time;" said Lady S.

"But then, dear Mamma, it is the more fortunate, because one preparation will do for both," answered Maria.

"Not exactly so, I fear: it rather appears to me that it will be desirable to put off one or the other—but I intend to leave this to your choice. You are invited to a ball on Friday, at Mrs. Askall's, where all that is most distinguished in the county will be assembled together. Though there will be but few girls there whose rank is higher than your own, there will be none perhaps whose fortune is less—therefore to make an appearance equal to others, you must depend on your own industry and contrivance."

"O yes," cried Fanny, "we can make our own dresses and all that—there will be plenty of time before Friday—I should not mind sitting up all night, if—but what a pity we did not begin before. When did you get the invitations?"

"On Saturday—but I had reasons for not communicating it till this evening. Could it be avoided, I had rather not see your time so spent; but you know I cannot afford to purchase dresses for you, such as you will like to appear in where all will be so gay and brilliant."

"Certainly," said Maria, "I should like to look like other people. I shall lie awake to-night thinking how we can contrive the prettiest dresses at the smallest cost. It will not signify about the time they take for once; we can put off our other employments just for a single week. One, two, three, four, days, beside great part of Friday—for it will do if they are done by the time we want to dress, but——"

"But, Mamma, you have forgotten the other invitation," said Emma.

"The other, my love, was received this morning; you heard it as well as myself, and cannot, I am sure, have forgotten it. You know that it is not usual for young persons in the Established Church to take the Sacrament till they have been confirmed; but after that ceremony has been attended to, I should be sorry that there were reason longer to delay it, as I believe I have mentioned to you before; and the invitation was given

this morning to all that are religiously and devoutly disposed."

"Well but, Mamma, what has that to do with Mrs. Askall's ball?" said Fanny.

"No more, my dear, than that I do not see how you can attend to both."

"I cannot see that at all—the Sacrament is on Sunday, not on Friday, and——"

"Stay, my child; recollect the nature of the invitation ere you decide on this matter. The feast you are invited to is at the table of the Lord. It is a joyful feast, indeed, for it is the commemoration of his love, and to us the sweet pledge and foretaste of eternal bliss: but it is also a serious one, setting forth in lively emblems a tale of agony and death, that must ever fill our eyes with tears and tinge our cheeks with shame. It is with good reason, therefore, that we are exhorted ere we present ourselves at the feast, to consider the dignity of the ceremony, and examine deeply the state of our own hearts, that we may make such appearance there as may become the occasion. If you think a whole week's preparation scarcely enough to do honour to the invitation of an earthly friend, can you present yourselves before your heavenly benefactor, the Maker of heaven and earth, without any previous pains bestowed, or time expended, to make ready for his presence? The dress is different, indeed, as is the occasion: one is the outside trickery, of no importance in itself, for with it you are no other than without it, attended to in conformity to the convenances of society, by custom only rendered suitable or unsuitable to the occasion. The other—how shall I speak meetly of its importance? You cannot indeed make yourselves fit to appear—no pains of yours can veil your unworthiness or lessen it: nor any preparation be, as some mistake it, a ticket of admittance that gives you a right to come and claim the benefits of this holy feast. You come by invitation free and unmerited; but there is a requisition

plain and positive from Him who sends it, as to the manner of your appearing. The form of invitation used by our church is the language of Scripture, and those who do not use the same words, give it the same meaning. We are bidden to examine not only the state of our hearts at the present moment, but the records of our passed lives; that where we have been wrong, we may confess the wrong, lament it deeply, and determine to amend it as far as may be for the future: and it is not only the act, but the thought, and word, and deed, we are to examine. Nay, there may be something even to be done, as well as determined—for we are expressly forbidden to approach with malice or envy in our hearts, or unforgiven wrong rankling in our bosoms, or injury on our heads for which we are inclined to make no reparation. Scripture is very express in this—for even when we arrive at the altar, if we recollect any thing of wrong between us and our fellow-creatures, we are bidden to go away, and make no offering till we are in better mind. The reason of all this is very plain. We come to the feast as sinners, unworthy to gather up a crumb that falls from it, and seeking for our unworthiness an unconditional pardon. Ill may it become us then to bring in our bosoms envy, and jealousy, and resentment, the birth of pride, the workings of a mind that holds itself at higher price than others have had respect to. Ill, very ill, may it beseem us, to bring with us a reckoning of the unpaid dues we are determined on exacting from each other. We come to a banquet of love—love immutable, immeasurable, such as Heaven wonders at, and earth can never comprehend. Ill-dressed guest, indeed, we must appear, if love be not the absorbing feeling of our souls, to the suspension, at least, of every other sentiment. And then we come for a purpose—we come for remission and a cure, as well as to make acknowledgment of deepest gratitude to Him through whose death and passion we can alone receive them. How can this be, if we have taken no account beforehand of our debts or their

amount; or if we have known nothing of the symptoms of the disease we come to be relieved of, nor have given ourselves the trouble to enquire how far we really need or desire any of these things? Our enjoyment at the feast will be proportioned to our sense of the benefit—our sense of the benefit will be proportioned to our sense of need—and our gratitude to both—and what can we know of this, without examination of our hearts and lives? This preparation is called by our Church the marriage garment, and with reason, for the resemblance holds: the garment was not a cause of the invitation, nor an inducement to receive the guest, nor a title to sit down at another's table, nor a payment made for the entertainment there—yet was it that without which none could be welcomed at a marriage feast. And now, my children, you must decide for yourselves, whether you can, without preparation, accept this invitation for the first time in your lives.”

“I think we cannot,” replied Fanny; “and as we shall certainly not have time to think of it properly, it will be better to put it off: for the ball you know cannot be put off, and Mrs. Askall gives but one in the year—it is a long promise that we should be there, and she is of so much consequence in the neighbourhood, it would not do to offend her: besides, we shall have so much pleasure; every body will be there, and it will be such an odd reason to give. The sacrament will be repeated in a month or two, and then perhaps we shall have nothing to prevent our receiving it seriously, and as we ought.”

“You are left to your own choice, Fanny, but be mindful of your profession and your vow. You are preferring what you esteem pleasure to what you know to be a duty—you are setting the opinions of men before the express command of God—you are offering to your heavenly Father an excuse you say will not be accepted by an earthly friend. I fear that preference you were

so sure just now would incline to the right side, has already fallen on the wrong. But what says my Maria?"

"I am thinking very seriously what is to be done," answered Maria; "I should be very sorry to neglect the Sacrament, which I anticipated with desire, besides the sense of duty. But, indeed, Mamma, I do not see why it cannot be managed. We shall be busy, to be sure, till Friday—but while our fingers are employed for one purpose, our thoughts may be upon the other: and then you know, there will be all day on Saturday that we can quite give our minds to serious thought. I should not like to give up either, if you leave it to my choice."

"You may try it, Maria—for I believe you sufficiently conscientious, when the Sunday comes, to give up your purpose, if you find your mind unfit. And Emma?"

"I cannot go to the ball, Mamma—it is not possible."

"And why not, Emma?"

"Because, while you were speaking to me, my mind took a hasty glance upon itself; and I saw within it so much to think of, so much to reflect upon; and I felt so much need of the medicine, and so long a debt to reckon up, and so great desire to receive the offered pledge of my Redeemer's love; and after sixteen years of kindness, and favour lavished on me, to make my first public acknowledgment at his table—I cannot, Mamma, do any thing that will prevent this invitation, or unfit me for accepting it."

"You have your choice, my children," answered Lady S., "with liberty to change it, if you see occasion."

(To be continued.)

LECTURES
ON OUR
SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE SIXTH.

Ye are the salt of the earth, but if the salt have lost its savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is henceforth good for nothing but to be cast out, and trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.—MATT. v. 13—16.

THE divine Preacher was addressing his disciples, the despised, yet distinguished few, who, in his then ungod-like state, thought it worth their while to listen to his words. We are not told at the commencement of the sermon that he addressed himself to the multitude, the scornful, giddy multitude, that heard not, or, hearing, scorned his holy exhortations; doubtless they might listen if they would, for he did nothing and said nothing secretly; and it is likely they did listen; for when he came down again from the mountain to which he had retired, great multitudes followed him, attracted, no doubt, by the novel and extraordinary doctrines they had heard. But it was not to this wondering crowd that he addressed himself—it is particularly said that his disciples came unto him, and he taught them. They were a few among the many, who ventured to think not as others thought, nor do as others did—for by the great mass of the people Jésus was rejected and despised; his seemingly low and unfriended state, had made him to the multitude an

object of contempt—his new and humiliating doctrines provoked their pride—his high pretence their ridicule. But these, by the teaching of his Spirit, perceived through all his dress of lowliness, the divine Messiah, the promised King of Israel: and however little they might at that time know of the consummation that was preparing, and the eternal benefits to be derived from it, they were willing and determined to follow him, to share the obloquy cast upon him by mankind, and to leave all things for his sake. Doubtless the world believed them a wild, fantastic set, that could leave their homes and their occupations to follow the footsteps of a houseless stranger, one who had nothing to give them but empty promises, and counsel in opposition to the established practices and maxims of the world in which they lived. But they thought otherwise, and He they served thought otherwise, for he addressed them as the great, and the distinguished, and the best of earth—as beings on whom all depended, and for whom all subsisted—the lights of a world that would be darkness without them.

Knowing, as we do, that all Scripture was written for our instruction, and the words of Christ bequeathed to his people as a rich inheritance even to the end of time, we must consider of them as addressed to all his disciples, whether then listening to his words as they fell from his own hallowed lips, or now in faith receiving them as his eternal and unaltered will and purpose. And the same marks which distinguished his disciples then, will distinguish them now—not to the eye of others, perhaps, but to their Saviour's and their own. They go not now forth from their families and homes, forsaking the common habits and practices of men, to wander in the wilderness and on the mountains with him they call their master: the world sees them in some sense employed as others are, and living as others do. But still a disciple now is what a disciple was. He is one who prefers the teaching of his Lord to the opinions of men, and the disgrace of his religion to the honours of the world. What

his Saviour speaks to him by his Spirit or by his word, he accepts as truth, whoever contradicts it; and admires as good, whoever disapproves it. The fear of peculiarity or of censure cannot prevent him from openly acknowledging the Lord whom others neglect and disobey—and if there is aught to be left, aught to be parted from, or risk incurred, or danger braved, or pleasure foregone, or sorrow suffered—he is ready to abide it rather than forsake his Maker's service, or disregard his will. The presence of his Lord is to his disciples now, as it was then, their best delight; his words the sweetest sounds their ears may listen to—himself their hope, and comforter, and friend. If you would find them, it must be in places where his presence illumines and his love sustains them—if you would go with them, it must be in paths such as he they follow would tread, were he on earth. And in some sort they are as separate from others now as they were of old; for they cannot join in the laugh that mocks him, or the practice that offends, or the opinion that contradicts him—and above all they are not ashamed to have it seen, and known, and told of them, that they follow him more closely, and love him better than the multitude around them. To these his disciples, in every age, the Preacher's words are addressed: if we claim the title, let us give heed to the words.

Of an earth corrupt in itself, and tasteless, and loathsome to its holy Creator, the people whom he has redeemed and sanctified are all that he holds worthy in it. It was for their sakes he withheld his arm, when first it repented him that he had made man upon the earth; that he did not undo his work and destroy them utterly. It is for the sake of them that love him, he goes on to bear with a world that has indeed lost its savour in his sight by reason of the offences that are in it. If there be any good remaining, it is in them, the fruit of his own Spirit implanted; if there is any thing in it acceptable to him, it is from them, the reflected image of his own holiness. But if the salt have lost its savour, where-

with shall the earth be salted? If they who name themselves by the name of Christ, and profess to be his followers and his peculiar people, be in no way distinguishable from others, what can stay the corruption of the earth, or the vengeance of Heaven upon its perversity? We are apt to suppose that it is better to go with the multitude, to think as other people think, and do as other people do; and if there is any peculiarity in our opinions, or differences in our faith, to keep it to ourselves as a matter of no importance. God himself is of another mind: He makes a distinction, and would have it perceived; for he declares that if that which he distinguishes as the salt of the earth, lose its peculiar qualities, and become like the mass of things, it is thenceforth good for nothing. If the religion of Christ is to be softened down, and equivocated, and accommodated, till it suits all tastes, and gives offence to nobody, and disturbs nobody, and condemns nobody—if they who profess to be Christians are to hold no higher faith, no purer system of morality, nor more exact accordance with the will of Heaven in thought, and word, and deed, than the unbelieving world, the savour of the Gospel is indeed gone, and it matters little if it be professed or not.

It is needful, therefore, that there be a difference, an innate, substantial difference, between the converted and the natural heart. For we are all by nature in that state in which we are offensive to the sight of God, as things corrupt and worthless are in ours. His infinite pity is not willing to cast us out as such, and therefore he does propose to renew our minds by his Holy Spirit, and reconcile us to his love by the atonement offered by the Son on our behalf. A humbled, and self-condemning spirit, an earnest desire for holiness however unattained as yet, a value above all estimate for the doctrine of redemption through a Saviour's blood, on which alone the hope of salvation rests—things that by nature we feel not, whatever we may say about them—are

among the symptoms that must mark this change. And added to these there is a firm belief, a steady faith in all that God has said, whether or not it accords with our reason, or suits our wishes; above all things, in what he has revealed of the eternal world to which we are hastening, with the certain consequence of unpardoned sin, and the no less certain fruits of a holy reliance on the Saviour's merits. And there is an habitual consciousness of God's presence, an habitual fear to displease, a preference of eternity to time in all our desires and schemes, a deep and pained conviction of the evil of our own hearts, with most sincere abhorrence of sin, and firm persuasion that it merits, as it incurs, eternal punishment, and that if we escape it, it is to the glory of another, not our own. And then there is with these the new principle of action which is the soul and spring of all the rest—the love of God so shed abroad in our hearts, that what we did before, we do now with altered motive—now to please our God, as erst to please ourselves: and what we forbear to do, we now forbear to do from other motives—the fear of displeasing him, rather than of the consequences that may ensue to us—that whatever stands between us and God, or draws us from him, or risks the losing of his favour, is, by reason of our love, unpleasing to us. Now we must be very well aware, that these things are not the case with a mind in its natural state—and if it be not so with ours, while we claim to be the disciples of Christ, the salt has lost its savour—what is it good for?

But this is not enough—this is a secret between ourselves and God, a system of feelings, and desires, and principles, that none may investigate but He to whom the close chambers of the bosom hold no mysteries. More than this is desired of the disciples of Christ. “Ye are the light of the world.” What so brilliant, so conspicuous, so distinguishable, as light amid surrounding darkness? Such emblem our Saviour is pleased to use to designate his people, but alas! how little for the most

part do they answer to the description. It is not enough that we hold in secret a purer faith, and are actuated by a better principle. It is not enough that our erroneous opinions have been set right, and our false estimate of ourselves corrected, and our misplaced affections recalled to their proper object, and the trust that was in ourselves referred to our Saviour, and all that change been effected that makes his disciples in nature different from the world around them. Who knows it? The light may be lighted, but who sees it? We fear it will be said of us, that we have put it under an impervious cover, instead of setting it on a candlestick to give light to all that are in the house. And if it goes not out, it shines to little purpose.

Our religion poorly answers to this requisition of our Lord, unless it be effectively manifested to all around us. Not in much talk, indeed, and noisy setting forth of our opinions—we are fond enough, too fond by very much, of making known our religion in this way: before we quite know what we mean ourselves, and very long before we can be sure we do sincerely mean it, young people especially are very eager to set every body right, and to dispute with every body, and convert every body; and they will not be two minutes in your company ere they challenge you to measure your opinions against theirs, so eager are they to illuminate your darkness with their new-lighted candle. Alas! however much they may know of religion now, when they better know themselves they would find occasion to tread more softly: They will find so much inconsistency in themselves, so much unholy faltering in their faith, they will scarcely like to say it is theirs, lest in fact it be not. When they would speak of sin and its eternal consequence, the deep consciousness of their own evils will make the words so falter on their lips, that they would rather not pronounce them. When they would speak of redeeming mercy and celestial love, the subject will seem so much beyond their power or worthiness to name, its over-

whelming greatness will forbid the utterance. Those deep, mysterious truths they love now to bandy about with so much argument and so much talk, O they will rather lay them up in their hearts as a hid treasure, as gems too precious and too fearful to be hung about their necks for show, precious as the ground-work of their eternal hopes, fearful as the truths that may condemn themselves, if indeed they are not what they profess to be. Without meaning to conceal or wishing to equivocate, they will find hereafter that religion is a deep, internal thing, fitter to be felt than talked about, more safely to be treated of with God in the stillness of their chambers, than amid the excitement and clatter of the world.

Others there are who have ways of their own devising of showing forth their religion before men. We have known some, a sort of technical Christians, whose habitual use of Scripture phrases, and of certain expressions commonly employed in treating of Divine things, is not only the test of their own professions, but required by them as a test of every body's else. And some have essayed to mark it by a professed contempt for the decencies and proprieties of life, the confounding of all distinctions of rank and station, the neglect of all external grace and loveliness, peculiarities of habit, dress, and mode of life, abstinence from all innocent indulgence, suppression of all natural desires, and a mistaken, if not ostentatious, system of self-denial. Some too, we fear, have distinguished themselves to the injury of others, if not to their own, by withdrawing from the claims of natural affection—separating themselves in cold repulsiveness from their families—putting aside with the hand of severity those whom they might have gently led—upbraiding where they had better conciliate, revolting where they might have won, and bringing on themselves the charge of pride and self-preference—sins which of all others can least consist with the religion of the Gospel. Such lights as these are set up indeed, but we fear they give little

light to those that are in the house. Religion is lovely, inviting, beautiful; and being so, it should seem so. If there be one in a city, or one in a family, who professes to be more religious than the rest, the eyes of all should be upon them as upon a light in midnight darkness, which, whether they will see it or not, and whether they like it or not, sheds blessings on their path and brightness on their dwelling. How sweetly have we sometimes seen this noiseless beacon burning on the domestick hearth—unacknowledged, perhaps, but not unfelt—unpraised, but not unloved. When angry passions are afloat, and all is contention and dispute, the forbearing silence or conciliating word bespeaks a temper softened and subdued by more than earthly love: when clouds are overhanging, and restless anxiety whispers out her fears, the smile of cheerful confidence, the composed activity of a spirit unperturbed, betray, without a boast of it, that they can trust whom they adore. And when the sorrow comes, and the deep affliction strikes, who does not perceive behind the falling tear, the smile of submission and the calm acquiescence of a mind that sees in all things its Creator's will, and consents that it is good. And sin has stood reproved by the look of pained concern—and folly has blushed at the dropped word of wisdom—and slander and malevolence have lowered their voices at the interposition of some charitable whisper.

All men, however corrupt, however much in love with sin and determined to pursue it, have a perception of the beauty of holiness. They mock at it in self-defence—they may persuade even themselves it is not lovely, for the better easing of their conscience, that they love it not; but it is a feint, a pretext—they do know, and perceive, and feel, that it is lovely, as certainly as the midnight robber knows the brightness of the light he would rather not encounter. And wherever religion is what it ought to be, however the lips may deny it, the unwilling mind consents that it is beautiful. If, then, this chaste and holy light be kindled in our bosoms, what shall we do with it?

Shall we hide it, cover it up, smother it as an unsightly thing? Keep the secret between ourselves and God that we have found in him a friend beyond all measure kind, a treasure precious above all preciousness? Rather are we commanded to set it up, so that none may escape the perception of its brightness. Would we know how? First, let it be seen that we are better than they are. Let us not be mistaken when we say better—the heart where that light burneth sees nothing so far from goodness as itself—but in that very knowledge consists our betterness. Let it be seen that the deeper knowledge of ourselves has made us more lenient, and more gentle towards each other. Let it be seen that we soonest let go our resentments and repair our wrongs: the last to suspect an evil, the most ingenious to find excuse for it, and the first to forget it. Where sin is transacted, and evil passions are aroused, and folly reigns, and mischief is afloat, let it ever be said of us that we were not there. Where sorrow droops her melancholy head, where sickness pines in lone privation, where penitence shed the tears that few will pity, and morbid feeling works itself the mischief none will essay to soften; wherever the drooping head can be lifted up, or the drooping heart can be medicated; let it be there that they who would find will come to look for us. In every house let the professing Christian be noticed as the one whose time is the best spent, whose talents are most fitly used, whose temper is the best regulated, whose manners are most conciliatory—their words the words of wisdom, and their smile the smile of peace: let them be ever the one to whom they who need help will instinctively come for it, they who need advice will come, they who need kindness or comfort will come, as naturally as those who are in want of light throng round the lighted candle. And secondly, let them see that we are happier than they. What is to be thought of the Christian who professes to be in possession of a happiness the world can neither give nor take away, knowing that all things are directed for his temporal and

eternal good—who says that his treasures are where neither moth, nor thief, nor any earthly casualty can reach them—who believes that he has pardon and peace already in possession, and bliss eternal in secure reversion—claims rank as an adopted child of God, sustained by his Spirit, fed upon his love, and by his smiles made happy whoever else may frown—who talks of earth as a despised thing, at its best a bauble, at its worst a poison and a snare—he who exhorts all around him to share the hidden treasure he has found, tells them they are not happy, bids them turn their affections from all they are now rested on, to something he can tell of that is better worth the loving—what is likely to be thought, if this boastful possessor of the so much happiness, be seen with gloom upon his brow, and sorrow in his eye, an anxious, careful, fretful creature; alarmed by every danger, irritated by every opposition, and cast down by every failure: when others are gay, the only sad; when others are sad, the saddest of them all; as much within the reach of every passing circumstance to vex or wound them, as bitter in their complaints, as loud in their bewailings, as if, like others, they had staked their all upon the cast of this world's die? It is as if one who professed to have found medicine for some particular disease, should go about the streets a wan and wasted victim of the very disorder he professed to cure. Who would buy his nostrum?—Either they are false to their religion, or their religion is false to them—so will it be said, since professing to have the secret of happiness, they are no happier than other people. O where have we hidden our light? Fetch it forth, set it up—let it beam cheerfulness on all around us, a holy composure in the turmoil of existence. If we know that we are happier than others, let them see us so—let them come, and ask of us, why we are happy in circumstances that make others sad.

Our text has a concluding clause, “That men may see your good works, and glorify your Father that is in heaven.” As the light may burn to waste if there be no

external evidence of our internal principle, so the brilliancy of the beacon avails nothing, if the motive for which we set it up be a false one. Lest we pervert his admonition, and learn to attach too much value to external things, and to the opinions of men, the holy Teacher goes back again to the secret springs of action, and bids us look to the principle from which we desire approbation. It is not to win honour to ourselves, to distinguish ourselves above our fellows, and draw the eyes of men upon our worth, that we are bidden to set our light so high. To be much thought of, much talked of, much looked up to as distinguished saints, to have our lives blazoned forth, and our sayings put on record, and our dying speeches registered. We fear there is too much of this, and that some among us are not over careful in looking to the motive of these desires. Is it our own glory we are seeking, or another's? The plain fact is this—there is no glory due to us. Whatever effect religion may have had in the improvement of our character; that character is still more defective than it should be, considering the reason we have to be amended, the dignity, and holiness, and exalting nature of the religion we are professing. Shame, not glory, will at best be our rightful portion: and as the religion is not of ourselves, and the grace that is in us is not of ourselves, for any good that results from them, the praise is to our God. Our aim should be not for the empty applause of a world that commends to-day, and vilifies to-morrow—pours one day into our ears its unasked commendations, the next reverses its decrees, meting out its flattery and its detraction with equal liberality. As far as our personal honour is concerned, it should be to us “a small matter to be judged of man’s judgment.” But our pride, if we may use that term for what it does not mean, should be to have it observed of all, that it is religion has made us happier and better: so shall our Father have glory by our means.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY
ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

LETTER THE NINTH.

YOU tell me, dear M., that you have been frightened from some pursuits, which else had worn no uninviting aspect, by the much you hear said in society, in ridicule of the smatterings of knowledge on all sorts of subjects that women of the present day are anxious to acquire. Society, my dear girl, is doubtless a very respectable, and no in formidable person, whose judgment must not be defied, nor its decisions held at naught. But what is it? Of the many who talk, if we put aside those who do not know what they say, or do not know what they mean, and those who merely echo current phrases without meaning any thing at all, how very little of the gabble of what is commonly called society, is really worth regarding. You say you have heard many discouraging remarks on ladies attending Lectures, reading Chemistry, Geology, and all the other *onomies* and *ologies* as they have been facetiously called: but before you suffered your mind to be influenced by these way-side remarks, did you stop to observe from whence they fell? Were the talkers talking of words or of things? Did they know the nature of the studies they condemn? Do they think that Chemistry is the mixing of drugs in an apothecary's shop; that Botany is calling common flowers by uncommon names; Mineralogy a long catalogue of hard words, and Geology something to be found at the bottom of a coal mine? Or were they informed before they spoke, that these things are no more but an enquiry into the wonderful, the magnificent, the exhaustless secrets of a creation of which ourselves are the centre object and the end—the study of the Creator's works, his wisdom, and munificence, and power—the things he has prepared for our necessity, comfort, delight, and security, and the means by which they are made to sub-

serve those purposes—the examination, in short, of every thing near us and around us, every thing most beautiful, most useful, and most important ?

We should wonder much at one, who never having seen a ship before, should be brought to the sea-side, and being placed for the first time in a fine merchantman, should set himself down in the middle, and neither ask nor care how the stately vessel moved, or how it had been framed, or by what means it was directed—he would reach the port as surely as the rest—but we should deem him a most insensible and senseless brute. And yet a very large proportion of those who have time to think, and powers to think, walk through this world of wonders, where the meanest stone and the obscurest flower are the labour of Omnipotence, which no power of ours can imitate, without considering of any thing they see, what it is, or how it came there. If it is worth our while to run, as thousands do, to Rome and Florence, and through all the habitable earth, to examine the productions of antiquity, learn their height and their breadth, and the purposes they served, and the means by which they were formed, and the materials of which they were composed, and the length of time they have subsisted, while others at home wait impatiently for the traveller's report—is it not strange that we can look upon this ancient earth, and its many-coloured dress, and its canopy of light, without a wish to know how it is formed, and what it is composed of—why the broad river flows on for ever without exhaustion, while the ocean that receives it, never out-fills its bason—why the sun, that knows no man's bidding, comes back at the very moment he is expected—why the water, that ingulphs the smallest stone we cast upon it, lets the fleet with all its freightage go lightly on its surface—from what storehouse are produced the things that come daily into existence, and what becomes of all that disappears ; and how the cold mineral generates the consuming flame, or the rose steals it red from the colourless beam.

The subject is too wide to measure ; and, instead of

doubting why any, whose business it is not, should trouble themselves about it, our wonder grows, that any one, who has a mind to exercise, or a moment of leisure to dispose of, should remain in ignorance of so much as may be known upon these subjects.

In respect to those who object to such studies, because the knowledge acquired in each can be but superficial, and the depth of any such science never likely to be sounded by a woman, they may understand the objection; but I confess I do not. The deep research, the anxious calculation whence knowledge is originated, is not her sphere; but she may learn what she could not teach, and be informed of what she could not discover. It is not to enlighten the world, and add to the stores of human knowledge, that a woman, in the ordinary path of life, studies any thing, God and his truth apart—it is to elevate and improve her own mind, to prevent the waste of disoccupied powers, to exercise and enlarge her understanding, afford subjects of thought and sources of rational amusement, make her conversation more sensible, rational, and amusing; her life more useful, dignified, and happy. Why a small quantity of information on any subject should not subserve this purpose because it is not a large one, I can by no means understand. And little indeed do the idlers of the world wot of what they lose, who, affecting to despise what they call learning, but what neither is it, nor pretends to be, yawn away their useless time till some other idler comes to relieve them of it; or less innocently consume it in dissipation and folly, while nature and her works, and her silent operations, and her unseen beauties, afford to those who with the key of science will unlock the store, such an abundance of pure and innocent delight, as no length of mortal life can exhaust or wear away. Nay, my dear M., such studies as these are more than innocent: to a religious mind, to which God is the origin and the end of all things, they are in the highest degree calculated to withdraw us from our own narrowness, and lead us to the contemplation of his infinitude—his infinite wisdom, and power, and love,

INTRODUCTION
TO
THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(*Continued from Vol. III. page 342.*)

CLASS 17.—DIADELPHIA

FILAMENTS UNITED INTO TWO SETS.

THE seventeenth Class, termed Diadelphia, is said to be distinguished by having the Filaments or lower part of the Stamens united together, so as to form two separate sets, as in the preceding Class they formed but one. But in fact, this is very indistinctly, and sometimes not at all the case; and were there no more positive distinction, the learner could not always know Diadelphia from Monadelphia. The flowers may better be recognized by their form, being always Papilionaceous, Butterfly-shaped; of this form of flower the Pea is a common illustration, as known to all; and every flower of the Class has something of the same appearance, being composed of four Petals of different shapes, each of which has a separate name; (*Plate 19, Fig. 2.*) the largest Petal (*a*) is termed the Standard—the two side Petals (*bb*) are termed Wings, and the Petal opposite to the Standard, (*c*.) is the Keel. This marked and singular construction of the flower, removes every difficulty in distinguishing the Class. The Orders are three, distinguished as in the last Class by the number of Stamens, being six to the first, eight to the second, and ten to the third Order. All the plants of this Class are said by Linnæus to be wholesome, and free from poisonous qualities, but other botanists have named instances of the contrary: many of them are extremely useful as food, both for men and animals; and in native as well as foreign flowers, it

contains abundant beauties. The beautiful *Acacia* and *Laburnum* are among the foreign species of this Class with which we are most familiar. Also the *Indigofera*, from which the valuable blue dye is obtained.

Of native plants in the seventeenth Class we have in the first Order, *Hexandria*, distinguished by its six Stamens, only one Genus.

Fumaria, *Fumitory*, a very light and elegant flower, growing in loose, scattered spikes, yellow, lilac, or white; the leaves cut into small segments; the Calix of two leaves, mostly of the colour of the Petals; the Filaments two, each supporting three Anthers; the stems generally weak and falling.

In the second Order, *Octandria*, eight Stamens, we have also but one Genus.

Polygala, *Milkwort*, a remarkably elegant little flower, very common in hedges and on commons, and continuing to blow when almost every other has disappeared. The flower varies from deep blue to white, and might not at first be perceived to be *Papilionaceous*, but on examination we shall find it of the same form: the two larger of the five Calix leaves, being coloured, seem a part of the flower: the flowers are in bunches, the stem never branched, the leaves small and uncut, without stalks, and with edges rolled back.

The third Order, *Decandria*, ten Stamens, contains all the *Vetches*, *Clovers*, *Furzes*, and many other numerous families, common to most parts of the country.

Spartium, *Broom*, we scarcely need describe—a most elegant and brilliant shrub, whose great abundance alone makes it pass unregarded.

Genista, *Green-weed*, is not unlike the *Broom* in the form and colour of the flowers, but of much smaller growth—one species is thorny, the others not so. The Calix is two-lipped with five teeth—the standard of the blossom bent back from the rest of the flower.

Ulex, *Furze* or *Gorze*, must be known to us as a very thorny shrub, perfuming the air with its crowd of golden

blossoms where scarcely any other flower will grow, and in bloom when every other has faded; as if cold and barrenness were congenial to its nature.

Ononis, Rest Harrow, is a beautiful flower—one species has thorns, the other not. The Calix has five narrow divisions—the leaves grow three together, encompassing the large pink blossoms.

Anthyllis, Kidney-vetch, or Ladies'-finger, is one of the numerous family of Peas and Vetches, that the learner may at first find it rather difficult to distinguish one from another: they may be much assisted by observing the Legumen, or seed-vessel. In this Genus it is roundish. The Calix has a swollen appearance: the flowers are of a deep yellow, extending but a little beyond the Calix. It may be immediately distinguished by the Stamens, of which the Filament swells out at the top like a hollow bladder, the Anther standing in the centre.

Pisum, Sea Pea—the blossoms are of pale red and purple, crowded together at the end of the stalk—leaves numerous, having from five to eleven Leaflets, and always one more on the outer than on the inner side of the stalk. The Calix has two segments, shorter than the rest, and the Style is with three angles: the seed-vessel swollen.

Orobus, Bitter Vetch, or Peaseling, has the Calix blunt at the base, the two upper teeth shorter, but more deeply divided. It is one of the many Genera of Peas or Vetches, difficult to be distinguished except by examination of the specific characters. Both species are purplish, the flowers rather large—the Style thread-shaped. The Standard of the blossom very broad, notched at the end with a point in the notch: Keel shorter than the wings.

Lathyrus, Vetchling, or Tare, has a woolly Style, broader at the top—the Keel of the blossom is a half-circle, the Standard very large and turned back at the sides. The species are of various forms and colours.

Vicia, Vetch, or Tare, has the Legumen or seed-vessel with knots or protuberances. The Standard has a point in the middle, and is also turned back at the sides—the summit of the Pistil has hair underneath, the Anthers are much furrowed. Colours very various.

Ervum, Tine Tare, is distinguished from the last Genus by the smallness of the flowers, and the Calix being as long as the blossom; the Style is hairy all over.

Ornithopus, Bird's-foot, is remarkable for its delicacy and beauty; the seed-vessel is jointed and crooked; the very small flowers formed into a little bunch, are reddish white, the Keel a pale yellow, and the Standard streaked with crimson; the Leaflets very small and nearly round, are sometimes as many as fourteen pair on one leaf.

Hippocrepis, Horse-shoe Vetch, is a dull, yellow flower, the blossoms ranged in a circle round the end of the stalks, and bent down after flowering. The seed-vessel is shaped like a horse-shoe.

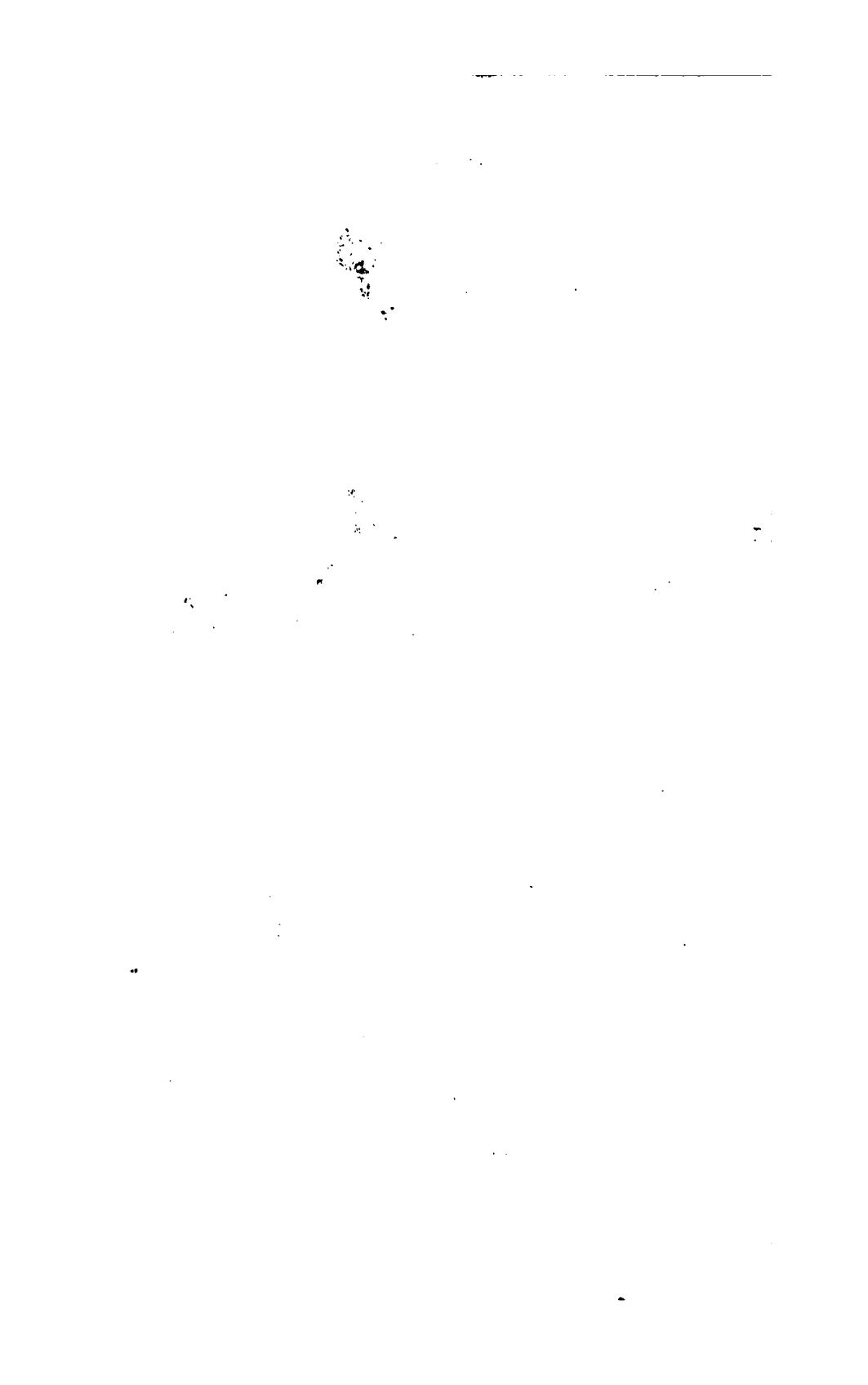
Hedysarum, Saintfoin, or Cock's-head, has the Stamens and Pistil bent at a right angle. The blossom is red, mottled, and streaked with a deeper red. The seed-vessel is prickly.

Astragalus, Milk-Vetch, or Cock's-head, bears the flowers in close heads something resembling the Clover, but is quite unlike it in the leaves and other respects.

Trifolium, Trefoil, or Clover, is no doubt familiar to all. It bears a flower in a head upon a common receptacle; and though of seventeen different species, we shall probably find no difficulty in recognizing any of the Genus when we see it.

Lotus, Bird's-foot Trefoil, is the elegant little yellow flower with crimson buds, that so abundantly carpets our meadows and ornaments our hedges. It has the three-fold leaf of the Clover, but cannot be mistaken for it in the flower, bearing only a few on a head, and those not on a common receptacle, but separate.

Medicago, Medick, is distinguished by the Pistil being





Diadelphia Decandria.

Vicia Cracca.

Tufted Vetch.

bent, and springing out of the Keel with a jirk. The seed-vessel also is spiral or twisted.

Our specimen (*Plate 19, Fig. 1*) is one of the most elegant climbing plants found in our hedges, where it hangs and intertwines its bright blue flowers in great abundance. The hairy beard beneath the summit, and the knotty Legumen, lead us to suppose it might be a *Vicia*. Examining the specific characters, we find the flowers very numerous, and closely crowded together; of purple-blue, with two deeper purple spots at the ends of the Keel; the Standard heart-shaped and notched, but no point in the notch. The leaves were very long, with ten or twelve pair of leaflets, hairy, rounded at the end, terminated by a sharp point, and frequently rolled up. The tendril terminating the leaf-stalks was branched, the stem angular, scored, and very long. The Calix had five unequal points, and was tinged with blue; the Stipulæ pointed, of the form of half an arrow. From all these peculiarities, we had no difficulty in recognizing the *Vicia Cracca*, Tufted Vetch.

CLASS XVII.—DIADELPHIA—Stamens in two sets.

ORDER 1.—HEXANDRIA—6 Stamens.

Fumaria Fumitory

ORDER 2.—OCTANDRIA—8 Stamens.

Polygala Milkwort

ORDER 3.—DECANDRIA—10 Stamens.

Spartium Broom

Genista Green-weed

Ulex Furze, Gorze

Ononis Rest-harrow

Anthyllis Kidney Vetch—Ladies' finger

Pisum Sea Pea

Orobus Peaseling

Lathyrus Vetchling—Tare

Vicia Vetch—Tare

Ervum Tine Tare

Ornithopus Bird's-foot

Hippocrepis Horse-shoe Vetch

Hedysarum	Saintfoin—Cock's-head
Astragalus	Milk-vetch—Cock's head
Trifolium,	Trefcil—Clover
Lotus	Bird's-foot Trefoil
Medicago	Medick

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XIX.—PLATE 19.

OUR examples have hitherto been given of objects standing on level ground—but we must be aware that this cannot always be the case. A street, or row of buildings will frequently present itself to our pencil, ascending or descending a considerable hill; and though each building must still be placed horizontally on the ground, or it could not otherwise stand at all, yet to suit the elevation of the hill, each successive house will be placed higher than the last. To understand this, we beg our pupils' attention to the present example. Let (A) be the first house of five, all of the same size and elevation, which we have marked off as usual on the dotted line, (*aa*,) drawing thence the diagonals to the point of Distance to find the foreshortening of the fronts. But here it must be observed that these perpendiculars, (*bb*,) must not be taken from the line of the hill, (*cc*,) but from the unseen foundation of the houses, which is of course horizontal, (*dd*,) We have now to raise on the Vertical Line (B) a new Point (C;) the height of which must be according to the actual elevation of the hill, more or less as we think it appears: we may be assisted in determining this by placing a flat surface, our drawing-book for instance, edgeways before the eye—it will cut of course the point of Sight we have previously chosen as being opposite to the eye. Keeping the near edge still, we may raise the farther edge higher and higher, till it seems to us that the book, or whatever else we make use of, lies parallel with the inclination of the hill, and then mark what object in nature

the raised edge of the book seems to touch. We may then calculate with sufficient accuracy how high in proportion to the rest of the picture, that object is above the point of Sight. The point (c) thus determined, we may proceed with the building. The single line (c c) will serve for the base of the houses, because it is that of the hill rising to (c), and concealing the real base of the houses, (d d.) From the perpendicular of the first house, whatever height that may be, we draw to the point of Elevation (c) the line, (e e,) which, as will be perceived, determines the heights of all the perpendiculars. Their height thus determined, we must not continue to use that point, but bring the lines as usual to the point of Sight, (H,) for whatever be their elevation one above another, each house is and must be in itself horizontal, and therefore the lines must go to the point of Sight. The same with the windows—the size and place of the first in each house must be found by the lines (f f f f) drawn to the point (c)—the remaining windows by the lines (g g g g) drawn from the first to the point of Sight (H)—the lower windows and doors the same, but we have not left all the lines, to avoid confusion. With the roofs we proceed in the same manner—finding the height with the line (h h;) the remaining lines by our former rules. Let us observe that the tops of the doors as far as we can distinguish them, must not keep the line that terminates at (c;) but must go on in the direction of (H.)

PROPER LESSONS.—No. 1.

ST. LUKE.

It is strange, that among the many persons, who compose a Christian congregation, so few shall be found, who listen with becoming attention to the lessons appointed by our Church. Many seem to regard the intervals thus

occupied as little better than a piece of musick between the acts of a theatrical performance, and either remain, during the reading of the word of God, heedless auditors of its important truths, or busy themselves with examining the dress of their neighbours, and making observations upon the inelegance of that, or the novelty of this, change of fashion. To such heartless votaries of the world's allurements we do not attempt to address ourselves; if the inspired word of God fall unheeded on their ears, how can we, who are blest but with mortal eloquence, hope to win our way to their hearts, and to seduce their affections from the objects on which they have fixed them.

But, that amid a Christian audience, there are some to be met with, whose thoughts are not altogether estranged from the sanctity of their situation, we hesitate not to declare; and to such it is, however few they may be, that we would now address ourselves. You have doubtless regarded with delight the daily appropriation of a portion of the Scriptures, as forming a part of the morning and evening service of our Church; you may have observed, that in the space of one year, nearly the whole Bible may be said to be perused, for in the Old Testament such selections are made, as carry on the chain of history in one unbroken story; and no less than three times is the whole of the New Testament appointed to be read over; viz.: the Gospels and Acts in the morning, and the Epistles in the evening.

In addition to these, our Church having thought proper to set apart certain days for divine service, to commemorate the glorious life, sufferings, and death, of our blessed Redeemer, and the struggles of his holy Apostles in upholding his religion, has selected certain parts of the Holy Scriptures, in furtherance of her object, and distinguished them by the names of "Proper Lessons." It is to the consideration of these that we would now particularly draw your attention; for since the days are ordained to be regarded as Holy, it is highly necessary that the les-

sons selected for that purpose be fully understood. The origin of their appropriation, and the direct tendency that they may have, is in many instances obscure; and we would therefore at this, and at future periods, endeavour to explain any of the doubts that may arise, as to the due application of the lessons appointed to be read on particular occasions.

Our only reason for making choice of the Holy day before us, is, that it being the first day in this month on which any Proper Lessons are appointed, it seemed the fittest in that respect for our present purpose. Whether we shall continue straight forward through the calendar, or deviate from such a course, we will at least promise, that whatever may be passed over unnoticed at any time, shall at a future period be carefully discussed; and since in many instances a month contains more than one such day, whichever may appear to us to be of the most essential consequence, shall always be examined first.

Luke the Evangelist having accompanied Paul the Apostle in many of his wanderings, and "having had perfect understanding of all things from the very first," became the historian of the Lord, and of the acts of the Apostles subsequent to his death. To commemorate the inheritance of these his inestimable benefits conferred on us, the eighteenth of October is ordered to be kept holy in all churches of the kingdom, and Proper Lessons are ordered to be read at the celebration of the same.

Of the Lesson for the morning, we shall not have much occasion to speak; it records the actions of a righteous man and the conduct of his youth; but as little is known of St. Luke, except as the companion of St. Paul, it might, with equal propriety, be applied to any other of the disciples of Christ. But the Lesson for the evening seems to have been selected with a much more obvious intention. It may at first excite some astonishment, that a chapter so apparently inapplicable to every thing connected with St. Luke, should have been

thus chosen. It is in vain that we search for allusions to this chapter in all his writings—a few words may, indeed, be found apparently similar, but even these are not of importance sufficient to warrant such a choice; and in no degree does there appear to be the slightest contingency to facts recorded in the Gospel.

If, however, neither the writings nor the facts related bear any reference to each other, it is not altogether improbable that the authors themselves may be the persons principally concerned. "It is," says Scott, in his preface to Luke, "it is a general opinion, that none of the sacred books of the New Testament were written by Gentile converts, however eminent many of them were as preachers of the gospel." St. Luke, as may be satisfactorily proved from St. Paul's Epistles, was a Gentile convert, and as such would fall under this condemnation. Whether to Elihu or to Job himself the recital of his sufferings is to be imputed, is a matter of little consequence at the present moment, since either will equally well serve our purpose. Both of them were Gentiles, yet being well known as such, this book, which was the production of one or both of them, has in every age been admitted to be of Divine origin, even by the Jews themselves. Such a cession, from a nation so jealous of its peculiar privileges, to one who might be deemed a trespasser on its especial authorities, is no little attestation of its Divine source; and the test of ages, which it has so long stood, has established its genuineness beyond all controversy.

Those, however, who would be willing to attack the Christian religion as a Gentile fiction, would immediately turn to the uncircumcised historian of the Gentile apostle, in attestation of the doctrine they would willingly propagate. But that ere this, their own nation had acknowledged the writings of a Gentile as Divine truth, have our Church in this selection pointed out; and if before the Gentile world were admitted to a fellowship with the be-

lievers of the house of Israel, the works of a Gentile were received as revelation, much more may they now, when in every nation he that believeth shall be saved. Thus, therefore, out of their own mouths do we condemn them.

Whatever doubts, therefore, have arisen, and may arise, as to the ability of Luke to publish his histories, on a ground that unless he were an Israelite he could not be aided by Divine inspiration, are by these considerations fully cleared up, and the former acceptance by the Jews of a Gentile composition, is a sufficient warrant for our acknowledgment of the Gospel of an uncircumcised writer.

MARY ANN.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

TO AN ABSENT FRIEND, WHO COMPLAINED OF BEING FORGOTTEN.

LAST evening I walked by the clear waters' side,
 And marked a lone Star as it shone in the tide :
 'Twas very inconstant—for sometimes the gleam
 Was bright as the dew in the sun's gayest beam ;
 And then it was faint, like the half-lighted ray
 Of the moon, when she shrinks from the coming of day ;
 And often my eye dwelt in vain on the spot,
 Where late I had seen it, but now it was not.
 And to what did I liken it? Might it not be
 That the Star of the evening whispered of thee?
 For had'st thou been there, I had bidden thee learn
 That the absence but presaged a brighter return ;
 And even when absent had taught thee to own
 The brilliant reflection was hidden, not gone ;
 And nothing could lose of the lustre it wore,
 Though, wrapt in thick vapour, we saw it no more.
 And thou had'st confessed that the love that has been,
 Will be, though in absence, unspoken—unseen.
 The bosom is warmed with a varying flame—
 The feelings are changeful, the heart is the same.

THE REJECTED PRAYER.

Is it not thine, O God, this passing world ?
 Is it not thine to give it at thy will ?
 But now thou mad'st it—it was all thine own—
 Hast thou not power to bestow it still ?

And if thou hast, for whom is it reserved ?
 Father Eternal ! is it not for us ?
 Was it an empty promise, when thou said'st
 All things are your's, since I have loved you thus ?

I thought 'twas thine to give me, and I craved
 One blessing more than all on earth beside ;
 I asked it often, and I asked it long—
 It was not sin, and yet it was denied.

Did'st thou not hear the still repeated prayer ?
 Pray'd I amiss, as if the due were mine ?
 Nor simply resting on thy love, exclaimed,
 Fulfil thy promise, Lord, for I am thine ?

Ah, foolish ! He, who from the ocean's depth,
 Through roaring waters heard the prophet's prayer ;
 Who marks the first, faint breathings of desire,
 Can never deafen his paternal ear.

He heard me—yes, he listened and he heard,
 And held the blessing in his own right hand :
 Whatever barred me from the good I sought.
 Had sunk to nothing at his sole command.

He heard and might have granted—but he marked
 The secret reservation of the soul—
 The wish, that almost to itself unknown,
 Forbade the prayer that on the accents stole.

He marked the feeling that himself inspired—
 He knew the heart he moulded—and he knew
 That while my lips the warm petition breathed,
 I did not wish it if he wished not too.

'Twas so, most Merciful ! I do not say
 I loved thy will more than the thing I sought—
 I asked an earthly good, but thou perceiv'dst
 Something was dearer, though I said it not.

Thou knewest I would not have it, might it mar
 The better bliss to which my hopes aspire ;
 And mercy yielding what thy wisdom knew,
 Denied the prayer, to grant me the desire.



LIVING, I die if God is hid from me—
 Dying, I live—for then his face I see :
 Death of my death, assist my soul to raise
 In endless life thine everlasting praise.

VERITA.



THE ILEX.

MARK you that Tree so dark and gloomy,
 On the brow of yonder wood ?
 'Mid the foliage fresh and lively,
 It can boast no opening bud.

Spring has shed no greenness o'er it,
 Summer will not see it bloom ;
 While all nature smiles around it,
 It preserves a sullen gloom.

Brown and faded, bare and wither'd,
 See its half-dismantled boughs :
 How unlike the Beach and Maple,
 That surround it where it grows.

All unlovely as thou seest it,
 It has been the Winter's pride ;
 It has flourished, smiled, and blossomed,
 When it gayer neighbours died.

When those bright and garish colours
 Fly before the chilling blast,
 Rising brighter from the ruin,
 It will charm the Winter's waste.

Mark it well : and if hereafter,
 As you lightly pass along,
 One should cross your path of pleasure,
 To whose brow no smiles belong—

PORTICAE RECREATIONS.

One whose bosom never answers
 To the light heart's harmless play—
 One whose still, unchanging features
 Lour, when all besides are gay—

Though her presence shed no lustre
 On your Summer's brilliant day—
 Be not eager to condemn her,
 Turn not scornfully away.

She, perhaps, has early suffered
 Many an hour of deep distress ;
 It may be, she has borne unshaken
 Many a season's bitterness.

Though her bosom, chilled and sombre,
 Cannot learn to smile anew,
 She, perhaps, has calmly weathered
 Storms that would have blighted you.

Time may be when all that charms you
 Will be changed before your eyes :
 When misfortune's touch will wither
 All you love and all you prize.

Then, as yonder spreading Hæx
 Shields you from the Winter's storm,
 While all else is cold around you,
 You will find her bosom warm.

Then her sympathy will answer
 Every thought and every care—
 Not a feeling, nor a sorrow,
 But may find its fellow there.

While all earthly joys are fading,
 She may soothe your soul to peace—
 Sweetly cheer the Winter moments
 When the Summer blossoms cease.



MONT BLANC.

Lo! scaled the last obstructing height,
 Mont Blanc, with awful grandeur bright,
 In gradual dawn of morning light
 Its snowy form unveils.

Now thrills the life-blood in my breast,
Glowing with feelings erst at rest,
And Hope, in gayest visions drest,
Listens to Fancy's tales.

Though sweet the path that lies between,
And many a valley, shining green,
With mountains brown contrasts the scene,
I must not linger there ;
But speeding on, the steep to gain,
Not heedless, as I tread the plain,
Of humbler charms, I mourn the chain
That time compels to wear.

Ere my rapt eye may feast its gaze
O'er torrent's rush and glacier's maze,
And towering on the Alpine throne,
Leave not a crag unscanned, unknown—
My soul, by Mercy's arm embraced,
With light, with love, with beauty graced,
And on "the Rock" securely placed,
Its God revealed beholds.

I will not tell of feelings—no—
He that has tasted of their glow,
Has tasted what no pen below
Nor mortal lip unfolds,

Well marks mine eye the narrow road,
That I must travel with my load,
While sin and care, and conscience goad,
Before I near his throne.

But though I see, or think I see,
A pleasant path and a rose for me,
Not e'en such treasures a chain must be,
I'll take them and hasten on.

With my gaze on heaven, till heaven I gain,
Taste its cup of pleasure unmingled with pain,
Till, gently laid on my Saviour's breast,
What Faith has pictured, in sight is possessed.

D. C.



Lines from an Absent Brother to his Sister.

Do I remember thee? The silent hour
In all my wanderings, still past by me
Morning and evening in prayer for thee,
Of memory proves the undiminished power.

Do I remember thee? The tears that start,
When the dear thoughts of home and thee arise,
E'en mid the smiles of pleasure, to mine eyes
Show but too well their influence on my heart.

Do I remember thee? Thou had'st me never
Look on that beautiful and brilliant star,
Gleaming upon us tremulously far,
Without one sigh for thee; and have I ever?

Though clouds conceal its brightness, yet they cast
No shadow o'er my soul, the light t'obscure
Of all those tender thoughts, that will endure
While life remains or memory shall last.

Oh! if my bosom's inmost shrine could be
Unveiled before thee—every tender feeling,
And homeward thought, and cherished hope—
Thou would'st not bid me to remember thee! M. H.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

AND

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Morning Meditations; or, a Series of Reflections on various passages of Holy Scripture and Scriptural Poetry. By the Author of '*The Retrospect*,' &c.—Price 4s.—Nisbet, Berners-street, 1824.

THE style and sentiments of this pious author are so well known, that we need only to inform our readers of the publication of this work, and subtract one meditation as an ensample of the rest; for though on an infinite variety of subjects, they bear all the same character. Most of the numbers contain poetry, or perhaps we should say verse; but we prefer to quote the prose.

No. XXIII.

While the earth remaineth; seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.—GEN. viii. 22.

Cold and dreary as the present season* is, yet it only proves the faithfulness of God to his promise; but this unpleasant change of

* January 23, 1823.

season is absolutely necessary for the rest and refreshment of the earth. No doubt but thousands of the sons and daughters of poverty are now shivering in their half-inclosed habitations; and others are braving out the piercing winds in the open air. The snows that now cover the earth, have perhaps buried some benighted traveller in their bosom; and the frost that binds the mountains and the fruitful plains as a band of iron, may have chilled the life-blood of some poor half-clad pilgrim, and stretched his icy, breathless corpse, beneath the stormy sky. Yet the Lord is good, and doeth good continually. His infinite wisdom and goodness are now wrapping up our infant grain and tender herbs in this snowy mantle. He is now cleansing the air from ten thousand impurities, and destroying myriads of destructive insects in the ground, by the keenness of the freezing blast. True, had not sin entered into the world, there would have been no such winter as we now experience. Till man had sinned, the storm never swept this world. The air was all purity, and the earth knew not a destructive reptile, either in its bowels, or upon its surface. But as the world is now marred by sin, the winter is necessary as the summer; and the regular succession of the seasons in their order is to be received as a token of our Lord's affectionate regard to man, as a proof of his infinite wisdom, and a seal of the truth of his Holy Scriptures.

The Private Journal of Capt. C. F. Lyon, of H.M.S. Hecla, during the recent voyage of Discovery under Capt. Parry.—John Murray, 1824.

(Continued from Vol. III. page 380.)

COLD has very little effect on these animals, and several instances are mentioned of their toiling many days without food. Indeed it seems a wonder they ever get any, for their worthy masters devour indiscriminately every substance that comes in their way. The filth and greediness of these people are too disgusting to be repeated. On occasion of purchasing a lamp, "the woman who sold it immediately extinguished the light, and vigorously commenced cleaning the lamp, which contained as much soot as oil, by scraping it with her fingers, which with their load of sweets she conveyed rapidly to her mouth." This is by no means the worst specimen; and the quantity of their eating is more disgusting than the kind. When stuffed with oil, skins, raw flesh, and any thing else they could swallow till they could neither speak, nor move, nor further feed them-

selves, their kind friends continued to cram the raw meat and other delicacies into their mouths.

Our voyagers appear to have learned very little of the religion of these people, or rather they seem to have none, except a little conjuring, and a few fancies about certain spirits.

"No kind of religious worship exists among these poor people; and the only thing approaching to it was what I observed once or twice when the natives slept in any number in my cabin, and frequently when I passed the night in their huts; this was, that one of the senior men no sooner awoke in the morning than he commenced a low monotonous song while he yet lay in bed, and I never heard a woman or young person join in this chant. No traces of any kind of idolatrous worship are to be met with."

"With all their varying and fanciful customs and charms, the Esquimaux have a straight-forward account of a future state, in which all believe, and respecting which none vary."

"The place of souls in the world below is called Aad-lee generally; but there are properly four distinct states of blessedness; and each rank has a world to itself, the lowest land being the last and the best, which all hope to reach. The day on which a good person dies and is buried, the soul goes to a land immediately under the visible world; and still descending, it arrives the second day at one yet lower; the third day it goes farther yet; and on the fourth it finds

* Below the lowest deep, a deeper still.*—

This is good land; and the soul which reaches it is for ever happy. The three first stages are bad, uncomfortable places: for in each the sky is so close to the earth, that a man cannot walk erect; yet these regions are inhabited; and the good soul, in passing through them, sees multitudes of the dead, who, having lost their way, or who, not being entitled to the good land, are always wandering about in great distress. Whether these souls are in purgatory or not I could not learn; but they suffer no pain but what we should call the fidgets. In the Aad-lee a perpetual and delightful summer prevails; the sun never sets, but performs one unceasing round; the land is covered with perpetual verdure, fine sorrel grows every where, and the dwarf willow is found in abundance for firing; the large lakes of fresh water abound with fish, and the tents of the 'souls' are pitched along their banks; the sea is always clear, and whales roll about in so tame a state, that the male souls have only to go out in their kayaks, (canoes,) harpoon the one they want, and tow it to the shore; deer and birds range within bow-shot of the tents, and are killed as requisite; thus universal and eternal feasting and jollity prevail, and the whole time of the souls is occupied in the favourite amusements of eating, singing, dancing, and sleeping."

They are also blessed with plenty of iron and wood, the two things of which they know the use and are de-

nied the possession on earth. So curiously does the Esquimeau, like others, make up his ideas of heaven from his present enjoyments on earth.

The treatment of the rich and aged is truly barbarous. Sympathy or pity are equally unknown. A wife attends on her sick husband because she knows that his death would leave her destitute; but if any other person would take the trouble off her hands, she would never ask to see or at all enquire after him. A man will leave his dying wife without caring who attends her in his absence. A woman will walk to the ships in high spirits while her husband is lying neglected and at death's door in a solitary hut. A brother will not be able to inform you whether a sick sister be better or worse, and a sister will laugh at the sufferings of her brother. A sick woman is frequently built or blocked up in a snow hut, and not a soul goes near to look in and ascertain whether she be alive or dead. The relatives alone attend a corpse, on which a few slabs of snow are placed, and if the dogs choose to devour the body, they do so undisturbed, for not any one would take the trouble again to cover it. The survivors speak of these horrors with far less concern than they would of a dog's stealing a piece of meat.

These people appear on the whole to be honest, and of an excellent temper. "In pain, cold, starvation, disappointment, or under rough treatment, their good humour is rarely ruffled: no serious quarrels or blows happen among them." This probably rather proceeds from their apathy and their low state of intellectual perception. They seem but little sensitive to any thing, good or bad, and to have few passions of any kind. If there is an exception to this, it is in their fondness for their children.

"The mothers carry them naked at their backs in their hoods until they are stout and able walkers, and their whole time and attention are occupied in nursing and feeding them. A child is never corrected or scolded, but has its own way in every thing. Their tempers are

however, excellent; amongst themselves they never quarrel or fight, and they even play at the roughest games without losing their temper."

"It is a general custom for parents to betroth their children in infancy, and this compact being understood, the parties, whenever they are inclined, and able to keep house, may begin living as man and wife. Thus it is that so many very young couples are seen, and that our arrival was the means of some marriages being made in consequence of the youthful bridegroom being enriched by our presents of household and hunting furniture. The husband, though young, is still a manly person, and a good hunter; but the wife, in two or three instances, could not be above twelve or thirteen years of age, and to all appearance a mere child. Where previous engagements are not made, the men select wives among their relatives and connexions, paying but little regard to beauty of face. I cannot pretend to guess what are the requisite qualifications of a woman in the eye of an Esquimaux, independent of her skill in housewifery."

In short, eating seems to be the exclusive enjoyment of these people, and that in a way far exceeding the grossness and rapacity of the lowest animal; for no animal will eat to the excess they do: their sole employ is to provide for the demands of their appetite by hunting. Their clothes, of which we have not room for the description, are composed entirely of furs and skins, sewed together by the women with great neatness and care, but in a form that makes them look more wild than the animals from whom they borrow them. We are sorry our limits forbid us to prolong a description of this new people, in which we are assured our young readers will feel interested.

THE
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

FEBRUARY, 1825.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

(Continued from page 11.)

HISTORY OF THE JEWS, FROM THE CLOSE OF THE BABYLONISH
CAPTIVITY, B.C. 536, TO THE GOVERNMENT OF
THE HIGH PRIESTS, B.C. 409.

It has possibly been observed, that the date we give for the close of the Jewish captivity, is not seventy years from that we had previously given as the date of its commencement. This needs to be explained. There is no equivocation in the word of God as to the period, and no uncertainty as to its exact fulfilment; but there is some difference of opinion as to the commencement, and consequently the close, of this period of disgrace and abandonment. Some consider it to have commenced in the fourth year of Jehoiakim, when Nebuchadnezzar carried Daniel and many others captive to Babylon, and to have ended when Cyrus issued the decree for the return of the captives to their native land—the present date of this history. Others compute it as beginning, when, eighteen years later, the destruction of Jerusalem was completed, and consequently not ending till the period when Darius issued a decree for rebuilding the temple. Both these calculations comprise a period of exactly seventy years, and either of them is correctly scriptural; for, as the captivity which began in Jehoiakim was not entire till the destruction of Jerusalem, so their restoration to liberty, though begun by Cyrus, was not

VOL. IV. G

completed till the fourth year of Darius. This explained, we resume the history of God's chosen people as a nation emerging from seventy years' obscurity, again to take a part in the political concerns of the universe—again to be acknowledged as the peculiar care of Heaven, and to be the distinguished instruments of the Eternal purpose. But by no means shall we find them what they had been—powerful, opulent, and free. They had been sold as slaves, and dispersed through the Assyrian states; a very few of them had indeed prospered and grown rich in their captivity; but it does not appear that these returned at all. The whole amount of those who returned at different periods was not more than 70,000, the oppressed, indigent, and probably corrupted slaves of a heathen nation. They were to be governed by their own laws, and enjoy their own religion; but they held these privileges at the will of the Persians, Egyptians, Syrians, and Romans, to whom they were successively in subjection. The ambition of a single minister at the Persian court, as we observe in the story of Esther, had at one time nearly caused the destruction of their whole nation. In the peculiarity of their religion alone they remained the same. The very name of Israelites was lost, and we seldom, from this period, find them called by any name but that of Jews.

In the year B.C. 563, Cyrus, the renowned king of Persia, issued a decree, permitting the captive Jews to return to their country, then lying barren and desolate, to rebuild their temple at Jerusalem, restore the worship of the God of Abraham after the ancient form, and transport thither all the sacred utensils Nebuchadnezzar had brought away with him at its destruction. The first prince of the royal blood at that time was Zerubbabel, or Sheshbazzar, the grandson of Jehoiakim, a former king of Judah, who was accordingly made commander of the returning band. While the king granted permission to all who would return, he also allowed those who chose to remain, by far the greater and the wealthier

part, to contribute from their possessions for the support of their countrymen and the rebuilding of their city, contributing towards it largely from his own treasury. Zerubbabel and Jesua, the hereditary High-priest, with a few others of the heads of the families, assembled all who were willing to return: but they amounted to no more at that time than 40 or 50,000—a very small proportion indeed of those who by birth-right were the children of God, but who now chose to take their portion among the children of men, caring more for their possessions in Babylon, than for the unknown land of their fathers, and probably many of them already devoted to the worship of other than their fathers' God. Even of the Priests, who were divided into twenty-four classes, we hear that four classes only returned.

Arriving in Palestine with their patriot band, the Priests and Levites, and other officers of the temple settled themselves as near as they could to the spot that was once Jerusalem, that they might be ready to celebrate some approaching festivals; the rest of the people dispersing themselves about the country. The first year was spent in the celebration of various festivals and religious ceremonies commanded by the law of Moses, and preparing materials for rebuilding their city and temple of Jerusalem; and again we hear they sent to Tyre and Sidon for wood and for workmen. At the beginning of the second year the foundation of the temple was laid with great solemnity, in presence of Zerubbabel, their governor, and their High-priest, Jesua, with the whole congregation assembled. But while the trumpets sounded triumphantly, and various instruments of musick were playing, the priests raised hymns appropriate to the occasion, and the young people shouted with enthusiastic joy—the elders among them, who, fifty-three years before had seen the temple as it was, raised cries of sorrow, scarcely less loud, for the fallen splendour of their nation: so inferior now must be their temple to that reared by their most mag-

nificent prince, Solomon, in the height of Israel's greatness. This second temple did indeed become very splendid, but not till many centuries after its building, and even then, perhaps, little to be compared to that of Solomon: the ark and the mercy-seat were no longer there; the holy fire burned no more upon the altar; the spirit of prophecy, the Urim and Thummim, and the Shekinah, or visible Divine presence, had departed for ever.

While these works were proceeding, the Samaritans applied to Zerubbabel to be permitted to assist their progress. The Samaritans, as we have elsewhere observed, were not of the seed of Israel, but persons sent by Shalmanaser from other countries to re-people a part of the Holy Land he had depopulated. They were naturally objects of dislike to the Israelites; and though, from their near neighbourhood, they learned the worship of the true God, they did but mix it with their previous idolatries. The Jews, with their usual averseness to this people, refused their assistance, nor would suffer them to be sharers in their holy undertaking. The Scriptures no where express approbation or disapprobation of this refusal; but it proved a source of much difficulty to the Jews, and of irreconcilable hatred between the two nations.

To obstruct the work they were not permitted to promote, the Samaritans carried on their intrigues at the Persian court; and though the decree of Cyrus was never revoked, all encouragement was, in consequence of their interference, withdrawn, and many obstacles placed in the way of the Jews; so that, during the five remaining years of Cyrus' reign, and the seven years' reign of his successor, Cambyses, the work was in every way obstructed, and advanced but very slowly. At the death of Cambyses, B.C. 522, the Samaritans obtained from his successor an order to put an entire stop to the building of the temple, and it was not renewed till the second year of Darius. The Jews were by this time so dis-

heartened, that, when the favourable decree was renewed, they showed little disposition to avail themselves of it: settled themselves in commodious and splendid houses, they had relinquished all care of the house of God, till the prophet Haggai was sent to warn them of the consequence of their neglect, ascribing to it a recent famine they had suffered. This reproof had the desired effect, and the building was resumed, B.C. 518. The work was not only sanctioned by Darius, but greatly promoted by supplies of money from his treasury, and other offerings; it then advanced rapidly, and in three years more was completed, and solemnly dedicated with much pomp, exactly seventy years after the burning of the former temple.

Though the Jews remained in subjection to the Persian empire, they enjoyed perfect tranquillity and prosperity for forty years after this time, during the reigns, that is, of Darius and Xerxes. It was in the seventh year of Artaxerxes or Ahasuerus, the succeeding monarch, B.C. 458, that favours began to be poured upon the Jewish nation by the intercession of Esther, an orphan of the tribe of Benjamin, who, brought up at the Persian court by her uncle Mordecai, one of the captives of Babylon, and probably the king's porter, had gained the affections of the monarch, and finally became his queen. By Ahasuerus, Ezra was sent as governor to Jerusalem to reform all abuses in the state, to restore the purity of their religion, enforce the Mosaic law, collect and revise the sacred books, and re-establish the ceremonies of the temple in their original order. After governing the Jewish church and nation thirteen years, Ezra was succeeded by Nehemiah, but it does not appear whether he died, or returned into Persia.

Nehemiah, who had this appointment by the interest of Esther at the Persian court, carried with him thence supplies of men and money to finish what Ezra had begun. He completed the walls of the city, and induced, or rather forced, an increased number of families, chosen

by lot, to settle within the walls, in order to restore Jerusalem to something of its former strength and splendour. These and many other labours, especially in the reformation of religion and the restoration of good order, being ended, Nehemiah returned to the Persian court, after exercising the government of Judeah twelve years, B.C. 442.

The perverse and corrupted race of Abraham had been little amended by chastisement, and as little softened by the returning favour of God. No sooner had Nehemiah retired from the government, than their temple was polluted, their Sabbaths profaned, and the worship of God discontinued; the people refusing to pay their tythes for the support of their priests. Yet was the voice of God not silent among them: it was at this time the prophets Zechariah, Haggai, and Malachi, warned them so powerfully, though so much in vain, of the consequences of these defections, at the same time that they kept up, by many a beautiful and gracious prediction, the memory of the one great purpose of the Deity, and the honour reserved for this unworthy people in the birth of the promised Messiah.

Informed of the growing disorder, Nehemiah, after five years' absence, returned again to his task of reformation; and, perceiving that ignorance or neglect of the written law was the cause of much of the confusion that prevailed, he enforced the public reading, at stated times and fixed places, of the Holy Scriptures, which was possibly the origin of the Jewish Synagogues or schools. These lectures were most probably at first held in the open air, in some great street or market-place; till the inconvenience of this being felt, buildings were erected for the purpose. It does not certainly appear whether or not there were synagogues before the Captivity. It will not perhaps be uninteresting if we give some account of the manner of conducting these synagogues. They were under the inspection of certain rulers, who were thence called Rulers of the Synagogue. The stated

times of assembling were on the feast-days and Sabbaths, and on Monday and Thursday in every week, the hours for each day being also determined. Ministers were appointed, some to perform the liturgy, others to read and expound the sacred books, and others to sing; nor was it necessary that any of these should be of the priestly order. The person appointed to read the liturgy was called the Messenger or Angel of the congregation, and was always one of the rulers of the synagogue. The next in office was the reader of the Holy text, who either read and explained, himself, the portion of Scripture appointed for the day, or overlooked those who offered themselves to do so, correcting them when they read wrong. At that period it is likely very few could read; but it appears any one might do so who could. We find both our Saviour and his apostles presenting themselves to read in the synagogue. The last named officer had also to give out the psalms and hymns to be sung by the congregation, and had a servant under him who had the care of the keys, the arrangement of the assembly, &c. The number of these synagogues is uncertain, but they were very numerous. Jewish writers have affirmed that there were four hundred and eighty in Jerusalem.

In nothing had the Jewish people more obstinately departed from the custom of their forefathers and the express command of God, than by their intermarriages with foreigners. Nehemiah laboured much to correct this evil, and annulled all the alliances that had been so contracted; probably allowing those women only to remain who had become converts to their husbands' faith. While this governor lived, he effected much in the reformation of the people: we know not whether he died in Judeah or in Persia, neither at what period exactly, but certainly at an advanced age; having supported in his life an exemplary character for piety, justice, and liberality, serving God and his people with most devoted zeal, and filling his high office with great

magnificence. The daily provision of his table was an ox and six sheep, with fowl, fish, and wine and other things in equal profusion. At this table he entertained all the foreigners of distinction who came to Jerusalem, beside a hundred and fifty of the chief rulers of the state ; and this he did at his own charge, without accepting the allowance usually made to the governors—a proof that Nehemiah was one of those Jews who had risen to opulence in the Persian empire, where he held the office of cup-bearer to king Ahasuerus. We know both Ezra and Nehemiah, the reformers of Israel, as the authors of some of the sacred books of Scripture ; of the last indeed that give any historical account of the affairs of Israel upon Divine authority, till after the birth of Christ.

During the period that had elapsed since the return from captivity, a period of something more than a century, we have found the Jews a dependent province of the Persian empire ; receiving edicts and decrees from thence, and submitting to such governors as the court of Persia chose to appoint. In other respects they were tolerably prosperous ; and except the opposition of the Samaritans, and their leader Sanballat, under the favourable protection of the Persian monarch they remained at peace, enjoying as far as their own vicious propensities would let them, the holy and happy institutions of their divine Lawgiver. But it is impossible not to contrast even the written records of their history at this period with those of their better days. The divine Being who had hitherto preserved even the minutest circumstance of his people's history as a part of his own sacred word, no longer seems to concern himself with the record of their affairs. The two short books of Ezra and Nehemiah, and the occasional notices of Ezekiel and Daniel, are all the historical mention he caused to be made of them during the almost six centuries that elapsed between the destruction of Jerusalem and the birth of the Messiah. Even this small notice ceases

at the present period of our history—the voice of prophecy became silent, the promises and the warnings ceased to be repeated in their obdurate ears, and we must seek their history, as they chose their fate, among that of the other nations of the earth—a separate people still, alone worshipping the one true God, alone possessing the record of his past works and future purposes, and alone professing to be guided by his laws; but careless, faithless, disobedient; proud of their distinction, but little grateful for it; despising the world for its ignorance, themselves but the more culpable for their knowledge. God had a pious people among them, no doubt; for never has he been without spiritual worshippers, though at many times reduced to a few obscure individuals; but the Jews as a nation, while still called by his name, and acknowledged as his people, were left to prepare themselves for that last tremendous crime, which was to consummate the history of their wickedness—Heaven no longer interfering miraculously in their concerns, though essentially guiding and controuling them.

It appears from the account of these recent transactions, that the Persian princes yet retained a strong impression of the power of the Hebrews' God, so awfully evinced in the affairs of their predecessors, and very many expressions are used in their decrees implying a dread of his vengeance and displeasure; but there is no reason to suppose they ever adopted his worship or gave heed to his laws; and notwithstanding the protection extended to his people, they exacted from them very heavy contributions, and continued in every way to treat them as dependents. We have not related the story of Esther and her uncle Mordecai, so beautifully told in the Book of Esther, because it is there familiar to us all, and does in no way affect the thread of our history. The circumstance occurred while Ezra was exercising the government of Judeah, and had well nigh defeated all the purposes of the Persian monarch towards the Hebrews, and doomed the nation to destruction. But

Heaven had now, as ever, the means of their preservation. It is a story most strikingly characteristic of the heart of man, as well as the security of those whom the God of Heaven protects. But should we have occasion to notice the occurrence, it would come more properly in the history of Persia, as the affairs of Judeah were not in the issue affected by it. Jerusalem, it appears, was again fortified and surrounded by walls; and the temple was built on the same site, and probably of the same dimensions, as the former, but far inferior in the workmanship and the splendour of the materials. Other towns and villages grew up apace throughout the country; the increase of population was very rapid, as the God of Abraham had ever promised that it should be; and their soil probably resumed under renewed cultivation its former very abundant fertility. It is supposed by some, that the Jews had forgotten, during their captivity, the original Hebrew, the language of their fathers, and afterwards used the Chaldee only; but beside that the short period of fifty years' absence, which many of the captives survived, makes this improbable, it seems unlikely, if it had been so, that the books of Holy Scripture, composed after this period, should have been written in Hebrew, a language no longer intelligible to those to whom they were addressed.

After the death of Nehemiah, the government was changed; we hear of no more civil governors being appointed; but Palestine appears to have been united to the prefecture of Syria, from which the High-priests received their authority, and under the direction of which, they administered, according to their own laws, the affairs of the state, B.C. 409.

REFLECTIONS
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

Wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume them.—ST. LUKE ix. 54.

THAT cause bore a fair excuse, which moved James and John to a wrath so inconsiderate. It would have disturbed an excellent patience to see Him, whom, but just before, they beheld transfigured in a glorious epiphany upon the mount, to be so neglected by a company of hated Samaritans, as to be forced to keep his vigils where nothing but the welkin should have been his roof, nor any thing to shelter his precious head from the descending dews of heaven. When first I considered they were Apostles, I wondered they should be so intemperately angry. But when I perceived they were so angry, I wondered not that they sinned. Not the privilege of an apostolical spirit, not the nature of angels, not the condition of immortality, can guard from the danger of sin; but, if we are over-ruled by passion, we almost subject ourselves to its necessity. It was not, therefore, without reason, that the Stoics affirmed wise men to be void of passions; for sure I am, the inordination of any passion is the first step to folly. And although of them, as of waters of a muddy residence, we may make good use, and quench our thirst, if we do not trouble them; yet upon any ungentle disturbance, we drink down mud instead of a clear stream, and the issues are sin and sorrow, certain consequences of a temerarious and inordinate anger,

JEREMY TAYLOR.

God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.—2 TIM. i. 7.

LIGHT and heat are not more closely united, than religion and melancholy in the ideas of many people; a

rose in mid-winter scarcely claims their observation, more than a smile on the brow of one they deem religious. How strange a misconception! Who should wear smiles, but he on whom his God has deigned to smile? Who should be light at heart, but he whose cares are cast upon another; who sees in eternity, but the bright certainty of exhaustless bliss; in time, but the brief path that leads to it? If the true Christian serves his God with more exactness, it is not from a spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind—of power to do his will by his own Spirit imparted to their native weakness; of love that makes his will their choice, and obedience their delight; of a sound mind to understand it, to apply it, and to perceive its fitness. Is he happy, who in the midst of good has every thing to fear, and knows that what he has, may, at any moment, and must at some moment, depart from him—or is it he to whom evil cannot befall, since of evil itself he can say that it is good—a future good, although a present pain—who, though he may lose his smaller treasures, can never lose his greatest? Is he happy on whose account an enormous debt lies due, and is about to be demanded—or is it he who has just heard that all is paid and himself is free for ever? It is true the world may not believe this is the Christian's portion—but they know that he believes it, and therefore feels as if it were so; they think it a delusion; but if it be so, it is not one that should make sad the bosom it deceives. What is it that makes heavy the heart of man, and sad his countenance? Regrets for something that has been, dissatisfaction with their present fate, or anticipating fears, the wrongs of others, their own tormenting passions and ungratified desires, or the casualties of life that depend neither on others, nor on themselves—the loss of something, the wish for something, the fear of something. Are not all these things the causes of the clouds that pass over the brow, and bring sickness into the heart, and sadness in the eye? To the pious mind these

things are not passed indeed, because no man is perfectly pious and devoted as he should be—but, in exact measure as he is so, they are diminished and disarmed. The past he regrets not, but to God gives thanks for it; of the present he complains not, but from God accepts it; the future he fears not, but to God commits it: his passions have been soothed to peace, his desires have been thither transferred where they will be fully satisfied; and the casualties of life are no casualties to him, but the dispositions of his Maker, that could not happen otherwise than they do, without being less beneficial than they are. He cannot lose so much as he will find, he cannot wish for more than is promised him, he cannot fear while God is his defence. We say not this is entirely so within any: Ah! would indeed it were! for then we should be almost in heaven—but it is so to the degree, that we really believe what we profess, and are what that profession requires. It should surely seem then, that, so far from producing sadness, the smile should grow as the religion grows, and that the most religious should have the lightest and the gayest heart.

They run and prepare themselves without my fault: awake to help me, and behold.—PSALM lix. 4.

THERE is nothing the pious spirit ceases from more certainly, than from its bitter complainings of the world's treatment. For the pious spirit learns to know itself, to trace out its feelings, and motives, and purposes—and so acquainted grows it with its own wrong, that it is ever ready to suspect itself, ever doubtful who may be to blame: and never will it make haste to complain, till, with the Psalmist of Israel it can say, "Without my fault." And then full well the Christians know what is to be done. While they his enemies run hither and thither, and point the arrow, and make sharp the sword, he is preparing too, although with other arms:—for he is gone to his Maker, to awaken him as it were to mindfulness of what is passing, and in conscious innocence to

bid him behold and take note of the contention. Light, light fall the strokes of malevolence, and blunt are the arrows of mischief when this is so. Instead of making ready for the battle, instead of contriving how we may best assert our rights, and make reprisal for our wrongs, if we will put it into better hands, and be content to leave it there, many are the hours of sadness, and many the pangs, and much is the heart-sickness we may spare ourselves. The ill is to the wronging, not to the wronged. It is then when we dare not call on Him, the only powerful, to awake, lest, awaking, he should perceive our own share in the quarrel—it is then when we would rather he should not behold, lest, beholding, he should see, what from other eyes we may have succeeded in concealing, our own delinquency—O! it is only then that we have need be sad for the oppositions and contentions we encounter. If this be the case, we have no right to complain; if it be otherwise, we have no need; for, happy in the midst of injury, and peaceful in the midst of storms, and secure in the midst of enemies, is the bosom, that, having taken count of itself in the matter, can go boldly to the throne of God, and say, “Without my fault: awake to help me, and behold.” The spirit so employed will have little time and little need to vent itself in harsh reproaches and bitter complainings. It has other and surer weapons, and must see to make them ready. Neither is he disposed to murmur; for, wronged, oppressed, and injured as he may be, he has the part that he prefers: he had rather be the most oppressed and injured upon earth, with such a claim as this he urges, than take the place of the oppressor, whom God and his own conscience will alike condemn.

It is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.—JAMES iii. 8.

THERE is scarcely a fault to which children are prone which is more difficult to be prevented, than the imprudence of the tongue. Passion prompts them to expressions of rashness and violence; example, to profane-

ness; the love of being listened to, to the betraying of secrets; the telling of marvellous stories, the recitation of private history, to the utterance of slander. In these, and other similar ways, they often wound their own character, and the peace of both themselves and their connexions. Every attempt of such kind ought to be repelled at once, and effectually crushed. Neglect here is countenance—inattention, encouragement. What, then, shall be said of parents, who directly listen to their children while thus employed, and in this manner solicit them to transgress? Few evils need to be more steadily watched, or more powerfully resisted, than this. A prudent and well-governed tongue is an invaluable possession, whether we consider the peace of the possessor, the comfort of his family, or the quietness of his neighbourhood. “A busy-body in other men’s matters,” is classed by St. Peter with murderers, thieves, and malefactors.

DWYHTE.

Faites avec amour tout ce que vous faites. 1 COR.
xvi. 14.

L’AMOUR est le principe de tous nos désirs et de tous les mouvemens de notre cœur; et tel qu’est cet amour, tels sont nos désirs, telle est notre vie. Ce qui vient du mauvais amour, ne peut être que mauvais. C’est le bon amour ou la charité, qui doit tout faire dans le Chrétien: c’est la charité qui veille contre les tentations, qui rend ferme dans la foi, qui combat les ennemis, qui sert de rempart et de forteresse, qui repare toutes les pertes, et qui guérit toutes les blessures. La charité est le principe, l’âme, la vie et le cœur de toutes nos actions; et c’est elle qui rapporte à Dieu comme à la dernière fin. On ne fait pas comme il faut ce que l’on ne rapporte pas à la charité; et c’est pécher de ne pas faire comme on doit, ce qu’on doit faire. La charité est la seule qui ne pèche point, puisqu’elle seule accomplit la loi.

QUESNEL.

Je connois, Eternel, que tes ordonnances ne sont que justice, et que tu m'as affligé suivant ta fidélité—
PSAUME CXIX. 75.

IL n'arrive rien sur la terre au péché près que Dieu n'ait voulu. C'est lui qui fait tout, qui règle tout, qui donne à chaque chose tout ce qu'elle a. Il a compté les cheveux de notre tête, les feuilles de chaque arbre, les grains de sable du rivage, et les gouttes d'eau qui composent les abîmes de l'océan. En faisant l'univers, sa sagesse a mesuré et pesé jusqu'au dernier atome. C'est lui qui en chaque moment produit et renouvelle le souffle de vie qui nous anime ; c'est lui qui a compté nos jours, qui tient dans ses puissantes mains les clefs du tombeau pour le fermer ou pour l'ouvrir. Ce qui nous frappe le plus n'est rien aux yeux de Dieu : un peu plus ou un peu moins de vie sont des différences qui disparaissent en présence de son éternité. Qu'importe que ce vase fragile, ce corps de boue soit brisé et réduit en cendres un peu plus tôt ou un peu plus tard ? O que vos vues sont courtes et trompeuses ! On est consterné de voir une personne mourir à la fleur de son âge : qu'elle horrible perte ! dit-on. Mais pour qui est la perte ? Que perd celui qui meurt ? Quelques années de vanité, d'illusions, et de danger pour la mort éternelle. Dieu l'enlève du milieu des iniquités, et se hâte de l'arracher au monde corrompu et à sa propre fragilité. Que perdent les personnes dont il étoit aimé ? Elles perdent le poison d'une félicité mondaine ; elles perdent un enivrement perpétuel ; elles perdent l'oubli de Dieu et d'elles mêmes où elles étoient plongées. Le même coup qui sauve la personne qui meurt prépare les autres à se détacher par la souffrance pour travailler courageusement à leur salut. O qu'il est donc vrai que Dieu est bon, qu'il est tendre, qu'il est compatissant à nos vrais maux lors mêmes, qu'il paroît nous foudroyer, et que nous sommes tentés de nous plaindre de sa rigueur !

Quelle différence trouvons nous maintenant entre deux

personnès qui ont vécu il y a cent ans ! L'une est morte vingt ans avant l'autre, mais enfin elles sont mortes toutes deux. Leur séparation, qui a paru dans le temps si longue et si rude, ne nous paroît plus maintenant, et n'étoit dans la vérité qu'une courte séparation. Bientôt ce qui est séparé sera réuni, et il ne paroîtra aucune trace de cette séparation si courte. On se regarde comme immortel, on du moins comme devant vivre des siècles. Folie de l'esprit humain ! Ceux qui meurent tous les jours suivent de bien pres ceux qui sont déjà morts. Celui qui va partir pour un voyage ne doit pas se croire éloigné de celui qui prit les devants il n'y a que deux jours. La vie s'écoule comme un torrent. Le passé n'est plus qu'un songe, le présent, dans le moment que nous croyons le tenir, nous échappe et se précipite dans cet abîme du passé. L'avenir ne sera point d'une autre nature, il passera aussi rapidement. Les jours, les mois, les années se passent comme les flots d'un torrent se poussent l'un l'autre. Encore quelque moments, encore un peu, dis-je, et tout sera fini. Hélas ! que ce qui nous paroît long par l'ennui et la tristesse, nous paroîtra court quand il finira.

FENELON.

LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

LECTURE THE SEVENTH.

Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil. For verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot, or one tittle, shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled. Whosoever, therefore, shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that

except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.—MATT. v. 17—20.

THIS passage of the Divine sermon follows very naturally upon the preceding admonition, pursuing still the same idea of the inseparability of religion and holiness; of the faith of the Gospel, and the fulfilment of the law. It has reference too, no doubt, to the misapprehension of his enemies, and probably also of his friends, as to the purpose of his coming, and the effect of the doctrines he propounded. The law and the prophets were the substance of the Old Testament, the summary of God's requirements from his people—a holy, happy, heavenly code, which a righteous being might have delighted to fulfil, and, fulfilling, might have claimed the rich reward—but which man, unrighteous, loved not and fulfilled not. And they were more than this—for, while the Mosaic law contained throughout the type and foreshadowing of the Gospel dispensation, the Prophets in language dictated from Heaven, predicted the divulging of that New Testament, by which was to be remedied the insufficiency of the Old. On the fulfilment of the law, and on the promises of the prophets, the Jews depended for the favour of God; though how they had fulfilled the one, and appreciated the other, their melancholy history, and its approaching sequel, but too well prove. When, therefore, the unacknowledged Messiah appeared, and, in a language to which they were but little used, advanced what seemed to them a new doctrine, declared the absolute inefficacy of their fancied righteousness, and proposed a means of salvation independent of it; when he preached salvation to the sinner, and freedom to the captive, and pardon to the condemned, not by their fulfilment of God's law, but by his own death and passion, it might naturally seem to them, that such a doctrine would destroy the requisitions of the law, or make men indifferent to their

fulfilment. His enemies would surely say so; and it is not impossible, that his followers, as yet but little enlightened, and not having received his sanctifying Spirit, might be inclined to think so too. The divine Preacher hastens to deprecate the error. He did indeed come with a new message: he came to offer for nothing, the salvation of which they had refused to pay the price; or rather he came himself to pay it for them. But it was no altered purpose that brought him down from heaven—salvation by his blood was no new scheme arising out of the failure of the old one. What God meant now, he had always meant; and what was his purpose now, had always been his purpose; and the means of salvation now offered to the ruined world, were the same as had been pledged to Adam in Paradise. God had, indeed, in the mean time, delivered his holy and perfect law, with promise annexed to its fulfilment—not because he did not know his creatures, but because they did not know themselves. Yet was it no idle mockery, that he required of them what he knew they would not perform—it was no vacillating purpose, that, when he found they did not perform it, he proposed to them easier terms. He never lessened his demands, or revoked his decree, and sooner should heaven and earth pass away, than any the least requirement of his law be altered till it had been fulfilled. Hitherto it had not been fulfilled; not by a single individual, though it was binding upon all. The demands of this law were perfect obedience, perfect holiness, and spotless purity; and the tremendous winding up of it all, was, that it demanded the death of all who fulfilled it not. Christ came not to alter, or to abrogate it: neither to lessen the requirement, or the penalty; but he came to fulfil it: he came to be what it required, perfectly holy, perfectly obedient, and spotlessly pure. But this was not enough—one dread requirement remained—the law required death for that it had been broken, and therefore he came to die. Well might he say he came not to destroy the

law, but to fulfil it. So far from reversing the decrees of Heaven, and contradicting all that had been revealed by Moses and the Prophets in the Old Testament, he did but prove them true, irrevocably truth, most immutable certainty. Surely such a mission as this does not lessen the importance of God's law, or make it a matter of indifference who breaks, or who obeys it. It does not pass it off as an obsolete rule, no more to be regarded. How does it rather make it honourable, and magnify the importance of a law, that, sooner than forego any of the smallest of its demands, would receive satisfaction from such a hand, and at a price so dreadful. It is in contemplating it thus, that sin becomes indeed sinful—and sin, whatever form it takes, is nothing more or less than the transgressing of the law—and it is in contemplating it thus, that even the smallest of its hallowed precepts becomes of infinite and eternal moment.

We know it is said now, as it was said then, that the doctrines of free salvation by the blood of Christ must make a strict adherence to the moral law of less importance; and that, if we be once persuaded that our righteousness can avail us nothing, while, unrighteous as we are, we may yet be saved, we shall give ourselves no further trouble about the fulfilment of a law that is thus virtually abrogated. They who say this need not boast themselves of their discernment, as if they were sounding an alarm at some new-discovered danger: the divine Preacher foresaw it, and foretold it, and provided against it, even at this the commencement of his ministration. He had distributed blessings on heads on which they were little used to fall—he had put heaven and all its joys in pledge, not to the righteous, but to the broken-hearted sinner, not to the full, but to the hungry—he had told of rewards immeasurable, not to the beloved, and approved, and applauded for their own sake, but to the suffering and despised for His—he had been exalting his disciples, for no reason that we find but because they were so, above the whole world beside, even as lights in

midnight darkness. It cannot be denied that it was in some sense a proud pre-eminence. We are no where informed that these, his early disciples had been distinguished by their moral worth, and strict adherence to the law—if it had been so, or if it had been important that it should be so, the mention of it had surely not been omitted; and the charge of the Pharisees, that Jesus associated with publicans and sinners, sufficiently proves the contrary; they were never distinguished from the mass, till at his bidding they arose and followed him. It was a proud pre-eminence therefore, to which in this discourse he had elevated them above a world in whose corruption they had equally shared, in whose darkness they had been equally benighted. And the Preacher knew that he was going to do still more than this for his disciples. He was going by his death to free them from the eternal consequences of their sins, to open to them the gates of heaven, that, under the sacred banner of his love, they might pass through unquestioned of their debts, pardoned, blotted out, and cancelled at his cost. Quickly his omniscient eye perceived the inference that might be drawn—they might disregard the accumulation of a debt that they were not to pay, and despise a law that for his sake consented to forego its just demands on them: or if his penitent and humbled followers could not so, the proud despisers and rejecters of his word at least would say they did, and that his most holy doctrine encouraged them to do so. Instantly he repels the profane suggestion, which, even as he preached to them, perhaps, he saw arising in their bosoms: and having told them all they were, and all they should be, lights of the world, children of God, and heirs of heaven, he devotes the whole remainder of his discourse to the explanation of what was required and expected of them as such.

It is worth the observation of those, who, whether from perverse opposition or from real conscientiousness of spirit, allege that men should be exhorted first to amend their lives, and afterwards to look to their Saviour for his bless-

ing, thinking the consolations of the Gospel, the doctrine of unconditional pardon and salvation by faith in Christ without the deeds of the law, however true in themselves, are not to be made the most prominent points in the preaching of the truth, lest they encourage men in sin, and lead to carelessness; it is worth their observation, that, in this first and best of sermons, from lips that could not err, the blessings and the promises stand first; the moral inference arises out of them. On the other hand, if there be any, who, receiving these doctrines as their eternal hope, do presume upon them to disregard their Maker's laws, and sin with more fearlessness from the certainty of being forgiven, they are fitly answered here. But we believe there are none such. We know, indeed, there are those who cry "Lord, Lord, and do not the things that he says," and, in the bold bravado of a graceless spirit, say that they shall be pardoned though they live in sin; but we doubt much if these people believe their own lie; we doubt if they are any thing more satisfied in their wicked course for this professed persuasion of the event. We see every day persons who profess to believe that their eternal welfare depends on the fulfilment of the moral law, living in total neglect of it; and we see others who profess to expect salvation by faith in Christ, living in total neglect of the law also; but in fact neither the one nor other believe any thing at all about the matter; for, if they did, the one dare not, and the other could not, go on in such a course. Of those, who, to their soul's comfort, have taken the promise of unconditional mercy, and placed their hopes upon it; who profess that all their trust is in their Redeemer, and believe that all their safety is in him, we are persuaded that not one—no, not even one, has ever taken courage to do wrong upon the expectation of such a pardon. When they have done wrong indeed—when they have dyed their souls with shame like scarlet, and stained them with sin like crimson, the thought has come in to save them from despair, to bid them clasp tighter the hope

they are tempted to relinquish, and on the very brink of perdition to cry, "Save me, or I perish;" but never while pausing on the commission of the wrong—never in the actual indulgence of it was the balance turned, or the voice of conscience hushed, by the assurance that the death of Christ has made atonement for our sins. On the contrary, we believe that whenever the sincere believer of the Gospel is tempted into doing what is inconsistent with its precepts, it proceeds not from the presumption of his faith, but from its temporary suspension; and if there be any, to whom, in the midst of any sinful indulgence, the thought of their crucified Redeemer has come athwart their minds, they can tell us—there is no Christian, perhaps, who cannot tell us—how the recollection has startled them in their unhallowed pursuit, and deepened the blush of shame upon their cheek.

But, lest they whom his grace and love had raised to such a blessed pre-eminence should grow giddy with the height, and, on assurance of the victory, madly lay down their arms, the holy Preacher proceeds to tell them that not only are they bound by the same moral obligations that are laid on other men, but that unless their righteousness exceed by far the common standard of morality, that of the Pharisees being named because it was the highest, they neither were nor could be of the number of those to whom he had been addressing himself; and plainly for this reason.—"Their spot was not the spot of his children," their mind was not the mind of his people, their habits were not the habits of his Father's family. In the kingdom of heaven, he says, in my Father's mansion, in that wide family of happy beings, from the highest archangel down to the very meanest of redeemed sinners, all are of a mind—a man is esteemed great in exact proportion as he is what God would have him be, and little in exact proportion as he comes short of it. God's commandments are too precious and too sacred there to be evaded or tampered with: he is not the wise man of that kingdom, who has been the most

successful in devising means of keeping his place in it with the least possible conformity to its laws, and has taught himself and others to walk the nearest edge of a precipice without falling down from it. He is not the applauded victor, who has come through the battle with the fewest wounds, and put on his laurels with the least possible effort to attain them. Nay, but if ye think so, you are not of the mind of that happy company—for he is held the wise one there, who has drawn himself and others to most strict adherence to God's holy law; and he is the valiant one, who has the most sacrificed, and the most endured, to come off victorious; and unless ye be agreed with them, ye are not of them: unless ye think, and judge, and act, like the subjects of that kingdom, what do you to rank yourselves among them. "I say unto you, except your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye can in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

The Pharisees were that sect among the Jews who professed the most strict observance of the moral law according to their own interpretation of it: and, if we examine their precepts and maxims as set forth in the succeeding part of our Lord's discourse, we shall find them to be very much upon a level with those of the world at the present day; in very near conformity, that is, with the distinctions of right and wrong among respectable people in civilized society, where religion and the spiritual precepts of the Gospel are left out of the account. These people, like the Pharisees of old, account themselves good enough; and, if any thing be said to them of their corrupted nature and moral defectiveness, they take it strange, and tell you that they lead a good life, and do no wrong; but it is to their own standard of right and wrong they conform themselves, and not to God's—it is to the Pharisees', not to the Saviour's standard, as they will surely find; but of this we shall enquire hereafter. The question we have now to do with is but this—is that sufficient? He, whose words are truth, has decided that

it is not. Surely this is answer enough to those who object against what they call the strictness of persons who desire to show themselves the children of God and the disciples of Christ, and against the attempt they make to distinguish themselves from others by a purer system of morality, and an aim, at least, if it be no more, at a line of conduct, that distinguishes, and in a measure separates them from the mass around them. Whatever their failures, their inconsistencies, and abundant defalcations, for they have the same weakness, the same passions, and the same temptations as others, the world perceives they have a different rule for judging, feeling, and acting, and indignantly asks why they cannot content themselves to be like other people. The answer is in our text—because, except their righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, they cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. If to this it be responded that Pharisees were Jews, and we are all Christians; and what was applied to them cannot be applied to us, since they had only Moses and the Prophets, while we have the Gospel for our guide—the weights are ready, the balance is at hand—line by line, and verse by verse, let us go through the remainder of this divine discourse, and weighing our maxims and our precepts against the Pharisaic code, see if the righteousness of Christians do indeed exceed that of the Jews.

To those who are really desiring to distinguish themselves as the professors of a purer faith, and as the servants of a Master more beloved, this passage of his sermon is very forcible, and holds a very striking position in the arrangement of it. Jesus began not, as a hard task-master, with his demands upon his disciples, yielding a tardy blessing to their obedience, portioning his niggard wages to their earnings, and bidding them deserve or ever they received. He had bidden them rejoice and be exceeding glad; he had claimed them, and acknowledged them, and blessed them, before ever he made mention of his claims: and how forcibly then

follows the appeal—as if he said, Have I done this for you, and will you be content to be as other men? Have I made you this, and will you be no better than the world that has rejected me, and I have rejected?

The appeal is indeed powerful—let us give heed to it. If we do really believe the commencement of the sermon, if we have felt ourselves partakers of the blessings it unfolds, and the reward it promises—if, humbled in our iniquities, and mourning in our sins, meek, and lowly in our own esteem, and ahungered and athirst for the righteousness we have not, consciously needing the mercy we extend, seeking peace with God, with others, and ourselves, content in persecution, in sorrow, and in tears, we have felt our hearts grow light, and our bosoms gladden as we perused his sacred promises—if we believe that he redeemed us from the world's corruption, and made us of the worthless things we were, a savour acceptable to heaven—if we believe that by his Spirit he has made light of what itself was darkness, and, like a city that is on a hill, has placed us in the world, as his acknowledged people, to show forth his goodness, and bring glory to his name—if this be so, if we can by any means persuade ourselves that it is, or even no more than desire that it should be, what powerful motive, what absolute necessity is there that our righteousness should exceed the righteousness of other men. What overwhelming love, what boundless gratitude, what a station to uphold, what dignity to support—how can we else than cry “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” We may fancy the divine Preacher to have awaited the question as he saw it rising in the kindling bosoms of his grateful hearers, and the remainder of his discourse is the reply to it. This magnificent sermon is one perfect and consistent whole—a system of religion and morality, such as never sage or moralist has penned or spoken before or after him—we can no more disjoin the practice from the principle, than the principle from the practice. Without that gratitude, and love, and holy earnestness,

that nothing but redeeming mercy, and God's own Spirit can enkindle, the moral precepts will fall in vain upon our deafened ear, they will not be to our liking, we shall find neither will to choose, nor capacity to understand, nor power to pursue them. Without these beautiful results of an amended principle, the blossoms of a better tree—without some small buddings, at least, of what his grace may mature into more abundant fruits—without, in short, a standard of right above that which our natural perceptions and worldly interests prescribe to us, it is in vain that we profess the truth;—the creed, and the blessing, and the promise, stand all in vain to us as yet—the blood has been shed, but we have no proof that we are cleansed by it—the price has been paid, but we have no proof that we have been redeemed by it—the gate of heaven is opened, but we cannot enter in.

THE LISTENER.—No. XX.

(Continued from page 20.)

WE left our story on the Sunday evening: I would fain persuade myself it is not there we should resume it. I would rather believe, and so I am sure would my readers, that I was mistaken, when, after a sermon had been read, and family prayers had been offered, and the ladies had withdrawn to their chambers, I heard through the walls that parted us, certain words which might be construed into a commencement of the week's preparation—such, for instance, as blond, and chenille, and gimp, and piping—all very innocent things in themselves; and if my imagination connected them with any thing not quite appropriate to the time and circumstance, my readers will say the fault is mine, that I have no right to suppose, still less to relate, any thing more than I did really hear. I would not, on any account, be thought censorious; therefore I will leave it as a thing of course;

that while the evening sermon was read, the invitations came not into the minds of the young ladies, and that while prayers were offered, no thought of dresses occurred; and that before they went to sleep they did not speak, and after they went to sleep they did not dream of any thing connected with the subject. In which very probable case, the Miss S.'s stand acquitted of having commenced their preparations before Monday morning. I am quite certain they rose that morning at day-break; and as getting up early, whether to do any thing or nothing, is an established proof of industry and activity, I beg I may not be understood to object to that circumstance.

As my curiosity had been considerably excited by the conversation of the evening, I felt some regret that I could hear nothing during these early hours, but the opening and shutting of drawers, the overturning of bandboxes, and certain other indistinct sounds, to which I could not attach any meaning. The breakfast table relieved my mind of this regret.

"Mamma," said Fanny, the moment she appeared, "we have been so busy trying on all the gowns we have, to find which pattern will fit us best; and then we could not determine upon the colour—we have been trying all colours, to see which becomes us, and I think I look best in blue, and Maria is positive she looks best in pink, and so we almost quarrelled about it; for you know we must be dressed alike—at last, when we found it was impossible to agree, and we were only wasting time, we determined to refer it to you, to choose for us."

This at least proved a wise measure, and before the whole hour of breakfast had elapsed, the decision was made—as the young ladies were decidedly amiable, of course the lady of the rejected colour showed no signs of vexation. And now the plot thickened fast—for the mercer came, and his bale of goods came, and the yard-wand came—and there was measuring of breadths and measuring of lengths, and many very intricate calcu-

lations beside, to make the least possible quantity do the greatest possible service. In the issue, it appeared to me, that the materials selected were simple, tasteful, and very little expensive.

It would be quite superfluous to describe the whole process of dress-making—every lady who has made her *entré* into the gay world, without a long purse at her command, knows what ensues upon wanting a ball-dress in a hurry, and can picture to herself the state of the apartment, during the first stage of the proceeding—the various articles of apparel consigned to the backs of the chairs—the piano converted into a measuring board—the attendance of all the females in the house, except the cook, with thimbles on their middle finger—the trying on, and cutting out, and fitting in. It was impossible not to admire the skill and ingenuity of the young ladies. I should have felt much interest in the scene, and made many a wise reflection on the beauty of domestick usefulness and feminine industry, and, for aught I know, might have written an essay on the advantages of ladies being early taught to help themselves in these indispensables of life, could I have forgotten as entirely as they had done, the conversation of the preceding evening:—but, lest it should ever seem that I neglect to commend what is in itself commendable, I beg my friends to remember, that I was marking the progress of this week, with reference to its destined termination, and with the TWO INVITATIONS ever on my mind. I believe I did not tell my readers, that this is the name of the story: if I should put it at the end instead of the beginning, perhaps they will say it is no story at all: which, after the thanks and commendations I received from my younger friends for the first I told them, would be very mortifying. But to proceed—

Dresses, as Miss Maria had previously observed, are made with hands—but, excepting the housemaid, who did, or meant to do, only what she was bidden, and always had that to undo, because, as she said, she was

thinking of something else, more probably because she was not thinking at all, the thoughts and tongues of the industrious group were fully employed during this first day. And much I heard of the comparative merits of full fronts, and plain fronts, and high backs, and low backs, and circles, and squares, and vandykes, and scollops, and straight-ways, and cross-ways, and long-ways. It came once in my head to wonder, if in the days of Grecian elegance and classic taste, there were so many *ways* of making a gown. Time, with its usual malevolence, sped the quicker for the need there was of it—night came, and the ladies stole some hour or two upon its wintry length, and rose but the earlier to renew their labours : and like to the first day was the second.

"I am very glad," said Maria, as they sat something more quietly at the work-table on the evening of Tuesday—"I am very glad the bustle of choosing and planning our dresses is over ; now, though we must work hard to get the trimming done, we have nothing more to contrive, and therefore need not talk or think about our work ; I really shall be glad to give my mind to better thoughts."

"I do not know what you can do, Maria," replied Fanny, "but I never can attend to two things at once. Any very serious subject would be so totally out of harmony with my present thoughts and desires, which are all engrossed with the care of my personal appearance, and the anticipation of pleasure, it would seem almost a profanation to introduce any such. Solomon says there is a time for all things—but he does not say we can do all things at the same time—therefore, till this week is over, I can give my mind to nothing but this ball."

"If we were doing wrong," replied Maria, "I should think with you ; but we are employed as propriety and circumstances require, and certainly in a very innocent occupation. The last two days it has been indeed impossible to attend to any thing else ; but to-morrow I

shall try to complete my task without so much talking and thinking about it—and perhaps I can get Emma to read to me.

Emma had firmly held her purpose; but be it not supposed that she had withdrawn herself to a cloister, or a hermit's cell, or even to her own chamber, during all this time. Sincerity is seldom ostentatious, and firmness is seldom boastful. Emma seemed to be going on with her ordinary occupations; she gave her opinion simply when asked it, and cheerfully offered occasional assistance to her sisters; but her mind was evidently otherwise engaged: she shared not the interest of the scene. It cannot be denied that she was less gay than they, and felt a frequent wish that she could share their pleasurable excitement, without the sacrifice of what she esteemed her duty.

“It is surely absurd in you,” said Fanny to her one day, “to give up this ball, on purpose to make yourself singular. It will have a very odd appearance in the eyes of the world. I cannot think it right in one so young to make such a publick display of her religion, by acting differently from the rest of her family. Singularity always wears the appearance of pride; to say nothing of the pleasure you needlessly throw away.”

“It cannot be making any display at all,” answered Emma; “for, as I am the youngest, it will naturally be supposed I do not yet go out; and in respect to separation, Mamma gave us our separate choice, and I think was by no means dissatisfied with mine. Then for the pleasure, dear Fanny, I confess I should like it, if I could share it; but never in my life could I find pleasure in any thing while my heart was heavy, and my conscience ill at ease. If I felt as you do, I would go; but, feeling as I do, I should be miserable when I got there. You may be right in your determination, pursuing innocently a natural and unforbidden pleasure, while I am but indulging a needless scruple. I do not pretend to decide upon that point, or to be wiser than you. But of this

I am certain—if wrong in my judgment, I am right in my conduct. I cannot be doing wrong in foregoing a pleasure that seems to me to interfere with my religious duties, and unfit me for the sacred ceremony in which I desire to participate. If my maturer judgment should discover it to have been a needless sacrifice, the memory of it will at least not lie heavy on my bosom, when it will probably find weight enough without it. I may sometimes smile at it as a childish weakness, but I shall never have to blush at it as a sin. The veriest fool that follows the will of God, as far as his weakness can discover it, will gather the reward of wisdom; while the wiser one, who pursues his own, will reap but the meed of folly."

Maria had hitherto said very little upon the subject; yet there was an air that seemed to say, I am wiser than either of you. The temptation of giving word to her wisdom now became too great to be withstood. "Nobody," she said, "can think it right to pursue their own will in opposition to the will of God; but it is the part of discretion and good sense to distinguish between a right principle and a needless singularity. We have been very religiously brought up, and accustomed to attend to all our duties; I therefore do not see why we should be so very ill-prepared for receiving the sacrament, even if we have not time to think of it particularly this week; but, for my part, I shall find time. There is no harm in dancing, and there is no harm in dressing, and there is no harm in mixing with other people for a few hours' recreation: if we make a sin of what in itself is not so, the fault must be our own. I can be just as religious in a ball-room as in my own chamber, if I please. God has nowhere bidden us to withdraw from the ordinary occupations of life, and become nuns and hermits, that we may become more meet to serve him. We should rather learn to resist temptation in the world, than fly from it. I do not mean to suppose those who act thus conscientiously are absolutely wrong; but it is to be re-

gretted that good people have not better judgment; but must be running into extremes. I should not exactly say that Emma does wrong; but I think it would be more proof of sense to do as other people do, at least till she is older."

"Indeed," answered Emma, "I had rather act than talk about it; and I would rather prove my want of sense by acting against the opinions of the world, than my want of principle by acting against my own conscience. I am not sure enough to like to argue: but I am sure enough to know what to do. There is a world, that, in my baptism, I have promised neither to follow nor be led by. Now, I do not know what that can be, unless it be the doing what others do, when in my conscience I feel and believe I should do otherwise."

"Well, well," said Maria, "I do not wish to persuade you. If we all do what we think right, we shall all do well, because nothing more is required of us. If I thought as you do, I would act as you do; for I am as much determined as yourself to go to the sacrament on Sunday; and I dare say, when Sunday comes, I, who have been innocently enjoying myself, shall be just as fit as you, who have condemned yourself to a week of thoughtfulness and self-denial. We shall see. Will you read to me something serious, while I work the silver into this bit of gauze? it does not need any thought, and I am quite at liberty to listen."

"That I will do with pleasure," said Emma; and the conversation was for that time superseded by the reading of Hawes's Communicant's Companion. I cannot be very exact in the chronology, but I think this conversation passed sometime in the Wednesday evening. Meanwhile the preparation advanced rapidly. Fanny's spirits grew lighter as the day appeared—all her walk became dance, and all her speech became song, so light seemed her heart and so gay. It appeared to me that Maria's was not so. She frequently kept silence while Emma read, and seemed to listen attentively; but it had rather

the appearance of depressing than of soothing her spirits. She grew pettish, found fault with her thread, broke her needle, wished she could afford to buy her dresses, complained of the misery of being born without fortune, said the ribbons did not match, and the gloves did not fit. One moment Fanny's high spirits fatigued her—it was quite silly in her to be so elated about a foolish ball; the next moment Emma's gloomy silence depressed her—why did she spoil every body's pleasure—there was no amusement in going and leaving her at home.

"To-morrow night at this time," cried Fanny, as she danced gaily round the room. "I wonder whom I shall dance with first. I won't dance at all unless I get a good partner—it makes one look so foolish. I should like to know how the Miss Dashoffs will be dressed—they are such pert, sassy girls; it would be provoking to appear in worse style than they do."

"O, as to that," answered Maria, "I am not at all anxious. I should be very sorry to be jealous of any body. I am sure I do not go to the ball to show myself, but merely for the pleasure of dancing. Indeed I shall be quite glad when it is over, that I may return to more rational pursuits. One must do as other people do, but really it's a great sacrifice of time. I would much rather stay at home."

"Then why, dear Maria, do you not stay at home? I am quite sure Mamma would be content to hear such a determination, and would not press your going even now," said Emma.

"Or rather," exclaimed Fanny, "why do you try to sit on two stools at once, to the manifest danger of going to the ground between them. Whether it will be more rational to go or to stay at home, I really have not time to consider; but I am sure it must be right to do one or the other; and you do not seem in the humour for either. I think it is quite wicked to be reading and talking of sacred things, as you and Emma have been doing all this day, in the midst of such occupations. It has served no

purpose but to put you out of humour with yourself, and make you disagreeable to every body. It would be much better to give yourself up to pleasure this week, and put off those subjects till a more proper season. There's a time for all things. Come, let me just put these wreaths round your hair, to see which looks best. O, how sweetly!—I wish to-morrow was come."

Maria rose, and went to the glass. "Well but, Fanny, I cannot wear this; it does not become me. I wish you would let me——"

"Well but, Maria, that does not signify, as you do not go to show yourself, you know; and——"

I am sorry that, having forgotten to observe the time-piece, I cannot inform my readers how long it took the ladies to settle a difference of opinion respecting these same ornaments—but I dare say the venter knows how long he stood in the cold hall, waiting the restoration of his goods.

The date of the first invitation had now arrived—when the dressing began, I am at some loss to decide—I might allege arguments to prove it commenced over-night—or probably there might be a sort of rehearsal—it is impossible to know exactly what one only hears through a wall. It does not signify, for certainly the ladies were *not* dressed in the morning. The time came, however, that they were dressed, and, as I believed, extremely well; and, if the flush of pleasure on the cheek, and the sparkling of expectation in the eye, be proofs of happiness, I never looked upon a happier pair.

"Does my Emma repent her choice," said Lady S. to the youngest girl, as she sate in her plain morning dress before the fire, between her gay and happy sisters; one hand dropping the half-closed book upon her knee, the other hand pressed upon her lips, in the attitude of one who is not quite so happy as she meant to be.

"I am not sure, Mamma, whether I do or not—I shall be glad when you come back."

Well, never mind, dear," said the good-natured Fanny, "you will be wiser another time. I wish the carriage would come. The Miss Dashoffs will go in their own carriage, of course—I suppose almost every one will have their own carriage but ourselves. That is not particularly pleasant, I must confess—but it will be dark, and perhaps no one will observe what we come in."

"And it does not signify, if they do," replied Maria; "I should be ashamed to feel any of that sort of pride. We are of higher birth than they are, though not so rich."

"And pray, dear Maria," said Lady S., "what may be the difference between the pride that is mortified at being poorer, and the pride that is gratified at being greater than others?"

"Pride is a sin, I know," answered Maria, "however excited, and by whatever fed—and yet it does not exactly seem to me the same thing. If I should blush at being seen in a hack carriage, where other girls are in their own, it must be an emotion of mortified pride, and therefore a sinful emotion—whereas, if I should feel pleasure in hearing you announced as my lady, while their mother is introduced as plain mistress, it would be——"

"An emotion of gratified pride, and therefore as sinful as the other, because the offspring of the self-same passion."

"But, Mamma, it is impossible to keep off all such thoughts from our minds, when we come in competition with other people, on occasions in which every one is valued according to their exterior advantages."

"And therefore it is that such occasions are unfavourable to that subjugation of sinful passion which is the Christian's aim. But I hear the carriage."



H. pulchrum

Polyadelphia Polyandria.
Hypericum Pulchrum.
Small Upright St John's Wort.

A look of thoughtfulness passed over Maria's brow, as if she recollected something—but the desired moment had arrived, and they all stepped into the hired carriage. I thought Fanny looked at it with more than common observance; but this might be fancy.

I now find myself under very considerable difficulty. Most story-tellers know what passes in their absence, and can relate without either seeing or hearing, even to the most secret thoughts and feelings of their characters: I am prohibited from telling any thing but what I hear. What is to be done? The carriage drove off, and I remained at home—how then could I hear of that which followed? It was not my original intention to make another division in this story, but the impossibility of compressing the narrative into the space it ought to occupy in this number, added to the aforesaid difficulty, has obliged me to defer the conclusion to the next month, that I may have time to consider of what is best to be done.

(To be continued.)

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

BOTANY.

(Continued from page 46.)

CLASS 18.—POLYADELPHIA.

STAMENS UNITED INTO TWO OR MORE SETS.

ALL difficulty in this Class is removed, by there being but one Genus of British growth contained in it. There are many important foreign plants in the Polyadelphia Class, of different Orders, according to the number of Stamens, as the Orange, Lemon, and Chocolate Trees; but as we have only one plant in English Bo-

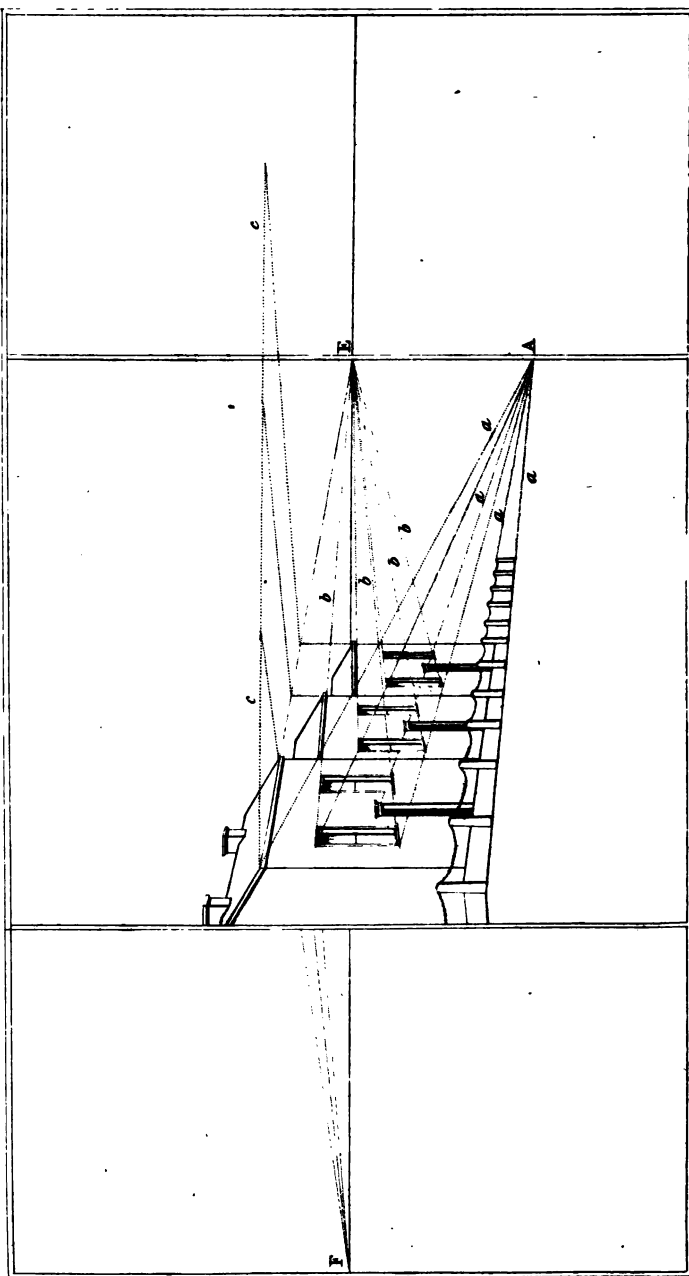
tany, we need of course reckon but one Order, which is Polyandria, containing an almost countless number of Stamens. This only Genus is the *Hypericum*, St. John's Wort, a flower of no common beauty, and of very many species. From the great number of Stamens in each flower, and their being divided almost to the bottom, an inexperienced eye would probably refer it to the Polyandria or Icosandria Class; but when one Species is known, the others may be recognized without much fear of mistake; so much do all the flowers of the Genus resemble each other. The *Hypericum* contains eleven Species, of all of which the flowers are yellow, occasionally marked with red, purple, or black. The blossom has five Petals, and the Calix five leaves; but, perhaps, by describing one Species with reference to our plate, we shall at once enable the student to know a St. John's Wort wherever found.

On examining the plant we have chosen, we find the Stamina very numerous, and, until we separate them from the flower, we cannot perceive that the Filaments are united; they are so, however, at the base, and will come off in three separate parcels, each containing eighteen or twenty Stamens, with fine, yellow Filaments, and Anthers of a brilliant red. The blossoms are of the brightest yellow, tinged with red on the outside, of five leaves, and set round the edge with black glands or dots. The Calix is also of five divisions, very small, and dotted round the edge with dark glands, like the Petals. The stem is tall, straight, smooth, cylindrical, and generally red. The leaves are few and not large, standing on the stem without leaf-stalks, in pairs, at considerable distances from each other; they are between oval and heart-shaped, smooth, sea-green underneath, though not above; and if we hold them to the light, we perceive them marked with numerous transparent dots. The branches that bear the flowers grow only from the upper part of the stem, are slender, and bear one or two flowers each,



PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE II.



Published by T. Parker at Parker's Place.

PLATE II.

with some very small leaves. With this description we can scarcely mistake the *Hypericum Pulchrum*, Small upright St. John's-wort.

CLASS XVIII.—POLYADELPHIA—Stamens united in three sets.

ORDER 1.—POLYANDRIA—many Stamens.

Hypericum. St. John's Wort.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XX.—PLATE 20.

AS in our last lesson we gave the perspective appearance of a row of houses on an ascent, so in the present plate we have represented them as descending from the point on which we stand: the principle is precisely the same. In the plate before us we are supposed to be standing something above the level of the first house, since the line of the eye (E), is above the door. From this station we are looking on a row of houses, descending a rather steep hill. It is an effect difficult to convey in drawing: the rules are certain, but the appearance when done is not strikingly what was intended, and hardly conveys the idea of a rapid descent. As in the former rule, we must have an accidental point (A), placed below the point of Sight, as much as, to the best of our judgment, the degree of descent requires. We have here set off the foreshortening of the houses (c c) at the top, as being more convenient—the result is precisely the same. The lines (a a a a) drawn to the point (A) give as before the height of the houses, doors, windows, railing, &c., all which are of course descending with the hill on which they stand. The lines (b b b b) taken to the Point of Sight, give the outlines of the houses, windows, &c., which in this, as in all other cases, must be horizontal in nature; for, if the lines of the houses descended with the hill, they must necessarily fall. We believe the plate needs no further explanation.

ON THE MERCY OF GOD.

THE mercy of God is but the emanation of his love extending itself to the wretched and the unworthy ; for as in his bountiful goodness it has respect to the needy and the destitute, so in his mercy it stoops to the deep degradation of human guilt and misery. "The angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day."—**JUDE 6.** Not one ray of Jehovah's mercy has ever beamed upon those higher powers who left their thrones in heaven—they fell to rise no more ; but towards man, God has manifested mercy—to him He has revealed himself as the "Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin."—**EXOD. xxxiv. 6, 7.** The very existence of man considered as a sinner, in a world replete with blessing, is an evident proof of the forbearing mercy of God ; to this alone can it be attributed, that for such an one the flower should give forth its fragrance, and the fruit its refreshing juice ; that the earth, the sea, the skies, and all by which he is surrounded, should contribute to the constant gratification and delight of one who has departed from his Creator and Benefactor, and who desires neither Him nor the knowledge of his ways. It may, however, be remarked, that even in the present transitory state of human existence, the manifestation of God's mercy is so combined and mingled with the marks of his displeasure, as to authorise no just conclusion that the manner and degree of its extension is indiscriminating and unlimited ; and, indeed, so varied and so mysterious are the dispensations of his providence upon earth, that without the light of his written word, it would be utterly impossible to form a correct idea of the mercy of God, or to know how far or

in what way it might be confided in during the present life, or in reference to a future state of existence hoped for hereafter. But, glory be to God, here all is unfolded; its nature, its riches, its extent. Here it is declared, not only that God is merciful, but that he *delighteth* in mercy, and that his mercy endureth *for ever*; and that however in the mutability of this life's chequered scene his providential blessings may often appear to fall profusely upon the heads of some of the most undeserving of mankind, while many of his most devoted servants are as "strangers and pilgrims" upon the face of the earth—poor, bereaved, "destitute, afflicted"—the mercy of God is still resting from everlasting to everlasting upon those who fear him—a mercy embracing not only their temporal but their eternal interests; for, while it bestows upon them all that is needful for them here, and engages that "all things shall work together for their good," it ensures to them a holy and happy state of never ending felicity, when the vanity and pageantry of this world shall have passed away into oblivion; or shall return upon the laden memory but to awaken remorse in the soul that has sought no better portion. "O that men were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end," that they would endeavour now to understand the character of that God with whom they have to do—of Him who will not dim the lustre of one of his glorious attributes to exalt another, nor display his mercy but in a way that shall at the same time magnify the perfect and unbending justice of his righteous government. That way is CHRIST. It is opened through the sufferings and death of him who is "the Saviour of all men, but especially of those who believe." It is through his mediation that the forbearing mercy of God is exercised towards sinners—it is through his intercession that the tender mercy of Jehovah is for ever flowing down in the richest streams of grace and peace upon his believing people. Those who know God as the "Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort," know him as the God and Father

of the Lord Jesus Christ. "I," said Jesus, "am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh to the Father but by ME." Is God a God full of compassion? Is he ready to forgive—to multiply—to pardon? Is he yearning over his apostate children, entreating them to return, and take refuge, and find their everlasting rest beneath the shadow of his wings? Is he long suffering, waiting to be gracious, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance? He is so in Christ Jesus.

The mercy of God, whether contemplated in its source, its channel, or in the application of its blessings to the soul of man, is always connected in the Scriptures with the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," says the apostle, "who hath blessed us with *all* spiritual blessings in heavenly things in Christ."—EPHES. i. 3. "For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved."—JOHN iii. 17. "God, who is *rich in mercy* for his *great love* wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in trespasses and sins, hath quickened us together *with Christ*, that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace in his kindness towards us *through Christ Jesus*."—EPHES. ii. 4, 5, 7. And again, "After the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly (or richly) *through Jesus Christ our Saviour*."—TITUS iii. 4, 5, 6.

Mercy is therefore the distinguishing characteristic of the gospel of Christ; and mercy should also be a distinguishing mark in the character of all who profess it. "I will have mercy," said their Divine Lawgiver, "and not sacrifice." The tendency of his gospel is to assimilate those within its influence to its own sweet and lovely spirit; and in proportion as the heart feels its power,

such will ever be the effect produced. While Christians are exhorted to "build up themselves in their most holy faith, to pray in the Holy Ghost, to keep themselves in the love of God, and to look for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life: the precept given them for their observance is, "Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful"—the promise left on record for their encouragement, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

IOTA.

HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

ON BEING DESIRED BY A YOUNG FRIEND TO WRITE ON NOTHING.

AND what is that? Philosophy has said
The world, and all that it contains, are Nothing;
That human life is but a fever'd dream,
And earth's rich beauties a fantastic vision.
It is not thus that nature's page is read
By one, whose thought connects it with its God.
Never had mirror such enlarging power,
As that through which the Christian views the world.
All that were Nothing else, is great to him.
The worm, that others pass unheeded by,
Speaks to the Christian of the God that made it;
The weed, that lives unsought, and dies unseen,
The leaf, that buds to-day, and falls to-morrow,
To him are emblems of Almighty power;
And clearly does the pious bosom hold
Those gifts of Providence the world despises.
Though chilling poverty be all his store,
The ground he stands upon his whole domain,
And all his privilege the air he breathes,
He thinks it much; for 'tis a Father's gift,
And 'tis the passage to a promised heaven.
Beware, my love, of what the world calls nothing;
The unholy jeat, irreverently pass'd,
The hour, that leaves no record of its use,
The mite misspent, to charity denied,
The taunt unmerited, the tale that wrongs,
The impatient murmur against Heaven's decree,

The wish that covets what our God denies—
 All, in the world's false balance, weigh'd as nothing—
 Fill up the measure of our bosom's wrong.
 But to the eye of one who loves his God,
 Sees all things great, because it sees them His,
 There is, what seeming great to all beside,
 To him is Nothing. Be it so to you.
 Fortune is Nothing, when with eager hand,
 It grasps enjoyment, and returns no thanks;
 Pleasure is Nothing, when its voice invites
 To that which Heaven's blessing has not hallowed;
 And Nothing are those intellectual powers,
 The less ignoble revels of the mind,
 That find no path too high for their pursuit,
 Nor aught have left unstudied—but the truth.
 And be it granted that you sometime know
 The toils and sorrows of this passing life,
 Its deep regrettings and its anxious fears
 Are Nothing all, to him whose life is hid
 In the paternal bosom of his God—
 That sickness is a messenger of love,
 And death is Nothing when it leads to heaven.



THE WINTER MOON.

Ah! where, lovely Planet,
 Ah! where dost thou stray;
 Thy path it is lonely,
 And trackless the way.
 Is seems thou art gentle,
 It seems thou art fair;
 Ah! why without guide
 Dost thou wander in air?

 Child of Earth, dost thou ask me
 Why thus without guide,
 Through the cold nights of Winter
 I fearlessly ride?
 'Twas wisdom Omnipotent
 Placed me on high,
 And Infinite power
 Marks my track in the sky.

 But why, lovely Planet,
 Thus restlessly roam?

And hast thou no shelter?
 And hast thou no home?
 With me dost thou suffer
 Fate's hardest decree :
 Are wanderings unceasing
 Thy portion to be?

Child of Earth, if unresting
 I toil through the skies,
 'Tis Heaven that wills it,
 And Heaven is wise.
 If nor haven, nor shelter,
 Nor refuge I find,
 'Tis Heaven that wills it,
 And Heaven is kind.

But why, lovely Planet,
 Then tell me I pray,
 Do clouds of affliction
 O'ershadow thy way?
 And whence are the tears
 That envelope thy form,
 As, palid and weeping,
 Thou look'st through the storm?

Child of Earth, thy perception
 Is erring and weak ;
 My bosom is calm
 While the tear's on my cheek.
 Though the deep shades of darkness
 Obscure me to thee,
 My passage above them
 Is tranquil and free.



THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year has passed away,
 Again the shining orb of day
 His annual course has run :
 The servant of the Lord of Light,
 He shadows to the Christian's sight
 A far more glorious Sun.

And shall that Christian's heart be cold?
 Another opening year behold,
 Without a song of praise

To Him, whose never-ceasing love
Shows his blessings from above,
And crowns my happy days !

Oh, no ! thou Son of Righteousness,
Long as I live, I live to bless
And magnify thy name ;
Praise from the altar of my heart
Shall rise, if thou the grace impart,
A never dying flame.

If to thy glory, Lord, it burn,
If to thy blessed self it turn,
Thy Spirit from above
Must feed and keep it pure and bright,
And ever on the altar write
" Humility and love."

Oh, may I each revolving year,
As my advancing soul draws near
Towards thy blest abode,
Thou Source of endless life and joy,
More gratefully for Thee employ
The powers thou hast bestowed.

ZETA.

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LINES FROM AN ABSENT DAUGHTER TO HER MOTHER  
ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

WELL can my memory this day  
Recall through many a vanished year,  
When the fond greetings I would say,  
Fell not unheeded on thine ear ;  
Thou canst not now, my mother, hear  
The wish still offered by my heart ;  
Thou canst not see the silent tear  
Which fond affection bids to start,  
Or busy memory which will not depart.  
Yet shall my pen those words convey  
Which I would gladly speak to thee,  
Of filial greeting on the day  
I pray that thou may'st often see ;  
And when renew'd again it be,  
May it thy bosom find at rest,  
From all that now disturbs it free,  
No more by sorrow's weight oppress'd,  
Or with'ring care, that dæmon of the breast.

For earthly trials have been thy lot,  
 But Heaven's promised blessings fall  
 On him who 'neath them fainteth not,  
 And thou hast nobly borne them all.  
 Fears which a mother's heart appal  
 Often and keenly thou hast known,  
 But ne'er would selfish love enthal  
 Thy feelings—this thou well hast shown,  
 And to thy children sacrificed thine own.

And their hearts deeply, dearly feel  
 The debt of love to thee they owe,  
 But words are powerless to reveal  
 The gratitude their bosoms know.  
 Their fervent prayers to Heaven ascend,  
 That the living streams of bliss that flow  
 From that pure fountain may descend  
 On thee, their parent, guide, companion, friend.

But though in mercy to thee here  
 Thy high reward should be denied,  
 'Twill brightly in those realms appear,  
 Where faith, by early suffering tried,  
 And hope, that still would firm abide  
 In life's most gloomy hours, receive  
 The bliss that spirits purified  
 Can taste—though we cannot conceive—  
 Yes! Heaven then will give, though now it may bereave.

M. H.



#### ADDRESS TO THE AFFLICTED.

CHILD of sorrow, raise thine eyes,  
 Mourner, from the dust arise—  
 Jesus, stooping from above,  
 Speaks to thee—and speaks in love.  
 Listen to his gracious voice,  
 Let it lead thee to rejoice :  
 Hear him say, " Whate'er it be,  
 Cast thy burden all on me."

Is thy load a load of guilt ?  
 Christ for thee his blood hath spilt—  
 Many as thy sins have been,  
 Wash in that, and thou art clean.  
 Hast thou evil felt within ?  
 Are thy fetters those of sin ?



To the Friend of sinners flee,  
Jesus Christ will set thee free.

Hast thou learned what subtle foes  
Watch to mar thy soul's repose?  
Fear not Satan nor his hour;  
Mightier is thy SAVIOUR'S power;  
In his strength the warfare meet;  
Lay thy trophies at his feet;  
Let the cross thy banner be;  
Satan shall not conquer thee.

Art thou destitute, and left  
In the wilderness alone?  
Of beloved friends bereft?  
All thine earlier treasures flown?  
Drooping spirit, weep no more,  
Jesus will thy joy restore;  
Will himself for ever be  
More than all thy friends to thee.

Gloomy though the path appears  
Thou art doomed awhile to tread,  
Leading through a vale of tears  
Mid the dying and the dead—  
Keep thy Saviour still in sight,  
He will guide thy footsteps right;  
Thou shalt not in darkness be  
While his glory beams on thee.

Art thou aged or distressed?  
Poor, in sickness, or in pain?  
He will give thy spirit rest,  
And renew thy youth again—  
He will ever to thy soul  
Health and boundless treasure be,  
Long as countless ages roll  
Through a blest eternity.

Soon shall poverty and wealth,  
Soon will all this chequered scene,  
Sorrow, pleasure, sickness, health,  
Be as though it had not been.  
Oh, believer, let it go,  
In the LORD thy portion see;  
From his love alone shall flow  
Everlasting joy to thee.

VERITA.

## REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

AND

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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*The Triumphs of Truth; or, facts displaying the value and power of the Word of God.* Second Edition. Price 2s.—Nisbet, Berners-Street.

THE transactions of the Bible Society are so well known, and occupy so large a portion of the religious periodicals of the present day, besides the quantity of reports, and speeches, and sermons, in perpetual circulation among us, that we have intentionally excluded the subject from our pages; not because we are uninterested in it, but because we think there may be enough, even of the best of things. It is impossible to contemplate without amazement, the extent and achievements of this Society—growing, as we have seen it within a few years, out of nothing, the scheme of a few individuals over their fire, into an expenditure of a hundred thousand a year, and an influence extending to the remotest corners of the globe. Whatever might be the difference of opinion respecting this great adventure at the first, those who can now stand by, and take no notice of its course, must be wanting indeed of many things besides a zeal for the propagation of truth. We are apt to treat all new schemes as visionary, and perhaps we are not wrong; for many novelties that promise much at the outset, do indeed prove nothing more substantial than the dreams of their enthusiastic devisers. Where religion is concerned too, all innovation, all novel schemes are to be looked to; and we cannot so much condemn those, particularly the guardians of our Church, who stood by awhile to see what was really meant, and what was really going to be done: though perhaps in this and all other such cases, neutrality, and not opposition is the part of wisdom, for those who determine to judge before they act. But however pru-

VOL. IV. L

dence may withhold itself from what seems an uncertain and perhaps dangerous undertaking, it can be nothing but prejudice that stands out against its tried and assured success. The opinions of the wisest and the best, the concurrence of other nations, the eager reception of the blessing proffered, the regularity, sobriety, and effect, with which the whole has been conducted, mark beyond dispute the wisdom of the undertaking, the good faith of the projectors, and the approbation of Heaven upon their plans. Ignorance can no longer misrepresent, slander can no more vilify, and opposition can do nothing now to stay their progress. It is with this, as we believe it is with every thing else, that though delusion may prevail for a time, a little patience, and a really good thing is sure to prosper, and a really bad one is sure to fall. The Bible Society has prospered; and numbers of distinguished persons who at first stood off, have proved that they did so from judgment, not from prejudice or dislike to truth, by now contributing their utmost influence towards its support. If it is yet possible that any one would like to hear and has not heard all that rings through the country upon the subject, this little book may interest them much: and, being very full of amusing fact and interesting anecdote, we doubt not that our younger friends, to whom Bible Reports are not perhaps so familiar, will be much pleased with it.

*Private Correspondence of William Couper, Esq. with several of his most intimate Friends, now first published from the Originals, in the possession of his kinsman, John Johnston, L.L.D. In 2 vols. Printed for H. Colburn, 1824.*

THE fallowed numbers of this melancholy poet, who sang so gaily while he felt so sad, are the favourites of every pious bosom. Innocence goes fearlessly through his pages without dreading the touch of impurity; the world sees its follies in his keen, satiric wit; the chas-

toned and devoted spirit delights in his deep-toned feeling and seriousness. Reading, we become enamoured of the poet, and enquire with eagerness of all that he was and did. The answer to the enquiry tends but to increase our interest—for we do not find him where other poets are, in the mid-sphere of popular observation, alternately flattered and traduced; restless beings for the most, who are to be heard of every where, and known to every body, the *lions* of a world from which they are seldom content to withdraw, though little satisfied with its prosaic dulness. Our sweet Christian bard must be looked for in the closest obscurity of domestic life; in a country village from which, through all his literary course, he seldom wandered many miles—nursed and companioned by one old woman, whose intellect we have no reason to suppose above mediocrity—sought out in his retreat but by a very small number of friends, and holding communication with scarce more than half a dozen persons. And more surprising, and more moving is it still, to find a mind so powerful, so finely-tuned, we may even say so brilliant and playful, the possession of a suffering hypochondriac, who tasted nothing of the sweets he gathered, dropping the honey while he drank the gall. It is no wonder that the name of a being so out of nature's course should claim for any work to which it is affixed, the attention of the publick, the religious publick in particular. But this is not the only charm of Cowper's epistolary productions. Besides that they are all the record that can remain of a life so obscure and devoid of incident, the Letters of Cowper are in themselves a literary treasure, for they are not to be surpassed in our language; they are perfect patterns of epistolary writing, suited alike to the serious and the gay. We find in them that it is possible to trifle without being trifling, to amuse without having any thing to say; and, in all the careless gaiety of a mind that gave free course to the suggestions of the moment, never to write a word at which the purest, holiest, and most religious mind has

need to take offence. Nay, more than this, the Letters of Cowper contain many a warning for the careless, many a sweet note of comfort for the afflicted, and heavenly counsel for those who desire to be wise.

Thinking thus of Cowper's compositions, we could not be sorry for the appearance of two new volumes; nor were we disappointed in the perusal, though we meet with some persons who are so. We meet, too, with some who think the more melancholy letters should not be published, as exposing too much the infirmity and suffering of so eminent a Christian. The inscrutable dispensation of Providence towards this extraordinary man cannot be concealed; and since it is known, it cannot be too fully explained. And why desire to conceal it? Is the Creator's honour attainted by the creature's weakness? Are not the diseases and calamities that flesh is heir to, as much the portion of his people, as of those that forsake him? If it be said, that God should not leave in so distressed a state, the mind of one who loved and trusted him, how do we know that He should not, and where has he said that He would not? Some have doubted lest the influence of his writings should be lessened, if the aberration of his mind became known, or the religion seem revolting, whose messenger is so little benefited by the good he attempts to communicate. God sends his truth by what messenger he pleases, and likely chooses them aright. We do not understand his ways, for they are passed finding out, but we may be sure he wishes no concealment. When it pleased him to deprive this lowly Christian of his senses, is it not presumption in the highest degree to suppose he did a deed the world should not behold, lest it may please to take offence, and say he did amiss? We know that the irreligious will say, and do say, that religion turned the poet's head, that the doctrines he held drove him to despair, and that the promises and hopes he wrote of, could not be realities to him, since they had no influence on his own mind and feelings. Doubtless, and God knew it too, when he so

ordained his servant's portion: may we not trust him with the honour of his own cause? There is too much of human pride in all these calculations of ours. Our wisdom would have put the treasure of divine grace in vessels of gold and silver, that it might be more to the world's liking—He put it into earthen vessels, the most worthless, the most brittle, the most insecure; for he feared not the scoffs of a world that he knew would charge to religion the infirmities of its professors. So certain are we that whatever God's providence has decreed is right, and the best it could be—best for his own glory, for the furtherance of his will, and the good of his people, that so far from casting a veil over any circumstance in that providence, we would tell it on the house-tops, let the world judge of it as they may.

Certain it is, that Cowper's painful melancholy must be known, and therefore we think it cannot be too clearly elucidated; for, while we have nothing to do with the effect of the truth, it is incumbent on us to guard against error and misapprehension, with all their dangerous consequences. On this ground we think these last volumes of Letters should be brought before the publick, as they still more clearly prove, what was sufficiently proved before to all but those who prefer to think otherwise, that Cowper's malady was physical disease, a constitutional malady, and not the effect of any religious impressions. The strongest proof of this is, that the one was antecedent to the other. We have his own words. "I cannot recollect that till the month of December, in the thirty-second year of my life, I had ever any serious impressions of the religious kind, or at all bethought myself of my salvation, except in two or three instances;" and these instances he relates as mere passing thoughts in his childhood. Yet at the age of one-and-twenty, he says of himself, "I was struck, not long after my settlement in the Temple, with such a dejection of spirits, as none, but they who have felt the same, can have the least conception of. Day and night I was upon the

rack, lying down in horror, and rising up in despair. I lost all relish for those studies to which I had before been closely attached: the classics had no longer any charms for me; I had need of something more salutary than amusement, but I had no one to direct me where to find it." This is evidently the melancholy resulting from disease; for Cowper had mentally no cause for depression—he had neither suffered, nor been disappointed, and the world had as fair an aspect to him, as to most who are entering on it: and so far was it from being a religious melancholy, that he had suffered a whole twelve-month, before he even thought of praying to God for relief: and when he had found relief, he considered that a hurried round of diversion was the best thing for his disease. Twelve years later, the complaint returned on an occasion of mental excitement, but without one religious feeling. This attack terminated, it is true, in his becoming, what he had never been before, a religious man, deeply impressed with the mercy and forbearance of the God he had provoked, and devoting all his thoughts and powers to his service.

All this was known before, but these Letters make the nature of his malady more apparent, and explain why it was, that in the long interval of apparent sanity, he was so deeply despondent: and though his aberration of mind now assumed, as it was likely it should, a religious aspect, it is totally impossible to read the fact, and not perceive that it could not be the effect of any religion whatever, since there never was a creed on earth, that admitted of the idea that passed him. The Editor of his Letters thus explains it—"There is one subject, however, connected, if not with the composition, yet with the matter of these letters to Mr. Newton, to which I would beg to call a few minutes' attention—the aberration of mind which they so painfully develope. To this was indisputably owing all the gloominess of the character of Cowper; a point which I am the more anxious to establish, as it has been erroneously charged on his religious opinions. But no, the unhappiness of this amiable man is to be referred to the cause already stated; and that again to an excess of hypochondriacal affection, induced in the first instance, as I have repeatedly heard a deceased friend of his and mine observe, by his having, in very early

life improperly checked an Erysipelatous complaint of the face, which rendered him ever after liable to depression of spirits. Under the influence of one of these attacks, attended with evident mental obliquity, he was impressed with the idea, originating in a supposed voice from Heaven, that the Author of his life had recalled the loan. This was rapidly followed by another to this effect :—that, as he had failed to restore it in the intervening moment, the punishment of his disobedience would be everlasting destruction."

Those who desire to charge the poet's melancholy to his religious opinions, would be puzzled to find or invent a doctrine, of his or any one's, with which so strange an idea could be associated. It was plainly a derangement, such as we are used to call mental; but which was probably a merely physical disorder. It is evident from much that he says in these Letters, that Cowper himself considered it so, though the consideration gave him no relief so long as the disease continued. He says, in writing to Mrs. King,

"The melancholy that I have mentioned, and concerning which you are so kind as to enquire, is of a kind, so far as I know, peculiar to myself. It does not at all affect the operations of my mind on any subject to which I can attach it, whether serious or ludicrous, or whatsoever it may be; for which reason I am almost always employed either in reading or writing, when I am not engaged in conversation. A vacant hour is my abhorrence; because when I am not occupied, I suffer under the whole influence of my unhappy temperament. I thank you for your recommendation of a medicine from which you have received benefit yourself; but there is hardly any thing that I have not proved, however beneficial it may have been found by others, in my own case utterly useless. I have, therefore, long since bid adieu to all hope from human means—the means excepted of perpetual employment.

This letter proves that the sufferer himself knew his seemingly religious gloom to be disease, since he had tried various medicines to remove it. If it be asked, how it is possible that a really pious man could entertain so strange an opinion, and fancy himself thereby excluded from the mercy of his Saviour, we answer, because a pious man is as much liable to a disordered frame-affecting his intellect as any other person. Reflection was of no use to him—reason was of no use—the counsel of friends was of no use—all could but tell him what he knew, that his despair was a disease—he knew it, but



the malady remained. The following half-playful, half-melancholy picture, so characteristic of his style, and of the difference between his own mind and the peaceful spirit of the excellent Newton, shows how justly, and yet how unavailingly, he could reflect on his own state.

#### TO JOHN NEWTON.

"You wish you could employ your time to better purpose, yet are never idle. In all that you say or do, whether you are alone, or pay visits, or receive them; whether you think or write, or walk or are still, the state of your mind is such as discovers even to yourself, in spite of all its wanderings, that there is a principle at the bottom, whose determined tendency is towards the best things. I do not doubt the truth of what you say, when you complain of that crowd of trifling thoughts that pester you without ceasing; but then you always have a serious thought standing at the door of your imagination, like a justice of peace, with the riot-act in his hand, ready to read it, and disperse the mob. Here lies the difference between you and me. My thoughts are clad in a sober livery, for the most as grave as that of a bishop's servants. They turn, too, upon spiritual subjects; but the tallest fellow, and the loudest among them all, is he who is continually crying with a loud voice, *Actum est de te, peristi!* Dissipation itself would be welcome to me, so it were not a vicious one; but, however earnestly invited, it is coy, and keeps at a distance."

Though it seem, at first sight, that Cowper's religion availed him nothing in his malady, if we look closer into these expositions of his mind, we shall find it was not so. His despair, after all, was not the despair of the unbeliever. He saw no hope, he tasted of no sweet promise, no beam of consolation reached him; yet in this mid-darkness of his mind, there breaks forth a trust in the power of God, and a submission to his will, that none but the Christian knows. It was the despair of the disciple, when he said, "Save me, or I perish;" not of Judas, who madly put himself beyond the reach of mercy. The following letter is but one among many that express this committing of himself to Heaven in the depth of his despair. Speaking of his occupations,

"Thus far it is plain I have not chosen or prescribed to myself my own way, but have been providentially led to it; perhaps I might say with equal propriety, compelled and scourged into it: for certainly, could I have made my choice, or were I permitted to make it now, those hours which I spend in poetry, I would spend with God."

But it is evidently his will that I should spend them as I do, because every other way of employing them he himself continues to make impossible. If, in the course of such an occupation, or by inevitable consequence of it, either my former connexions are revived, or new ones occur, these things are as much a part of the dispensation as the leading points of it themselves: the effect as much as the cause. If his purposes in thus directing me are gracious, he will take care to prove them such in the issue; and in the mean time will preserve me (for he is able to do that in one condition of life as in another) from all mistakes in conduct that might prove pernicious to myself, or give reasonable offence to others. I can say it as truly as it was ever spoken—Here I am; let him do with me as seemeth him good.”

Surely here is a lesson that may do us good. Looking to ourselves when we should be looking to our Saviour, while his light is upon our tents, and the hope of bliss is bright before us, we are all elation, and confidence, and trust, because we see; but when the hour comes that we see not, when sin prevails, and conscience overwhelms us, and nothing appears but the difficulty of our way, then we begin to doubt if God be faithful, if his promises will stand, if, wanting of strength ourselves, our Saviour has power to save us. Yet here is one who, in a depth of helplessness and misery, to which none of us, perhaps, have ever fallen, could say, “He is able”—with all his heart could say, “Let him do with me as seemeth him good.” Shall any say the religion of this depressed spirit availed him nothing? Again he fearfully, yet sweetly, depicts his state, his terrors, and his trust, his resistless infirmity and unconsenting principle.

“When January returns, you have your feelings concerning me, and such as prove the faithfulness of your friendship. I have mine also concerning myself, but they are of a cast different from your’s. Your’s have a mixture of sympathy and tender solicitude, which makes them, perhaps, not altogether unpleasant. Mine, on the contrary, are of an unmixed nature, and consist simply and merely, of the most alarming apprehensions. Twice has that month returned upon me, accompanied by such horrors, as I have no reason to suppose ever made part of the experience of any other man. I accordingly look forward to it, and meet it, with a dread not to be imagined. I number the nights as they pass, and in the morning bless myself that another night is gone, and no harm has happened. This may argue, perhaps, some imbecility of mind, and no small degree of it; but it is natural, I believe, and so natural as to be necessary and unavoidable. I know that God is not governed by secondary causes in any of his operations, and that on the contrary, they are all so many agents in his hand, which strive only when he bids them. I

know consequently that one month is as dangerous to me as another, and that in the middle of summer, at noon-day, and in the clear sunshine, I am, in reality, unless guarded by him, as much exposed, as when fast asleep at midnight, and in mid-winter. But we are not always the wiser for our knowledge, and I can no more avail myself of mine, than if it were in the head of another man, and not in my own. I have heard of bodily aches and ails that have been particularly troublesome, when the season returned in which the hurt that occasioned them was received. The mind, I believe, (with my own, however, I am sure it is so,) is liable to similar periodical affection. But February is come; January, my terror, is passed; and some shades of the glooms that attended his presence, have passed with him. I look forward with a little cheerfulness, to the buds and the leaves that will soon appear, and say to myself, till they turn yellow, I will make myself easy. The year will go round, and January will approach. I shall tremble again, and I know it; but in the mean time I will be as comfortable as I can. Thus, in respect of mind, such as it is, that I enjoy, I subsist, as the poor vulgarly say, from hand to mouth; and of a Christian, such as you once knew me, am, by a strong transformation, become an Epicurean philosopher, bearing this motto on his mind—*‘Quid sit futurum cras, fuge querere.’*”

And where should a Christian, as he humbly forbears to call himself, find a better motto, when his eternal interests are secure in his Saviour’s accepted mercy, and this world’s futurity is committed, in lowly acquiescence, to his care? Such is the mournful picture of the poet’s mind, the character of whose writings is certainly that of playfulness and gaiety, mixed with genuine piety in its most lovely form. Other letters there are, more mournful even than these, but we forbear to notice them, lest the presentation of so sad a picture be objected to. We are not ourselves of opinion that the reading of the whole can leave any wrong or dangerous impression. A melancholy so out of nature cannot be infectious, and the lessons it gives are surely not dangerous. The picture is humiliating, indeed, to our human nature; since the finest and the purest mind could become the prey of so fearful a delusion and the immortal spirit lie in such torment for the body’s weakness; but the picture is a true one, of him, of us, and all—from the height of human glory is but one small step to its lowest degradation. We would give the book fearlessly to all, and all must read it, we imagine, with interest, who have either taste or feeling. The melancholy letters are but few of the

number; the remainder are of the gay and playful kind. As we are aware that very many of our younger friends will not be allowed to read them, we suppose they may wish from us a specimen of the facility with which Cowper could make a letter without a subject, or with no better a one than the changes of the weather, or the exhausted plea of wanting time.

"I do not suppose our climate has been much altered since the days of our forefathers the Picts; but certainly the human constitution in this country has been altered much. Inured as we are from our cradles to every vicissitude, in a climate more various than any other, and in possession of all that modern refinement has been able to contrive for our security, we are yet as subject to blights as the tenderest blossoms of the spring; and are so well admonished of every change of atmosphere by our bodily feelings, as hardly to have any need of a weather-glass to mark them. For this we are, no doubt, indebted to the multitude of our accommodations; for it was not possible to retain the hardness that originally belonged to our race, under the delicate management to which for many ages we have now been accustomed. I can hardly doubt that a bull-dog or a gamecock might be made as susceptible of injuries from weather as myself, were he dieted, and in all respects accommodated as I am. Or, if the project did not succeed in the first instance, (for we ourselves did not become what we are at once,) in process of time, however, and in a course of many generations it would certainly take effect. Let such a dog be fed in his infancy with pap, Naples' biscuit, and boiled chicken; let him be wrapt in flannel at night, sleep on a good feather bed, and ride out in a coach for an airing; and if his posterity do not become slight-limbed, puny, and valetudinarian, it will be a wonder. Thus our parents, and their parents, and the parents of both, were managed; and thus ourselves; and the consequence is, that instead of being weather-proof even without clothing, furs and flannels are not warm enough to defend us. It is observable, however, that though we have by these means lost much of our pristine vigour, our days are not fewer. We live as long as those, whom, on account of the sturdiness of their frame, the poets supposed to have been the progeny of oaks. Perhaps, too, they had little feeling, and for that reason might be imagined to be so descended. For a very robust, athletic habit seems inconsistent with much sensibility. But sensibility is the *sine quâ non* of real happiness. If, therefore, our lives have been shortened, and if our feelings have been rendered more exquisite as our habit of body has become more delicate, on the whole, perhaps, we have no cause to complain, but are rather gainers by our degeneracy.

TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

Nov. 30, 1783.

I HAVE neither long visits to pay nor to receive, nor ladies to spend hours in telling me that which might be told in five minutes,

yet often find myself obliged to be an economist of time, and to make the most of a short opportunity. Let our station be as retired as it may, there is no want of playthings and avocations, nor much need to seek them, in this world of ours. Business, or what presents itself to us under that imposing character, will find us out, even in the stillest retreat, and plead its importance, however trivial in reality, as a just demand upon our attention. It is wonderful how, by means of such real or seeming necessities, my time is stolen away. I have just time to observe, that time is short, and by the time I have made the observation, time is gone. I have wondered in former days at the patience of the Antidiluvian world; that they could endure a life almost millenary, with so little variety as seems to have fallen to their share. It is probable that they had much fewer employments than we. Their affairs lay in a narrower compass; their libraries were indifferently furnished; philosophical researches were carried on with much less industry and acuteness of penetration, and fiddles, perhaps, were not even invented. How then could seven or eight hundred years of life be supportable? I have asked this question formerly, and been at a loss to resolve it; but I think I can answer it now. I will suppose myself born a thousand years before Noah was born or thought of. I rise with the sun; I worship; I prepare my breakfast; I swallow a bucket of goats' milk and a dozen good sizeable cakes. I fasten a new string to my bow, and my youngest boy, a lad of about thirteen years of age, having played with my arrows, till he stripped them of all the feathers, I find myself obliged to repair them. The morning is thus spent in preparing for the chace, and it is become necessary I should dine. I dig up my roots; I wash them; I boil them; I find them not done enough, I boil them again; my wife is angry; we dispute, we settle the point; but in the mean time the fire goes out and must be rekindled again. All this is very amusing. I hunt; I bring home the prey; with the skin of it I mend an old coat, or I make a new one. By this time the day is far spent; I feel myself fatigued, and retire to rest. Thus, what with tilling the ground, and eating the fruit of it, hunting, and walking, and running, and mending old clothes, and sleeping, and rising again, I can suppose an inhabitant of the primæval world so much occupied, as to sigh over the shortness of life, and to find at the end of many centuries, that they had all slipt through his fingers, and were passed away like a shadow. What wonder then that I, who live in a day of so much greater refinement, when there is so much more to be wanted, and wished, and to be enjoyed, should feel myself now and then pinched in point of opportunity, and at some loss for leisure to fill four sides of a sheet like this? Thus, however, it is: and if the ancient gentlemen to whom I have referred, and their complaints of the disproportion of time to the occasions they had for it, will not serve me as an excuse, I must even plead guilty, and confess that I am often in haste when I have no good reason for being so.

THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

MARCH, 1825.

A. SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 70.)*

THE HISTORY OF THE JEWS, FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF  
NEHEMIAH, B.C. 409, TO B.C. 221.

THE clear light of scriptural history that has hitherto enabled us with so much certainty to trace the story of this extraordinary people, even to its minutest circumstance, is now totally withdrawn. It must be filled up, therefore, as other histories, from the works of ancient authors, of whom Josephus and the Maccabees furnish the greater part of our information; for the writers of other nations knew very little of the Jews, and have only occasionally made mention of them in their own histories.

We have mentioned that Judeah was now a province of Syria, itself a part of the Persian Empire. The governor of Syria committed the administration of the province of Judeah to the High Priest, who thenceforth became the ruler at once of the church and of the state. The result, as might be expected, was, that the High-Priesthood became an object of contention to the ambitious, whom no zeal for religion, or the honour of God invited to it; and great and many were the misfortunes that ensued to these fast sinking people: but our information respecting them is very imperfect.

About the year B.C. 373, Johanan succeeded his father Joiada, in the high-priesthood, and consequently

in the government. His brother Jeshua came immediately to Jerusalem, and claimed the high office by appointment of the governor of Syria. A quarrel arising between them in the inner court of the temple, Johanan gave his brother a mortal wound in endeavouring to force him out. The governor of Syria being informed of the affair, repaired to the city, reproached the Jews with polluting the temple of their God, and attempted to make his way to the holy place, which was lawful but for the pontiff. The priests resisting this profanation, he asked them angrily, if they thought his living body more impure than the dead carcass that lay there; and, without waiting an answer, forced his entrance. As a punishment, he imposed a fine to be paid from the sacred treasury for every lamb that was slain in the temple in sacrifice; which was exacted for many years after—a proof how completely the Jews were at this time under the rule of foreigners.

In the year 351 we are informed, that on occasion of some offence given to the Persian monarch Ochus, the city of Jericho was besieged and taken, and a great number of Jews sent captives into Egypt.

It was some few years after this, when Darius III. reigned in Persia, and Jadduah was high priest in Judeah, that Alexander the Great, having resolved upon the siege of Tyre, and being informed that the Tyrians, themselves wholly employed in trade, received all their professions from Palestine, sent to Jadduah to demand the same supply for himself, as the Jews were accustomed to pay to the Persians, to whom Tyre then belonged. Jadduah excused himself from this demand, alleging, that his oath of fidelity to the Persian monarch did not allow him to transfer the tribute to an enemy. Alexander, provoked at the refusal, had no sooner accomplished the taking of Tyre, than he marched directly to Jerusalem, resolving to punish the Jews with the same severity as he had done the Tyrians. He was advancing towards the metropolis, when the High Priest

and the people, sensible of their danger, had recourse to God; and by prayers and sacrifices, and other acts of humiliation, obtained from him a gracious promise, that he would protect his temple and his people from the threatened calamity. Jadduah was commanded in a dream to go and meet the conqueror, dressed in his pontifical robes, at the head of all the priests in their proper dresses, and attended by the rest of the people in robes of white. On the morning succeeding his dream, Jadduah obeyed; and, commanding the gates of the city to be opened, marched forth in solemn procession to an eminence called Tyaphah, overlooking the city. As soon as the venerable prelate approached near enough for Alexander to observe the stately magnificence of his dress, and the sacred name of GOD engraven on the front of his mitre, he was struck with so much reverence, that, to the great amazement of his army eagerly anticipating the immediate slaughter and rich pillage prepared for them in the city, the conqueror advanced towards him, bowed to him, embraced him, and paid adoration to the sacred inscription on his forehead. Parmenio, the familiar friend of Alexander, while the surrounding crowd looked on in silent astonishment, ventured to ask the reason of this extraordinary conduct. Alexander replied, that the respect he felt was not for the priest, but for his God: for at Dio he had seen a vision, in which he had been promised the conquest of Persia, by a figure of the same aspect, and in the same dress, as the pontiff who now stood before him. The conqueror then gave command to march into Jerusalem, attended by the High Priest and his retinue, where he was conducted to the temple, and offered abundant victims on the altar of the God of Israel. The priests showed him the book of Daniel, in which the prophetic spirit had foretold so clearly, that a Greek should sometime conquer the Persian empire: the prince applied it to himself, and departed greatly satisfied. On the morrow, he assembled the Jewish people, and bade



them ask of him whatever they would have. All they asked was to live according to their own laws, to exercise freely their religion, and to be excused every seventh or sabbatical year the payment of all tribute, because, on those years they were forbidden by their law to sow or reap. The request was granted, as well for those Jews who dwelt in Babylon or Media, as for those of Palestine: and as many as would were enlisted into the army of Alexander, under promise of enjoying their own established worship.

This is a beautiful story: we are familiar with it in all the histories of the Macedonian conqueror; but it comes with more striking beauty when we read it in the records of God's depressed, but still remembered people—a brilliant spot in the dark memorials of their degradation: the victorious sword that all the power of Persia could not check or stay, was turned aside from this defenceless people by a vision timely whispered by the Almighty in the victor's ear. The heathen conqueror profited nothing by it, since he learned not to serve the Deity that sent it; but the children of God were preserved.

When Alexander returned from his extensive victories to his Egyptian city of Alexandria, he settled many of the Jews there, allowing them, together with the free exercise of their religion, the same privileges as his native Macedonians. On one occasion we hear the Jews that were in his army had nearly forfeited his favour by refusing to assist in rebuilding the temple of Belus, alleging that their laws, of which the full exercise had been promised them, forbade their having a share in any such idolatrous work. Severe punishments were inflicted upon them for this disobedience, which they bore with unshrinking constancy. Alexander, surprised and overcome by their firmness, dismissed them his service, and sent them back into their own country. Soon after this the conqueror died, and with him the prosperity of the people of Judeah, who found not again so generous a master. Jadduah, the High Priest, also died, and was

succeeded in the supreme authority by his son Onias, who held it twenty-one years.

The kingdoms of Egypt and Syria being again separated under Alexander's successors, the territory of Judæa, that lay between them, became the seat of their various contentions, alternately invaded and devastated by both, and equally oppressed, whichever was the victor. At first it was given in partition to Leomodon, and made every effort to keep its allegiance to him: but Ptolemy laid siege to Jerusalem, and taking advantage of the Sabbath-day, on which the Jews would not defend themselves, took it without opposition, and sent a hundred thousand of them as captives into Egypt. He became their friend, however, and either employed them in his armies, or settled them in Egypt. We cannot but observe, by this and the former instance, that the Jews at this time stood with more pertinacity to their laws and religion than formerly, when we saw them giving continually into the idolatrous and forbidden practices of the heathen nations they mixed with. Now we find them suffering every extremity rather than assist in building a heathen temple, and more than once submitting to be massacred, rather than defend their walls on the Sabbath-day. But true it is, and not in this history only, that superstition grows upon piety's decline, and men attempt by strict adherence to the letter in external things, to compound for a total departure from the spirit of the command on their principles and conduct. The laws of the God of mercy could not require such a murderous sacrifice as this his people made; but much that it did require, his people refused to render.

The Samaritans, of whom we have had occasion many times to speak, as so greatly interfering with and affecting the prosperity of the Jews, were continually increasing in numbers and power: there were many reasons why they should do so. Less tenacious than the Jews in the observance of their law, they were always ready to side with the conqueror, and to give into any practices

required of them; they consequently escaped all the persecutions suffered by the Jews, and were sure to prosper whoever ruled. Thither too resorted all the apostates of Judeah, who desired to evade the requirements of their religion, or escape the oppression of their governors. In consequence of this admixture, the Samaritans, who, as we have mentioned, were not at first of Jewish origin, but a mixture of Catheans and other foreign nations sent into Palestine by the Assyrian kings to repopulate the land from which they had carried away the rightful possessors, came at length to consider themselves not only as the lawful descendants of Abraham, but claiming to take precedence of the inhabitants of Judeah, whom they affected to consider as a sect separated from themselves. So much did this assumption affect the peace of Judeah, that it becomes interesting to us to understand the difference between these rival people.

The Samaritans believed, or pretended to believe, that the temple of Garizzim, and not that at Jerusalem, was the place appointed of God for his own worship after the restoration. They received as the word of God by Moses the five books of the Pentateuch, but rejected as impositions all the other Scriptures. They observed the Sabbath with much greater strictness than the Jews, never even lighting their fires, or stirring from their houses on that day, unless to go to the Synagogue for the reading of the Pentateuch; which books are said to have been much corrupted in their versions. The Passover, and other solemn festivals and fasts, were kept by them with very great strictness; they never offered sacrifice but on Mount Garizzim; they never had two wives at once, or married their nieces, as did the Jews, and never like them delayed the circumcision of their children; they boasted a legal succession of high-priests from Ruz, the son of Phineas, and carefully preserved the catalogue. Thus in profession they appeared to be even more strict adherents to the law of Moses than their

neighbours; but in historical facts we find them much less so, being always ready to make their regulations yield to circumstances, in order to avoid persecution and danger.

In the year B.C. 312, we find Ptolemy, the last victor of Jerusalem, obliged to give it up to Antigonus, who invaded his dominions; but he induced as great a number of Jews as he could to repair to his city of Alexandria, happy to escape, under the protection of this prince, the tyranny and oppression of their Assyrian masters. A third claimant for the territory of Judeah appeared in Seleucus, who some time held possession. He also found his Jewish subjects useful, and dispersed great numbers of them in the many cities he built in Asia, especially at Antioch in Syria; so that Palestine became thinned of its inhabitants; till, on occasion of the king of Egypt again getting possession of Jerusalem some time after, great numbers of them returned.

In the year B.C. 292, soon after Ptolemy Soter had regained possession, died Simon the Just, in the ninety-third year of his pontificate. This eminent and holy priest had succeeded his father Onias, and did much for the benefit of his unhappy country. He repaired the temple of Jerusalem, rebuilt and fortified the walls, and caused to be made in it, as a reservoir of water for the supply of the city, the famous cistern covered with brass, so large, that ancient writers compare it to a sea. But his principal work was the completing, doubtless under Divine guidance, the canonical scriptures of the Old Testament, by adding to them the more recent books of Nehemiah, Ezra, and some others; exactly as they have since, without revisal or correction, been remitted to our hands. He was succeeded in the priesthood by his brother Eleazar.

It appears to be about this time that the sect of the Sadducees had its rise in Jerusalem, from the opinions of one named Saddoc. This man, it seems, taught no more than the idea that our service and obedience to God

ought to be perfectly disinterested, flowing from pure love, without the inducement of reward or the dread of punishment. But his disciples drawing thence the conclusion, that there need be no rewards and punishments in a future life, soon proceeded to believe there were none, and finally determined that there need be no future life at all; and so dangerous and so rapid is the growth of error, that ere the sequel of their history, we find this to be the belief of almost all of the richer and higher classes amongst the Jews.

About this time, too, a new kind of synagogues arose; and whereas the former had contented themselves with collecting, revising, and studying the canons of the Old Testament, these were occupied wholly in expounding and commenting upon them; and, giving their opinions by oral tradition to their disciples, they were remitted by them as of equal authority with the Scripture itself, and sometimes even accepted in plain contradiction to it; as we find in after times the complaint that they had "made of no effect the word of God by their traditions." These people called themselves Tannaim, or Traditionalists, and we find them spoken of in the New Testament as doctors, scribes, lawyers, &c.; being generally the most learned and active of the people, they were chosen to sit in the Sanhedrim, or great council, and to preside in inferior courts; whence they were also called counsellors.

In the year B.C. 284, Ptolemy Philadelphus having succeeded his father on the throne of Egypt, a great lover of learning, and about to raise his long-famed library of Alexandria, he payed much court to the Jews, to obtain from them a copy of their sacred books, to be translated into Greek, and deposited in his library. This is the version commonly known to us by the name of the Septuagint. So many miraculous stories have been written and believed of this so much-famed translation, it becomes difficult among them to find any thing like the truth. One truth, however, cannot be obscured or overlooked—that the great Ruler of the world was here

interposing his power for the preservation of his own sacred word, in danger of being lost in the approaching distractions of his people, and the revolutions that were taking place in the world. We have already seen that the Old Hebrew tongue was lost, and the language of the original Scriptures consequently known only to the learned, who expressly studied it. The time was fast approaching when the great object of all that had been done and all that had been written—the great purpose of God's suspended judgment, and the world's so long preservation in its iniquities, was to be accomplished, and mankind redeemed. Had the prophecies that were to prove the Messiah's claim remained till his coming untranslated, in possession only of his own people, written in a language already obsolete, how would the world have been persuaded that they were not composed after the event, the fabrication of persons interested, to make good their story? The divine Preserver of his own holy records knew this would be said at any rate; but He was determined that neither those who desired to believe should want reasonable proof, nor those who determined not to believe should find excuse; and therefore, in his providence, directed that persons who cared little for their truth or falsehood, should, for mere literary curiosity, translate these glorious records and predictions into the language best understood, and most generally prevalent at that time and for ages after, throughout the civilized world; and it is from this version, as the most known and best authenticated, that we find our Saviour and his disciples always quoting in preference to the Hebrew Scriptures, as did also the earlier fathers of the Christian church, to whom probably the latter were not known. The most received account of this translation, but which we pretend not to give as exact and certain truth, is this:—

Ptolemy Philadelphus, making great exertion to complete the library, begun by his father, at Alexandria, was informed by Demetrius Phalareus, who had the direction

of the work, that the Jews had certain curious books which they held sacred, and which would be highly valuable in his collection, if he could by any means obtain a copy of them. As a prelude to this request, Ptolemy caused an edict to be published, releasing all the Jewish captives who had been taken in the late wars, to the number of 100,000, himself paying their ransom out of his own treasury. This done, he sent a splendid embassy to Jerusalem, laden with presents to Eleazar, the reigning High Priest. Eleazar willingly complied with the king's request; and sent back with his messengers a copy of the sacred volume, written in letters of gold, accompanied by seventy-two Jews, learned in the Hebrew and Greek languages, to translate it, and a letter of congratulation on his glorious undertaking. Ptolemy received them with great respect, bowed himself seven times to the ground before the treasured volume, and for seven days successively feasted and entertained his guests with the utmost magnificence. They were then conducted to Pharos, an island about seven furlongs from Alexandria, where, in a magnificent edifice, with every possible accommodation, they were to perfect their task. It is said they studied from six o'clock in the morning till three in the afternoon, when they returned each day to the city; and the whole translation was completed in about seventy days.

In the year B.C. 247, Onias II. the unworthy son of the excellent Simon, became High-Priest of Judeah. The Jews had to this time been content to pay to the kings of Egypt a yearly tribute of twenty talents of silver; but the avarice of Onias induced him to place in his own treasury the arrears due to that of Egypt; and when Ptolemy Eargetis sent to demand it, he resolved to sacrifice the peace and security of his country rather than refund his stolen wealth, notwithstanding that the demand was accompanied with a threat, that, if the arrears were not immediately paid, an army would be marched into Judeah to depopulate and possess the country. The

greatest alarm was excited in Jerusalem, till Joseph, a nephew of Onias, a young man remarkable for his wisdom and talents, proposed to extricate his country from the danger by going himself to the Egyptian court, as the representative of his uncle, who, indifferent to disgrace or danger, refused either to make the journey or refund the money. The proposal was acceded to; and having borrowed money sufficient to provide him with the necessary equipage, he set out for Alexandria. Meeting by the way some of the nobility of the provinces travelling thither also, he joined himself with them, and giving attention to their conversation, found they were repairing to court to offer terms for farming the revenues of the provinces, including Judeah, which were used to be let to the highest bidder. By the way the nobles amused themselves with laughing at the meanness of Joseph's equipage as compared with the magnificence of their own, which Joseph bore with much good humour, purposing to make advantage of their careless conversation, by acquiring a knowledge of their intentions. Finding, on their arrival at Alexandria, that the king was at Memphis, Joseph left his companions and hastened to seek him. Meeting him by the way in his chariot, he was made known to Ptolemy, who, already acquainted with his character in Jerusalem and his errand thence, received him into his chariot, and accepted graciously the excuse he offered for his uncle's conduct. Apartments at the palace and a seat at the royal table were appointed him; and when the day came that the revenues of Palestine and the other provinces were to be let, he appeared among the bidders. Joseph's fellow-travellers offered but eight thousand talents, though he had learned from their conversation by the way that they were worth more than double that sum: he accordingly reproached their dishonesty and offered sixteen. Ptolemy was well pleased at the proposal, but, doubting his ability to pay what he offered, demanded on what security he was to be trusted; to which Joseph replied, that the king and



queen would be his security. Ptolemy yielded to the pleasantry of the reply, and trusted him with the charge of receiver-general of all the revenues of the provinces in question. Placed in such an office, Joseph readily borrowed in Alexandria money enough to pay his uncle's arrears, and thus saved his country from the threatened danger. The prudence and honesty with which Joseph fulfilled his engagements to Ptolemy, gained him great favour in Egypt, and he continued to hold the office during three successive reigns.

Meantime Simon II. succeeded Onias in the Pontificate of Judeah, B.C. 221, a man of great courage, piety, and zeal. Egypt, too, had now another king; and Ptolemy Philopater had to contend with Antiochus for the possession of Palestine, in which he was successful. The Jews ever preferred their Egyptian masters, and sent to congratulate Ptolemy on his success, who sent them answer, that he should come to Jerusalem to offer thanks and sacrifices to the God of Israel. He did so, and offered with the sacrifices many magnificent presents to the temple. The splendour of that now magnificent building, with the novelty and solemnity of the worship performed in it, excited the curiosity of the prince, and he demanded to see the interior. This was by the law of Moses forbidden even to the Jews themselves, except only to the priests; and Simon, placing himself in the entrance, boldly denounced the vengeance of God on any head that should venture to profane his hallowed sanctuary, while the priests assembled round endeavoured to obstruct the passage, and the people in consternation raised their cries to heaven to avert the monarch's purpose. Ptolemy grew more curious from the opposition; and having forced his way through the outer courts, was on the point of entering the most holy place, when a panick terror seized him, and he was borne out by his attendants in a state of insensibility. On recovering, he breathed out threats and curses against Jerusalem, her priests, and her God, and departed with

determined purpose to avenge himself upon the nation. But Israel had now, as ever, a Defender, who, while he allowed them to suffer and sink under their own iniquities, found them security when they kept his laws, nor ever let them suffer by obedience.

Ptolemy's first step was to persecute the Jews resident in Egypt. He affixed a decree on his palace gates, by which all who did not sacrifice to his gods were forbidden to enter; thus the Jews were barred from suing for justice or protection when they needed it. By favour of their conqueror, the Jews had been placed in the first class of society, but now they were degraded to the third or lowest; by which they lost all the privileges that induced them to settle there. And it was ordered, that at the time the Jews appeared before the magistrates to be enrolled among the common people, each one should have the mark of an ivy leaf, the badge of Bacchus, imprinted on his forehead with a hot iron; that all thus marked should become slaves, and those who resisted be put to death: but this decree was not to affect such as consented to sacrifice to the gods of Egypt. Of the many thousands of Jews then living in Alexandria, three hundred only abandoned their religion: the rest submitted to the decree, or purchased exemption by parting from all they had; and these, who were faithful, put away from all communication their apostate brethren. This so much enraged the tyrant monarch, that he declared he would exterminate the whole nation. Pursuant to this resolve, he ordered all the Jews in Egypt to be brought in chains to Alexandria, and shut up in the Hippodrome, the place where publick shows were exhibited. He then sent for Hermon, the master of his elephants, and ordered him to have five hundred of them ready the next day to be let loose upon these prisoners. The elephants were prepared and the people ready; but the king, having been up late and intoxicated the night before, did not awake till the time of the shows had passed and the people dispersed. That a

second disappointment might not ensue, Ptolemy commanded his servants to call him early the following morning. When waked, however, he was not sufficiently sober to remember his orders, and threatened the person who disturbed him, and the show was again delayed. Meantime the captive Jews ceased not to offer up their prayers to Heaven for deliverance, and were heard. On the third day the king was present and the elephants brought forth; but, when sent loose among the prisoners, they turned harmlessly from them, and fell on the soldiers and spectators, destroying great numbers. The king was terrified, and, convinced that he fought an unequal battle with the God of Israel, immediately commanded the Jews to be released, restored them all their former privileges, and sent them laden with presents to their homes. This story is not noticed by Josephus, but seems to be considered as of good authority, at least by some writers.

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REFLECTIONS  
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*After that thou shalt have known that the heavens do rule.*—DANIEL iv. 26.

It was addressed to a king first, and now it stands addressed to all men—a truth, a warning, and a promise. We have our kingdoms too—we have all our own “great Babylon that we have built.” It matters not what be our condition and estate—there is a circle drawn about us, that, whether it be narrow or whether it be wide, incloses whatever we appropriate to ourselves—our possessions, our friends, our interests, our happiness, our character, our talents, our prospects, our hopes—it matters not what—any thing to which we can apply the appropriate term, this is our kingdom; and, like the

eastern monarch as he walked in his palace, we look out upon it and say, Is it not ours? Hear we the warning then the king of Babylon had heard, but had not regarded, "After that thou shalt have known?" No; be our kingdom the wide-spreading field of influence and power, with its manifold schemes and its multitude of means, through all of which it may be stricken—or be it the small boundary of domestick peace, where the possessions are the fonder for their fewness, and the kingdom is despoiled if one be parted from—or the unpeopled dominion of some solitary chamber, where unshared pleasures, purposes, and hopes, make up the small revenue of our principedom—if as yet we have not known that the heavens do rule, we are even as the monarch walking in the chambers of his palace, at the very moment when his kingdom was departing from him. And O! how hardly, how deeply do some of us prove the truth of this unheeded warning! I have lost my child, I have lost my parent, I have lost my bosom's friend; my fair estate is wasted, my bright name is obscured, my adventure for happiness is gone down with all its freightage. But what did you while you had it? Did you know who ruled! And what do you now that you have lost it?—Do you know it yet? Whatever we have lost, something there is left to us, that we yet should regard the warning. Sorrow comes after sorrow, loss follows upon loss, and we bewail ourselves and say, When shall we have peace? What have we done that we should be so pursued with evil? Why, this hast thou done—when the first blow came, thou didst not know—and when the second came, thou didst not learn—and there came a third, and there may come a fourth—and never, never, shall thy kingdom be sure unto thee, till thou hast known that thy whole dependence for it and for every thing is on thy God—and not known it only, but felt it—nor felt it now and then, by fits and starts, when some great evil threatens thee, but habitually, perceptibly, influentially—in abundance and in need, in sor-

row and joy, when thou walkest in the palace of thy Babylon, as when the dews of heaven fall on thy unsheltered head. And O! if it be so that the tree has been cut down and riven, and its fair budding blighted, and its fruit untimely scattered—if they who found shelter under it have gotten themselves away, and they who sported among its branches, have gone off from its destruction—yet, yet, let us hear the warning, for it is not too late. Though all the promise of earth be gone from us, though our name be forgotten or despised among men, though we be cast off and abandoned, as it seems, of earth and heaven, a worthless, fruitless, useless trunk of what was once so fair and beautiful—yet, even yet, it is not too late. What we have suffered, was not without a reason—"To the intent," says the Holy one, "that the living may know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will:" and he has left, yea, even to the lowest and the saddest, he has commanded to leave the stump of the tree, till we shall have known that the heavens do rule—till, no more depending upon ourselves and upon sublunary aids, we look to Heaven as the arbiter and disposer of all things. "If so it may be a lengthening of our tranquillity," making sure to us the little of our kingdom that remains. If we are in prosperity, the words are to us even as to him of old—shall we risk his fate? If we are in adversity, they are to us also—shall we not understand them, and say as he did, "His works are truth, and his ways are judgment?"

*The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in darkness: and I myself perceived also that one event happeneth to them all.—ECCLES. ii. 14.*

HE who said this, knew what he spoke of, and spoke but of what he knew; for he had tried it and perceived, that, while the fool goes headlong on his course, makes question of nothing, understands nothing, and mistakes of every thing, like one who walks about in darkness,

and is sure to lose his way, the wise man sees and observes all that is around him, and about him, and before him—looks to the right hand and to the left, examines into the causes and the consequences of things, reflects upon every incident, enquires upon every questionable subject, and, to the farthest stretch of mortal ken, examines every thing, digests every thing, and by his knowledge determines on his steps—but he too loses his way, and the issue is the same to both. Is wisdom then no gain? Is the intellect that embellishes all it shines upon, and the judgment that amends whatever it meddles with, and the learning that so much discovers and so much discloses—are these no gain to their possessor? Is the headlong fool, whose intellect serves neither others nor himself, as happy and as useful as the wise? So said the wisest; and he had a right to know, for he had tried—he had declared that, “In much wisdom is much grief: and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.” It should seem; therefore, that wisdom had loss by the way, and in the end no gain. And it is even so, where the knowledge of God is not. The fool to his folly, and the wise man to his wisdom, and the issue is the same to both. The learning, the talents, the knowledge, that the world regards with envy and so greatly profits by, are to him that wears them, full often, no other than the dress that hides a deeper misery. The more acute the perceptions, the quicker is the sense of ill—the more exalted the feelings, the less is it possible they should be satisfied in life—the more enlarged the capacity, the less is it possible that earth should fill it. The wise man has sensibilities, and feelings, and perceptions, and desires, and needs, the fool can never know. “His eyes are in his head,” and he sees, alas! too much: and, unless he have something above the earth, on which to rest them, increase of knowledge is, indeed, as has been said, but an increase of sorrow. And the wise man dies, and the fool dies, and what is the difference then? If there be any, it can be but this—

that a deeper remorse will be to him, who had eyes and saw not, than to him who walked in darkness. There is but one knowledge that fails not in the issue—there is but one wisdom that makes by the way.

*Neither will they be persuaded though one arose from the dead.*—LUKE xvi. 31.

WE are apt to imagine, that if the vague conceptions of things eternal that float in our imagination, could be placed before our eyes as fixed and assured realities, they would not so much fail of their influence on our character. We think the slowness of our faith proceeds from want of proof; and many have been heard to say, "If we were sure that this were so, we would act differently." No, but you would not. If one might come back from the eternal world, and tell you that all you have been told is true, and that the course you take he has found by experience to be the way to misery, you would no more be persuaded than you are. Experience amply proves that our minds may remain as much indifferent, as little impressed by what we witness, as by what we but hear in distant rumour—by an obvious certainty as by what is no more than probability. They who beheld our Saviour walking upon the world, and saw the miracles he wrought, remained as unconcerned about him, as they who now, at a distance, read the tale. There is nothing within the sphere of human cognizance, so absolutely, so incontrovertibly certain, as our death. Yet who is persuaded of it—practically, influentially persuaded? Is there one in a thousand who acts, thinks, feels upon that persuasion—does otherwise than he would do if he were not to die? Is it always, nay, is it ever taken into the account, even in things in which it makes all the difference as to the results? No—it is a certainty, but we are not persuaded by it—and the secrets Lazarus in Abraham's bosom learned, are certainties too, but we should be no more persuaded than we are, might some one come thence to tell us so. Hence

the miracle has ceased—the voice of prophecy is silent—the Lord speaks to us no more in dreams and visions of the night—the departed spirit walks not again on earth to whisper of celestial secrets—but, if we think that therefore we are at less advantage than they of old, we are mistaken. If we hear not the written word, neither should we be persuaded, though heaven, and hell, and all the secrets of that untravelled sphere, might be unclosed before us. If we remain unpersuaded, uninfluenced, it is not because we do not know, but because we do not care. How soon had that divine propounder of his own fate, the opportunity to prove the truth of his prophetic words; when, returning from the grave where the sons of Abraham had laid him, he found that they who had rejected Moses and the prophets were not indeed persuaded, though he of whom they prophesied arose from the dead.

*A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps.*—PROV. xvi. 9.

AND many an anxious day and many a sleepless night does he consume in devising what he may not execute, and planning what, with all his pains, another will direct—we leave the Almighty, and his providence, and his resistless will entirely out of the account—and many a fine wrought web, and many a well-built fabrick is the result of our fond hearts' devising. And O! how does the fearful heart appal itself, and the anxious heart consume itself in this its vain amusement—and its plans, and schemes, and contrivances, and calculations, what comes of them? All is ready, why not go on? Not a step, not a movement. The main spring is made fast, and another has the key—and all this fine machinery avails not thy purpose. Thou hast devised a way, but thou must not go in it; thou hast made smooth a path, but thou canst not travel on it; for the Lord has the guidance of thy steps, and he sends thee by another. What is become of the device that, night after night,



chased the slumber from thy pillow, and the calm from thy bosom? Something has happened to prevent my purpose. What is become of the deep corrosive care that paled thy cheek and brought dimness in thine eye? Things did not happen as I expected. Months of care, and years of anxiety, and then there comes an accident, as we call it, that invalidates the hope, and makes vain the fear—but who shall repair the spirit's waste, who shall pay back again the heart's expenditure, and reverse the exhausted bosom's bankruptcy? What then! must we lay us down in careless negligence and supine indifference, devising nothing of our ways, and leaving all to chance, as it is called? Nay, but learn first this simple fact, certain as it is simple—the Lord directs our steps; as he directs them we must go, when he arrests them we must stop, and when he turns them we must turn. Let us write this on our hearts and grave it in our minds; and, when we have written it there, let us read it daily, hourly. So shall we learn, as we weave our fancy's web, to smile within ourselves at our own wasted pains, seeing how frail the thread is; and, if it break, the blow will not astound us. And while we build our airy castles, in all their proud magnificence, like children when they build with cards, we shall look to see them fall, and the fall will not surprise us. And so shall our bosoms be eased, and our cares assuaged, and a check be put to our too anxious devising; seeing that when all is done, there is all to do, for the direction is with another.

*Cherchez plutôt le royaume de Dieu.*—LUKE xii. 31.

IL faut que les affaires viennent chacune en leur rang, et que celle du salut soit comptée pour la première. Que diriez-vous d'une personne qui ne trouveroit point de temps pour manger et pour dormir? Le tems employé aux nécessités de la vie, lui diriez-vous, est le tems le mieux employé pour vos affaires mêmes: si votre santé succombe comment agirez-vous? A quoi servira votre travail si la vie vous manque pour en

cueillir le fruit ? Je dis de même, si vous laissez votre ame s'épuiser et tomber en défaillance, faute de nourriture, à quoi aboutiront non seulement les conversations, mais encore les affaires les plus solides, les plus indispensables, et les plus pressées ?

Il faut mettre à profit tous les momens : quand on attend quelqu'un, quand on va d'un lieu à un autre, quand on est avec des gens qui parlent volontiers et qu'on n'a qu'à les laisser parler, on élève un instant son cœur à Dieu, on se renouvelle pour la suite de ses occupations. Moins on a de temps, plus il importe de le ménager. Si on attend d'avoir à soi des heures réglées et commodes pour remplir des choses solides, on court risque d'attendre longtemps ; mais il faut prendre tous les momens interrompus. Il n'en est pas de la piété comme des affaires temporelles : les affaires demandent des temps libres et réglés pour une application suivie et longue : mais la piété n'a pas besoin de ses applications si longues, si fortes, et si suivies ; en un moment on peut rappeler la présence de Dieu, l'aimer, l'adorer, lui offrir ce que l'on fait ou ce que l'on souffre, et calmer devant lui toutes les agitations de son cœur. Prenez donc le matin une demi-heure et autant l'après-midi pour réparer les brèches que le monde a fait ; et dans le cours de la journée servez-vous de certaines pensées qui vous touchent le plus pour vous renouveler en la présence de Dieu,

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LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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LECTURE THE EIGHTH.

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*Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time,  
Thou shalt not kill ; and whosoever shall kill shall  
be in danger of the judgment : but I say unto you,*

*That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment : and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council : but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire. Therefore, if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee ; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way : first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him ; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing—*  
**MATT. v. 21—26.**

“EXCEPT your righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye can in no way enter into the kingdom of heaven,” were the words immediately preceding these : the divine Preacher thus declaring, that they who called themselves his disciples, and claimed admission into his kingdom as such, must not be merged in the common mass of mankind, undistinguished by any thing from those who serve another master. The Scribes and Pharisees are here named as the representatives of two sorts of people, composing the more respectable and decent part of the community. Of the profligate and vicious it was not necessary to speak ; all men knew that they, while they remained such, could not enter the kingdom of heaven. They represent on one part the wise, the learned, the philosophers of the community—they whom intellect, and refinement, and this world’s wisdom, may keep from grosser vice, but who leave God and his eternal vengeance out of their calculation, altogether denying or virtually disbelieving them. On the other part, those who profess to know, and to reverence the law of God, and expect to be judged by their obe-

dience to it, but hold to the letter while they despise the spirit of it. These esteemed themselves righteous before God and men, and proudly laying claim to heaven as their deserved reward, they like the others rejected the Saviour's interference; while some rejected him because they believed in no eternity of bliss or woe, others rejected him because they believed they could secure themselves without his aid: and these two parties did then, as they do now, make up the mass of those who refuse to become the disciples of the crucified Redeemer. These have and ever have had a morality of their own, that of the Pharisees being, as might be expected, the strictest in all observance of external duty and moral decency. What it was we find fully and perspicuously set forth in the progress of our Saviour's discourse; but be it what it might, he had pronounced it insufficient, and, with a tone of decision that admits of no evasion, had declared that unless the moral purity that was to be the growth of the better principle he came on earth to bring, should far out-pass the morality of earthly selfishness, the unmeet produce of the tree would prove it spurious, and they would gain no admittance to his kingdom, even under the banner of his hallowed name. How strange that men should charge with moral laxity a faith so guarded and so sanctioned—that they should say then, or should say now, that He came to do away the law and the prophets, the righteous requirements of God, from his redeemed and pardoned children.

And thence the divine profounder of his own laws proceeds to set forth, line by line and precept by precept, the difference that should be between the outward, measured service of slaves who obey but only because they fear, and the pure results of filial gratitude and love. "Ye have heard that it has been said;" and it is still said now, as then, that murder is a crime of deep malignity; the greatest that can be committed against our fellow-creatures, because it is the most fatal and the most irreparable: we shrink with horror at the mention

of the crime—the perpetrator of it is in our eyes a wretch whom man must destroy, and Heaven can scarcely pardon—he is dragged to prison and to judgment, and is doomed to suffer the violence he has inflicted—the doom is just, and the safety of society requires that it should be so.

We can measure crime but by the extent of mischief it occasions among men, and can judge the criminal but by his deeds. With us, therefore, murder is, and must be, a great sin, and incurring greater punishment than the anger that never escapes from the bosom that conceives it. Human laws are for the good of human society, and temporal judgments are for the preservation of temporal security; consequently, what does the most harm, not what is worst in itself, is the blackest crime. In the laws of God it is not so—they were framed on other principles, they were formed for other purposes. We do not know what we talk about when we say, as we have heard some so bold to say, and others, perhaps, are thinking, that God is unjust when he declares that an angry thought is as murder in his sight, and is in danger of the self-same judgment. Why is this unjust? We say, because one is an irreparable injury to a fellow-creature, and the other does no harm. Well, then, let man take vengeance for his own wrong—God permits and commands him to do so—the murderer dies, and the angry man goes free. But crime, in the sight of God, is disobedience to his laws, and the degree of crime has no proportion but the degree of disobedience. We do not mean to infer that all crime is alike in the sight of God, or that every criminal will meet an equal punishment; but the measure of guilt will surely be estimated very differently from what it is with us—the temptation will probably be considered—the motive will surely be so—the natural temperament may in some sort be allowed for—the education—the influence of circumstance not of our own choosing—these are things of which man cannot take cognizance; but which God in his great mercy may

condescend to take into the account. All this apart, one breach of his laws, voluntarily committed, is as much a sin as another breach of his laws. He who has said, "Thou shalt not kill," has said, "Thou shalt not be angry"—Why then should one be a greater crime in his sight than the other? He did not say, when he gave these laws, that one might be broken with less offence to him than the other. He has said precisely the contrary—he has said that anger is murder in his sight; and that "he who is angry with his brother without a cause, is in danger of judgment," as well as he who slays him. We have spoken more particularly on this difference between divine and human law, because we know the young and unreflecting are apt to be startled by what seems to them so disproportioned an estimate of guilt.

Are we then indeed guilty of the crime of murder every time the resentful feeling rises to our bosoms? Is a stain, as it were of blood, left upon our conscience every time some sudden irritation has drawn from us a bitter and insulting word? God is merciful above all mercy, loving beyond the measure of all love, slow to anger, and of great kindness. He is not on the watch to catch us at a fault, take advantage of our infirmities, and register against us as crimes the involuntary emotions of our hearts. This is not what he means. But so much he requires at our hands—that we account sin what he accounts so; that we do not indulge it, excuse it, treat it as nothing—a trifle for which we are not accountable. So did the Scribes and Pharisees, and so does the world. While horror and execration mark the miserable wretch who, born to ignominy and nursed in crime, estranged from every tender sympathy of nature, walking through the world with no bread but of iniquity, no prospect but the gallows, his God a stranger and mankind his foe, takes the life of another to conceal his thefts—they on whom their Creator has poured his richest bounties, in whose infant ears his laws have been timely whispered, before whose eyes his book is continually opened, who

call themselves by his name, bring their vows to his altar, and hold at his hands such loan of knowledge, and power, and respectability in life, as makes them tenfold more responsible—these are excused, nay, approved for the quick perception of offence, the proud vindictive spirit, with which, by word and deed, they render double to their fellows the injuries they fancy they receive; and they fear not to lie down at night with anger rankling in their bosoms, and they wake up in the morning determined to vent their malice, openly if they dare, if not, in disguised and covert mischief: they fling their bitter words about, sow dissension in the bosom of affection, plant tumult in the paths of peace, and never misgive them that the work is sin—we should be deemed harsh were we to repeat here the word by which God has called it. From the hero, who, for some few unwitting words, spoken in the spirit's ferment, comes forth deliberately armed to make the wife a widow and the children fatherless, and calls it honour, to the idle girl, who boastfully recounts the taunt with which she has humbled a rival, and the cunning device by which she has repaid some fancied wrong, and calls it spirit—is it not so, that now, as by them of old time, the letter of the law is observed while the spirit is forgotten, and sin is estimated by the law of man, and not of God?

It is this false estimate and defective principle our Saviour deprecates. He does not mean that the sudden emotion into which the chastened bosom may be surprised, the flush of anger on the cheek, pursued by one of shame for its precursor, the impassioned temperament or constitutional irritability of a mind that mourns as a fault, and resists as an evil, what it is unable to subdue—he does not mean that these have all the guilt of an allowed deliberate sin. He warns us that we are in danger of the judgment; but where he registers the sentence against us, he bids us go back again, and try to make reparation for the wrong. He whose anger has gone to the extent of murder, cannot so—he has put his adver-

lary where he can no more seek him to be reconciled. Well may we shrink with horror at a wrong so irreparable. But the burst of anger may be repressed, the hasty word may be recalled, the rankling enmity may be dismissed from the bosom it pollutes. The necessity that it should be so, makes the concluding portion of our text—a necessary too little acknowledged, or at least not enough considered of.

“If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there remember that thy brother hath ought against thee.” It was the custom under the Jewish dispensation to bring rich presents to the temple as offerings to God. The only offering that he now accepts of us, is a humble and contrite spirit; this it is required that we bring, whenever we present ourselves at his holy altar. Alas! how seldom have we it to bring; how rashly, how daringly we often present ourselves without it! But if we bring it, if we think we have it, if we are come at any rate to offer prayers and confessions that imply it, the command is very positive, that before we presume to present them, we examine and consider of our mind’s estate with regard to our fellow-creatures; and “if any man have ought against us”—the command is very wide—far more than the outlawed rioter in mischief, are sent back again.

Thither to His altars ran the Pharisees with their gold and their spices, while malice, injustice, and oppression were in their hearts; yet they held themselves righteous and most worthy to present them. Thither crowds the world, prepared, as they call it, with some few previous prayers, a little serious reading, and, perhaps, though we believe this is deemed a work of supererogation now, a few days’ abstinence from practices they mean to resume as soon as the ceremony is over. But what holds their heart the while? If all with whom we had dealings upon earth, all who as friends or foes have crossed our sublunary course, might come to meet us there, is there no one that might have ought against us? Would no one say, “Your selfish rapacity has withheld from me some-



thing that was my due—your deceitfulness has misled me to my hurt—your hard unkindness has planted sorrow in my bosom—your ingratitude has stung me—your falsehood has betrayed me—your envy has maligned me—your bitter words have attained my fair name—you have cast a shade upon my fortunes—you have trespassed upon my peace—you have sought your advantage at my cost—you have gratified your passions to my injury?”

Man is not there to accuse us. As we present ourselves in the garb of professed humility and contrition before the altar, we may meet no eye, that, were it not more chastened than our own, might look reproaches on us; but there is an accuser there, even He, the master of the feast, who looks upon our garment as we approach, to see if we be well-dressed guests. Aye, and he reads farther far than of all that we have said. He reads the injuries that the injured never knew, wrongs that no man complains of; but wrongs and injuries not the less they are in the sight of him, to whom the permitted thought is as the perpetrated deed, the anger laid up and cherished as the committed murder. Does he not see in the hearts of many of us some bad memory laid by of our past intercourse with our brethren, some unkindly purpose towards them for the future? It is well if even into the walls of his own house the unfriendly thoughts have not pursued us; but if, for very shame, we have deposited them at the door, does he not see that we pick them up again as soon as we have repassed the portal?

Alas! there needs not an ear divine to make proof of this full often. We have but to listen to the converse of those who go up, and those who are returning from the house of prayer, and mark them through the remainder of the very day on which they have deposited their offering on the altar, to be taught that there is need indeed that the righteousness of the disciples of Christ exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees—that the morality of the gospel should be deeper in the heart than that of the world at large.

"Go thy way," says the voice of offended majesty—"not rashly relinquishing thy purpose, and withdrawing thy intended sacrifice—that were mad indeed; for this feast upon his altar now is but the semblance and the promise of the royal banquets of that kingdom which you claim to enter—if you are not prepared for this, you cannot be prepared for those, and the time may be at hand; but leave there thy offering, in proof of thy intention to return—hold fast thy purpose, and as early as it may be, in dependence on divine aid, fulfil the requisition. If you have done actual wrong, repair it; or, if you cannot, seek pardon for it; if you have had open quarrel, let there be peace again; but, if the injured be beyond your reach, or if the unhallowed passion be confined to the secret emotions of the bosom, repent you of what is past, dismiss the ungentle feeling from your heart, put aside every purpose of unkindness, every selfish project to another's wrong—agree with thine adversary while he is in the way, in spirit if it cannot be in word, lest he deliver thee to the judge, and that judge, the same that has already warned thee of thy danger, pronounce on thee such sentence as shall rank thee with the murderer whom all men execrate."

"Then come and offer thy gift,"—How tender, how forbearing! what infinite mercy is in the wording of every sentence that fell from those hallowed lips! His judgment seems for a moment almost severe, his pure requirements drive our corrupted bosoms to despair—but no, that is not what he means. He will wait for us—he will go without his offering till we are ready—the door shall not be shut, and the seat prepared for us shall not be filled. Surely our hearts should be harder than the nether mill-stone, if we can remain unmoved by love like this, that we should be indifferent how long he has to wait, that we should make him to serve with our sins, and weary him with our transgressions! What! and shall we find no influence from his example? Shall the

recipients of so much mercy feel none? Shall he forego his anger, and we hold fast by ours?

We shall be reminded, perhaps, that there is a clause in the text which we have not noticed—the anger so strongly condemned is “anger without a cause,” seeming to imply, that where there is a cause we are excused; and we all can persuade ourselves we have reason on our side. But, be it observed, that it must be a sufficient cause, a cause adequate in degree and fitted in kind to produce the anger, otherwise it is not a cause: and, if we weigh the matter rightly, and upon scriptural principles, we shall very, very rarely, find one. There is first our relative condition to be considered—we are debtors in the same prison, criminals bound to the same oar, sinners ever liable to commit the very sin that excites our anger in another. Then the law of retaliation is positively abrogated by the Deity, with respect to us, as we shall fully perceive in the sequel of our Lord’s discourse. And besides all this, the pride with which our hearts are swollen, the thick film of selfishness that clouds our judgment, renders us incapable of judging in our own cause—it is absolutely certain that we shall exaggerate the wrong, if we do not altogether misconceive it. It is true, there are injuries that must be punished, and vice that must be reproved, and insolence that must be repressed, and encroachments that must be resisted. otherwise society could not subsist—but this may be done, and far better done in the calmness of a Christian spirit, than in the ferment of angry tempers. We may reprove another without anger, we may punish another, if rightfully invested with power to do so, without resentment—this is what is meant by a cause, a right, a reason—but it must be some better cause than our own wounded feeling, some better reason than our offended self-love—it must be a necessity, and not a gratification.

The case is a very plain one—the disciple of Jesus will be angry, his brother will often have something

against him; but when he feels it, he knows by what name to call it, he knows whom it offends, and what is the danger it incurs, and he makes haste to suppress and to subdue it. The Scribe and the Pharisee, and many we fear besides them, take it to be no sin at all, call it by other names, and go on their way rejoicing in its indulgence.

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## THE LISTENER.—No. XXI.

*(Continued from page 91.)*

THE hired carriage had driven off, the large hall door had been closed by the house-maid, for the footman of course was gone—the same inelegant substitute brought up two solitary-looking tea-cups, in company with the undress tea-pot, and a kettle of water, that in the universal hubbub had neglected to boil itself, and, in silent thoughtfulness, Miss Emma and myself sat down to what is commonly called an uncomfortable tea. What she was thinking of I cannot determine—my thoughts had gone to Mrs. Askall's by a nearer road, and saw the carriage make stoppage at the door, after much contention of wheels, horses, and coachmen, whose sense of proprietorship made them dispute precedence with the hack. I saw the ladies ascend the stairs into the large, uncarpeted room, whose present coldness was only made tolerable by anticipation of future warmth. I saw—what they who are familiar with it need not to be told; and they who are not, will not perceive the merit of my description.

Meantime the tea hour had passed, and we prepared to amuse ourselves: I took my drawing; and Emma proposed to read to me. The book proved interesting, and gave rise to much animated conversation, in which the carriages, and their contents, and the ball-room into which they had been emptied, were alike forgotten. Emma grew gay and playful; the hours passed quickly;

and when she took leave of me for the night, there was upon her countenance a look of such serene enjoyment; as bespoke a spirit satisfied and a mind at peace.

I had a task to perform, and therefore sat out the lingering hours of night, till, far upon the advance of morning, the revellers returned. The first question of course was respecting the pleasantness of the fête; to which exclamations of delight were the quick response: more there was not need to ask; all were in too much hurry to give the answers to pay any regard to the questions. As they all talked at once, it would be impossible to repeat the conversation; but on most points of discussion I perceived considerable difference of opinion. Maria, who had by far the most attractive person, thought the gentlemen extremely polite and attentive—Fanny denounced them all as bears and boobies. Fanny wondered the Miss Dashoffs should be so much admired, when they were decidedly plain—Maria was satisfied that they were not admired, but courted only because they were rich. Maria thought it quite impertinent in the Miss Somebodies to be more plainly dressed than others, when they were known to be rich—Fanny thought it equally impertinent in the Miss Nobodies to be better dressed than others, when they were known to be poor. Fanny complained of the rudeness of some one in attempting to stand above her in the dance—Maria complained that some one else had complained of her rudeness in attempting to stand above them, and both were resolved to retaliate another time. Fanny was vexed, because she did not dance with the persons she wished to dance with—and Maria was vexed, because, when she had danced with the persons she wished to dance with, they thought proper to dance with somebody else that she desired they should not dance with.

On the whole, as far as, listening, I could learn, every body had done something they had better not have done, or worn something they would have been better without, or said something not quite within the pale of good-

breeding and good sense. But these were specks upon the evening's brightness—the gratifications were exquisite, and the pleasures out of number. Fanny was never so happy in her life, as when Mr. C. left Miss Dashoff to sit with her; though but to tease Miss D. she would rather have been rid of him. Maria was enchanted to hear Lady W. say the Miss S.'s were the best dressed girls in the room, and wonder who they employed. Both ladies were delighted they had chosen to wear pink, when they saw the vulgar Miss Thompsons were in blue. In short, time would fail to tell out the list of pleasures, and, vowing they never were so happy or so tired in their lives, to which last assertion their pallid cheeks and rayless eyes sufficiently subscribed, the young ladies retired to their room. I listened, for now the deeper secrets of the fête were to be disclosed—it was here that, restraint thrown off, the compliments were all repeated, the excited passions all exposed, the jealousies and mortifications confessed, the triumphs acted over again, and the satire repeated with redoubled zest: but far be it from me to betray the truths disclosed, and the secrets laid open, in the careless confidence of private converse and fraternal confidence. If any one of my readers has been a partner in any conversation carried on under similar circumstances, she has but to recall it, to be perfectly in the secret of this.

The breakfast stood long in patient order on the table the ensuing morning. The sun was mid-way in his short wintry course before the slumberers awakened, or I should rather say arose—for wake they surely did not. These young people had not yet been long enough practised in the hard service of dissipation, to feel no morning consequence of the night's exertion; and they came forth at length with looks as well as words of weariness, languor, and exhaustion; experiencing, though they probably neither understood the feeling, nor made the reflection, that, as there are more ways than one of being intoxicated, so there are others besides the wine-drinker,

who are doomed to experience all the misery of getting sober. During the remainder of the morning, of which the remainder was not much, they dozed upon the chair, or lounged upon the sofa, the discussion of the night being occasionally renewed; but neither the pleasures, nor the pains, nor the flattery, nor the neglects, were so fully appreciated as they had been—distance and the mists of lassitude had something lessened the distinctness of these receding objects. After dinner Fanny gave herself up freely to the weariness she felt—Maria kept up an ineffectual struggle to read a book that seemed equally determined not to be read, if I might judge from the propensity it showed to close itself in her hands. Whether thinking, dreaming, or reading, however, the mind's occupation was one and the same; as was clearly proved by the occasional remarks that came forth of the lips of each, evincing that the intermediate aberrations of the mind had extended no farther than from coaches to complexions, from bracelets to quadrille tunes.

In the evening Lady S. requested some conversation with her daughters respecting their intentions for the morrow; observing, that as, in conformity with her intention declared on the preceding Sabbath, she had neither spoken to them on the subject nor interfered with their wishes during the week, so it now became necessary to renew the question; the second invitation yet remaining to be attended to, and the hour being near at hand: she desired to know which of her daughters intended to accompany her to the altar on the following morning.

The young people had too much right feeling to make any attempt to avert the subject, or show unwillingness towards it: but there was a something in their looks and manner that plainly said the subject was ill-timed—that would fain have asked, if it might be, a more convenient season. But this could not be—Lady S. was patiently looking towards Fanny, as the eldest, for reply. Fanny rubbed her eyes, and stretched her limbs, and seemed to

be looking about for the senses that were not immediately forthcoming: at length she said—

“I have never had but one intention, Mamma; it is that I declared at first, and I have seen little cause to change it. I knew that whatever occupies my mind strongly, engrosses it fully. I knew very well, that besides being so much occupied with the actual employments of the week, my spirits would be too much elated for any thing like serious reflection—in short, that the thing would be too much in my head to admit of graver matters; and I knew equally well, that when the ball was over, I should be tired and asleep as I am now; and that the same images would remain on my imagination, though receding now, as they were before advancing. And, if I thought this at first, I am now but the more convinced of it—I have not had a thought of any thing but pleasure the whole week; except to feel impatient at Maria’s interruption of our occupations with subjects, that, at another time, I should have liked as well as herself. And now that all is over, there needs no examination to teach me that I am not prepared for receiving the sacrament. I have not felt a feeling, nor thought a thought, nor spoken a word to-day, but those of vanity, rivalry, and folly. I am not so insensible of the sacredness of heavenly things, to intrude myself on a rite so holy in such a dress as this: and besides that I do not feel ready, I have no inclination to it—it is not in accord with my present feeling—I am not in the humour—I never can presume to offer to God heartless and unwilling service. But you know, Mamma, I never meant to go to the Sacrament to-morrow. I shall wait another opportunity.”

“Do you know that you shall have one, Fanny?”

“Yes—that is—no, Mamma, I do not exactly know it. But I may fairly presume so—I have no reason to think otherwise—in all probability—I am young and well.”

“I will not make trite remarks upon the uncertainty of life and the deceptiveness of health, Fanny; we all



know it, and we none of us believe it; and when any one dies before they expect—and who, with some few exceptions, does not die before they expect—there is as much surprise as if it had never happened before. But, my child, allowing it probable, would you stake your eternal welfare on a probability?”

“Nay, but, Mamma, you have always taught me that my salvation does not, cannot depend upon an outward ceremony; my taking the sacrament can no more make me fit to die, than my not taking it can exclude me from the realms of bliss.”

“That is true, my love—and you are neither the more nor the less prepared to die, for having partaken of the Lord’s Supper. It is not, as some suppose, the make-weight of our insufficient merit, nor the sponge that wipes out the record of our sins. But what then is it?”

“If not the preparation for the feasts of heaven, it is the emblem, the earnest, the beginning of them; you come to the one to profess yourself an aspirant to the other; the same claim that is pleaded here, must be pleaded there; the same emblem of the marriage garment has been used for both, and the thing which it pictures is in both the same. If you are not fitted for the one, you are not fitted for the other—if you have put it out of your power conscientiously to present yourself at the Lord’s table upon earth, could you expect admittance to his presence above—if this his invitation be refused, how could you receive the messenger that should bid you to his marriage feast in heaven?—I pray thee have me excused, I have been engaged in other matters:—the plea has served you now; you are excused: you were free to choose whether you would accept his gracious bidding, you have chosen, and it seems that all is well. You have deliberately unfitted yourself for serious thought, and by your own confession made yourself at once incapable and indisposed to the commemoration of his love, and the participation of his blessings: and in this state of conscious unfitness you mean to go to rest to-night, and you

will lie down to sleep in peace and confidence, as if nothing were the matter. But, my child, there is a feast in heaven prepared for them that love him—what if the messenger be sped to-night to say that all is ready, and your hour of admission or rejection is at hand—that the decisive moment is arrived for you, which must determine your doom through all eternity. “I have been engaged in other matters”—will the plea serve you then? Yes, then as now you will be excused, indeed—but the door will be closed and made fast for ever, and she who was not ready must remain without. Is it not so, Fanny?”

“Undoubtedly, Mamma, it is: and I should hold myself unfit indeed to die to-night: I can scarcely suppose myself prepared to appear before the throne of God in heaven, when I cannot venture even to present myself at his table upon earth.”

“Then did I say amiss, Fanny, when I said, you were willing to stake your eternal welfare on a probability—a probability, as far as you can see, or know, or calculate. With God there are no probabilities, because there are no uncertainties—but in human language, and in earthly seeming, you say it is not probable you shall die to-night: and with this you can full well content yourself—and on this you can go happily to rest—and with this you will wake cheerfully to-morrow; and the next day and the next you will remain the same perhaps—deferring, postponing, putting aside the invitations, the commands of Him to whom you have professed to devote yourselves, for the sake of those things you promised in your baptism to renounce. Whether you go to the sacrament to-morrow or not, is indeed of no consequence to your salvation. It is not because you do not receive it, that you are unprepared to die—it is because you are unprepared to receive it, unfit to receive it, indisposed to receive it. Consider seriously how long it is wise to remain so, in a state of being where the youngest and the strongest is as the brief herbage

of the field, that grows up to-day, and to-morrow is cut down and withered. And what does Maria intend?"

Maria hesitated—her tone of confidence was something lowered, and her wisdom seemed not quite so eager to express itself as at some time it had been: yet still she held her purpose, and said she saw no reason for declining to accompany Lady S. to the sacrament on the morrow, if she herself saw none."

"What I see, is a small matter, dear Maria—but do you feel none?"

Maria again hesitated and stammered, but still said, "No."

Lady S. seemed surprised, and, for a moment, embarrassed, as if not knowing how to reply to an answer she had not expected—she then said, "Have you examined your own heart, Maria, after the manner enjoined you, to see if there be reason or not?"

"I cannot pretend," answered Maria, "that I have made any especial examination, or any particular preparation for this holy ceremony—I meant it, but I have not had time: I was not aware that I should be too much elated yesterday, and too much exhausted to-day to apply my mind to any thing: but, after all, there is something very pharisaical in the idea of preparing ourselves, as if the formality of a week's preparation, as it is called, a few prayers and a little reading could be of any value in the sight of God, or by any means recommend us to his favour. We ought always to be prepared; and therefore I conclude I am so, without——"

"You have come to the conclusion by a short road, Maria; but our church, which but echoes the language of Scripture, has ventured to make a doubt of this, and sends neither invitation, nor permission, nor a welcome to any one, who, without examination, takes this for granted. But since you are so confident of your own estate, I must suppose you have some grounds for being so. To use the language of our catechism, not because I would rest on the authority of man but because I know

none better or more simply scriptural, I would ask you first whether you do truly repent you of your former sins?"

"Of course I do."

"But have you enquired of yourself what they are?"

"Not particularly. I know I must have sinned frequently, and of course am sorry to have done so."

"To be sorry is to feel pain—to repent is to be grieved, ashamed, distressed. Can you have felt this without knowing for what? And another part of repentance is, that you determine to lead a new life. Have you made any such determination?"

"I do not know, Mamma, in what I am to amend."

"And how can you know, my child, if you have not enquired? And if you can perceive nothing in which you can amend, how can you repent you of any thing? It is sufficiently plain that these are but empty words to you. Yet these things you will profess when you approach the table. The next requisition is, that you have a lively faith in God's mercy through Christ, with a thankful remembrance of his death. A lively faith, to take nothing but the common meaning of the word, must be an active, animated, conscious thing, something that gives signs of life. It cannot be a vague belief laid up in the bosom so closely, that even to yourself it makes no difference of sensation whether it be there or not. A thankful remembrance of Christ's death cannot, in common sense, be a total forgetfulness of it. Now, my dear girl, cast back your thoughts upon the transactions of the last week up to this very hour, and say, have you believed, have you remembered, have you been grateful?"

"Mamma, I am sure I believe these things to be true, for it never came into my mind to doubt them. I hope I am grateful, as I surely must be, for so great mercies; and as to remembering, my mind, as I confessed before, has been too full of other matters to think much upon the subject this week; but I suppose——"

"My dear Maria, you speak as if you did not know

the meaning of words. You suppose you have a grateful remembrance of things of which you never think—you are sure you believe what it never came into your head to doubt, and, of course, not to examine. And these things you so certainly believe, and are so certainly grateful for, are nothing less than the eternal interests of your immortal spirit, the mercy that has pardoned, the sacrifice that has redeemed, the love that has suffered for you; and other matters can so engross your mind as to exclude the thought of them entirely. And what matters? The vainest and emptiest pursuits of a vain and empty world—the merest trifles of a life whose most important concerns are themselves but trifles in comparison with these things so easily displaced. This, *Maria*, is neither to believe, nor remember, nor be grateful. It is to forget at once the mercies of God; and your own need of them; to put him most ungratefully out of mind, and virtually to disbelieve the consequences of doing so. And then the remaining clause, ‘And be in charity with all men.’ I explained to you last Sunday what this means. Is there no anger in your heart for others’ wrong—no pride seeking to gratify itself at others’ expense—nor envy of one who has the advantage, nor contempt for one whom you surpass—no rivalry, contention, or ill-nature? Are love and charity the feelings of your heart towards all; and are they the feelings you have endeavoured to deserve of all? Have you been as careful to avoid every thing that might excite unholy passions in the bosom of others towards you, as in your own towards them? Have you tried to excite envy, jealousy, and pride, or to prevent it? Excited, was it pain or pleasure to you to see others so suffer and so sin? Examine your feelings for the last few days, say, your words only during the last twenty-four hours, by the beautiful description of charity in the 13th of *Corinthians*, and say if it be so, that you are in love and charity with all men.”

"By such an interpretation I certainly am not; but I wish no harm to any one."

"It is God's interpretation, not mine; and it appears that of all you take for granted, nothing is the fact."

"You advise me, then, not to go to the sacrament to-morrow?"

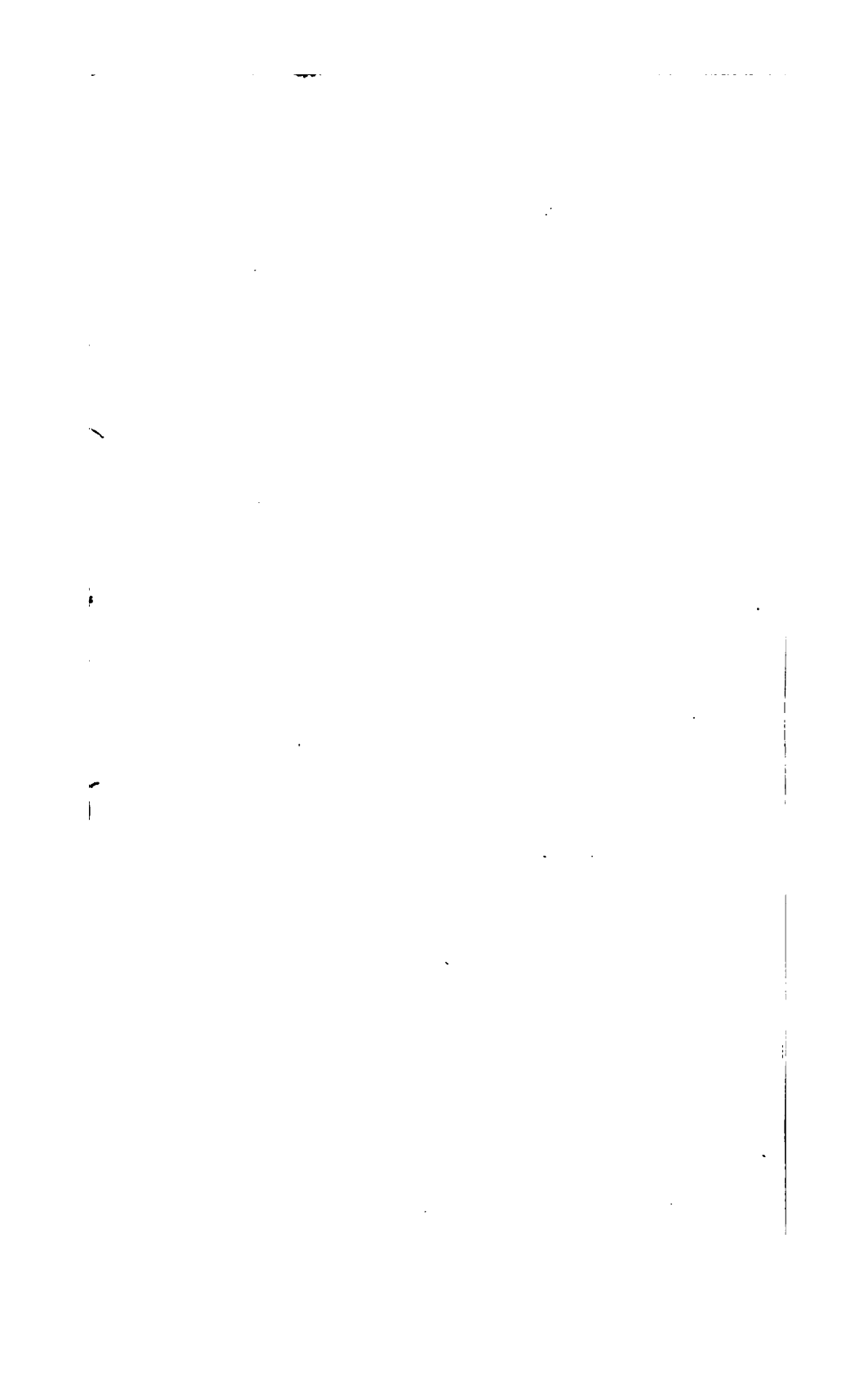
"That I would still leave to yourself. I would not leave you superstitiously to suppose, that by going in this state to the sacrament, you place yourself in worse condition than you are in if you stay away. For, whether when bidden you refuse to come, or, whether coming you refuse to wear the dress appointed for the guests, the act of disobedience is pretty much the same. But, as the case appears with you at this time, I would rather see you, self-convicted and ashamed, retiring from the table as an unmeet guest, than, in bold self-confidence, coming forward to offer to God the little remnant of your heart that the world has not engrossed, the refuse of time and spirits you have been able to snatch from the exhaustion of pleasure, professing things you do not mean, and asking blessings you cannot in conscience expect to receive. He, to whom it was said, 'Friend, how camest thou in hither,' had no better portion in the feast, than they who sent excuses. I need scarcely ask my Emma's determination."

"Indeed, Mamma," answered Emma, "you have much need to ask, or rather to tell me; for I am much in doubt. I have given a large portion of time this week to the examination of my own heart, and I find little in it that encourages me to go. I have been listening attentively to all you have said to my sisters, and have heard much that condemns me, too, to absence from this holy ceremony. With all my endeavours to keep in mind my Saviour's mercies, I am perpetually forgetting them; with all the warmth of gratitude, I, at some times, fancy that I feel, I am oftener disobedient, cold, neglectful; and though I should say I believe in Christ, when it appears how little consistent with that belief my

actions are, it makes me doubtful if I do so or not. If sorrow for sin be repentance, I have repented; but if, as you say, amendment be a part, I am not sure; for perhaps I shall not amend; and with respect to the state of my passions, as it regards my fellow-creatures, all I have learned by the close examination of every word and feeling is, that my heart is full of selfishness and insubordination. I am certainly as little worthy to intrude myself as my sisters."

"My dear Emma, it was not to the worthy the invitation was sent, but to the sincere and contrite. You are right when you say you are no more worthy than your sisters to appear; but there is this difference. When two things were held out to you, you gave the preference to the invitation of your Lord; when you saw what occupations were likely to interfere with your devotion, you put them aside; when you perceived of what unhallowed passions your mind was susceptible, you avoided the occasions of exciting them; so far, you proved an honest desire to partake worthily of the benefits of this holy communion. The result of all your examination and all your preparation is, that you find yourself absolutely unworthy as to the past, and absolutely helpless as to the future. Such the result should be, and such it must be. But has this discovery made you feel less disposed or less desirous to go to the sacrament?"

"On the contrary, Mamma, it makes me more so; for, the deeper grows the consciousness of my own ill-deserts, the more precious becomes every emblem of redeeming mercy, the more welcome every record and remembrance of his love. If I before thought it was desirable for me to be a partaker of the body and blood of Christ, and of the benefits received by them, I now know it to be necessary; for I cannot do without it. Ill-dressed, unclothed, unfitted as I am, I should like to go and try if the master of the feast will admit me, and help me to provide myself a better garment; for I believe that none but He can weave it."







*Syngenesia Equalis.*  
*Cichorium Intybus.*  
 Wild Endive.

"Then, my dearest Emma, though I do not tell you you are better than your sisters, or that your conduct this week is sufficient to prove the reality of your faith, or the sincerity of your professions, for that is known only to Him who reads the heart, I do not hesitate to advise you to do as you desire, in humble confidence, that He, who has invited you to his feast, will graciously receive you, and enable you to be what he requires."

The Sabbath morning dawned with more than usual brightness. The three sisters went together to their parish church; fancy might say the step of one was lighter than the rest: certain it is that one only accepted the invitation. My limits forbid me to prolong the tale.

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## INTRODUCTION.

TO

## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

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*(Continued from page 99.)*

### CLASS 20.—SYNGENESIA—Flowers Compound.

THE difficulties presented by the Syngenesia Class are so generally complained of by the inexperienced student of Botany, that we shall endeavour, as far as possible, to remove them, by more particular explanation of the characters of these flowers. Whatever be the difficulties in distinguishing the Genera and Species, there is certainly none in distinguishing the Class, distinct as it is in natural character from every other. The moment we gather a Syngenesia we know it to be one, by the following decided and always perceptible characters:

The Flower is composed of many smaller flowers, termed Florets, sitting upon one common Receptacle, and surrounded by a common Calix. Thus, if we take

to pieces the head of a Daisy, we shall find it is not, as it seemed, one flower, but an almost countless number of flowers, which come off separately, and leave the space on which they stood, and which is called the Receptacle, surrounded by a Calix, which has encircled all the flowers together, and not each one in particular as in the other Classes. Let us keep in mind, that in botanical description of these plants, the whole group together, forming what we should call one Daisy, is termed the Flower, while each separate blossom of which it is composed, is called a Floret. Another essential character of this Class is, that the Anthers are united together in the form of a cylinder, so that, to the inexperienced eye, they would scarcely be supposed to be the Stamina: when matured, a single seed is found at the base of each Floret. The difficulty therefore is not in distinguishing the Class.

The Orders are distinguished by the Florets, of which some contain Pistils only, and are therefore Female—others contain both Stamens and Pistils, and are termed Hermaphrodite, and others containing neither are called Neutral Flowers. This must be distinctly remembered, as on it depends the division of the Orders.

The first Order, called *Polygamia Æqualis*, contains the flowers of which the Florets are Hermaphrodite, each one furnished with a cylinder of Stamens, and a Pistil in the centre, as in the Thistle. The second Order, *Polygamia Superflua*, has one or more rows of Female Florets, furnished with a Pistil only, round the edge of the flower, while those in the centre are Hermaphrodite, containing both Pistil and Stamens: this is the case with the Daisy.

The third Order, *Polygamia Frustranea*, has the Florets that edge the circumference of the Flower neutral, bearing neither Stamens nor Pistils, while those in the centre have both.

There is a fourth Order, *Polygamia Necessaria*, which is said to have Necessary Female Florets, because, the

**Hermaphrodite Florets** in the centre bearing no seed, the seed depends upon the **Female Florets** in the circumference: but this presents no difficulty in the study of English Botany, because there is but one native flower of the sort, which is the common Marigold. With attention to these particulars, there need not be any difficulty in distinguishing the Orders of this Class.

In the Genera there are many things to be attended to. First the shape of the Florets—they may be all tubular, a sort of cup, that is, like those in the centre of the Daisy—or they may be all radiate, strap-shaped, or flat, like those round the edge of the Daisy—or, as in the Daisy itself, one flower may be composed of both. Then the Receptacle, of which we have heard little in other Classes, is here to be particularly attended to. After we have taken off the Florets, we shall find the Receptacle, or space on which they stood, sometimes flat; sometimes rising into a cone or pyramid, sometimes into a globe, and sometimes sinking into a hollow or concave form. Besides this difference, we shall sometimes find it covered with fine, soft hairs, growing up among the Florets—in other cases with stiff, chaffy substances, not unlike to broken straws; in these cases we say the Receptacle is either hairy or chaffy; and if it bears neither of these, we say it is naked. We must mind also to distinguish between the hairs that stand on the Receptacle, and those attached to the seed. These distinctions must be particularly attended to. Another mode of distinction is by the Calix or Common Cup that encompasses the Florets. If formed of a single row of leaves or scales, it is Simple—when the scales are numerous, and lie one over the other, like the tiles of a house, it is Tiled—when a single row of equally long scales surrounds the flower, and another row of small ones are at the base of these, it is Leafy.

With attention to these peculiarities of the Class, we believe the learner may proceed with as little difficulty as in the previous Classes. The flowers it contains are

very numerous, and many of them of curious and beautiful construction: most of the plants have some degree of bitterness, but without any poisonous qualities. The first Order, *Polygamia Æqualis*, Florets all Hermaphrodite, contains

*Tragopogon*, Goat's-beard. The Receptacle in this Genus is naked, and the Calix simple, and as long as the rays of the blossom—one Species has yellow, the other purple flowers—it is a tall plant, with narrow, straight, stiff leaves, quite unnotched. The down of the seed is feathered.

*Picris*, Ox-tongue, has also a naked Receptacle, and feathered down, but a double row of Calix leaves, and furrowed seeds: the blossom yellow.

*Sonchus*, Sow-thistle, is a large plant, blue, white, or yellow. The Receptacle naked, Calix filed and swollen, and the down on the seed like hair.

*Lactuca*, Lettuce, has the Receptacle naked, the Calix tiled and cylindrical, formed of scales that are skinny at the edge—the down is like hair standing on pedicles. The middle rib of the leaves is prickly, at the back: blossoms always yellow.

*Prenanthes*, Ivy-leaved Lettuce, is distinguished by the double Calix, and a single row of yellow Florets, very slender stems, and deeply notched leaves, not unlike those of the Ivy.

*Leontodon*, Dandelion, we are acquainted with as a very common flower, of which the Calix is tiled, the Receptacle naked, and the down like hair. It is of many Species, all resembling each other.

*Hieracium*, Hawkweed, is not unlike the Dandelion in form. The Species are very numerous, and it is extremely difficult to distinguish one from the other.

*Crepis*, Hawk's-beard, approaches to the same character. The Calix has but a double row of leaves, of which the outer row falls off before the flower.

*Hyoseris*, Swine's Eye, or Succory, is distinguished from these by having the down like awned chaff, sur-

rounded with a minute Calix of its own, which crowns each separate seed. The Stems are like wire at the base, hollow towards the top. The Flower, like all the others of this kind, is yellow, and nodding before it blows.

Hypochæris, Cat's-ear, is distinguished from the last mentioned Genera, by the chaffy Receptacle, those being all naked—in many things it resembles the Dandelion. There are five or six Genera of this sort of flower, in the examination of which we must expect some trouble; as nothing but inspection of the specific characters can enable us to decide upon them.

Lapsana, Nipple-wort, has a naked Receptacle, and a double Calix, of which the inner scales are channelled, the fruit-stalks slender, much branched, and bearing a panicle of flowers.

Cichorium, Wild Endive, or Succory, is the beautiful plant of which we have given a drawing in *Plate 21*.

Arctium, Burdock, Common Burr, is readily distinguished by its Calix in the form of a globe, with hooks pointing inwards at the end of the scales.

Serratula, Saw-wort. Our flowers are now approaching nearer in character to the Thistle race—this is blue or purple, with a cylindrical, tiled Calix, but without awns—the leaves are mostly jagged and toothed, but without bristles—the flowers in a group at the top of the stem.

Carduus, Thistle, is a numerous family, consisting of twelve different Species, all distinguished by the tiled and swollen Calix, of which the scales are thorny, the leaves being also very generally so: the Receptacle is hairy.

Onopordon, Argentine, is distinguished from a Carduus by having the Receptacle like a honey-comb. The plant is covered with a white cotton, which gives it a hoary appearance.

Carlina, Carlina Thistle, is known by its radiated Calix—that is, the scales next the blossom are long and

straw-coloured, like the blossom, those below being purple, with branching yellow thorns. The blossom is between straw-colour and purple, sometimes quite white. The whole plant stands through the winter unchanged in form, though dead and colourless.

*Bidens*, Double-tooth, or Water Hemp, has a yellow blossom, a Receptacle covered with chaff, and a tiled Calix.

*Eupatorium*, Hemp Agrimony, bears but five or six purple or white Florets on a head, and though the Calix is tiled, the scales are very few: the Styles are remarkably long, and cloven half way down: the leaves divided into three or five finger-like leaflets: the whole plant three or four feet high, and much branched.

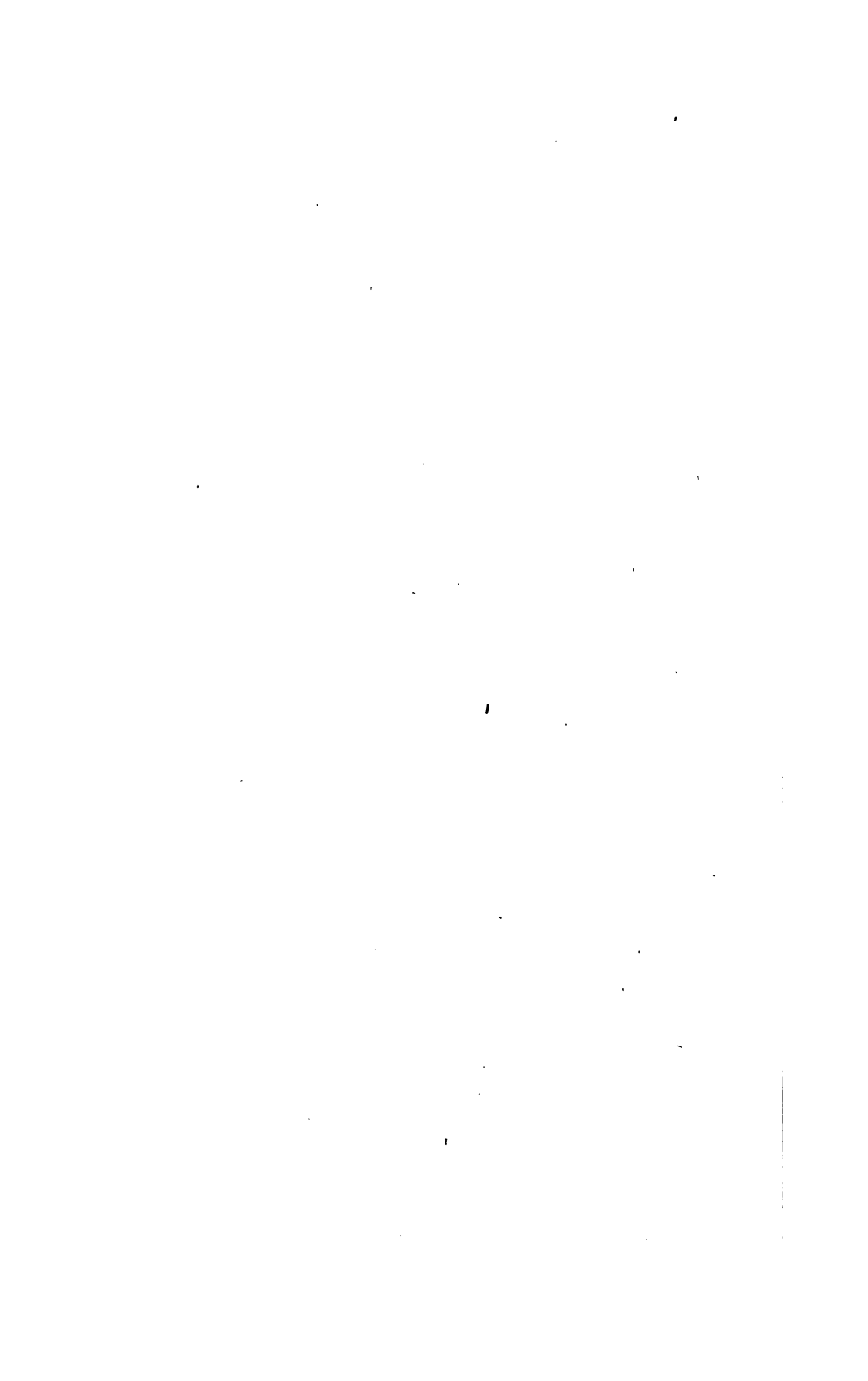
*Chrysocoma*, Flax-leaved Goldy-locks, is a rare plant, the flowers of an uniform yellow, the leaves very narrow, fleshy, and rough, with white points.

*Santolina*, Seed Cotton-weed—a cottony plant, with bright yellow flowers, lying much on the ground—the Receptacle chaffy, the seeds without down.

#### CLASS XIX.—SYNGENESIA—FLOWERS COMPOUND.

##### ORDER 1.—POLYGAMIA ÆQUALIS—Florets all Hermaphrodite.

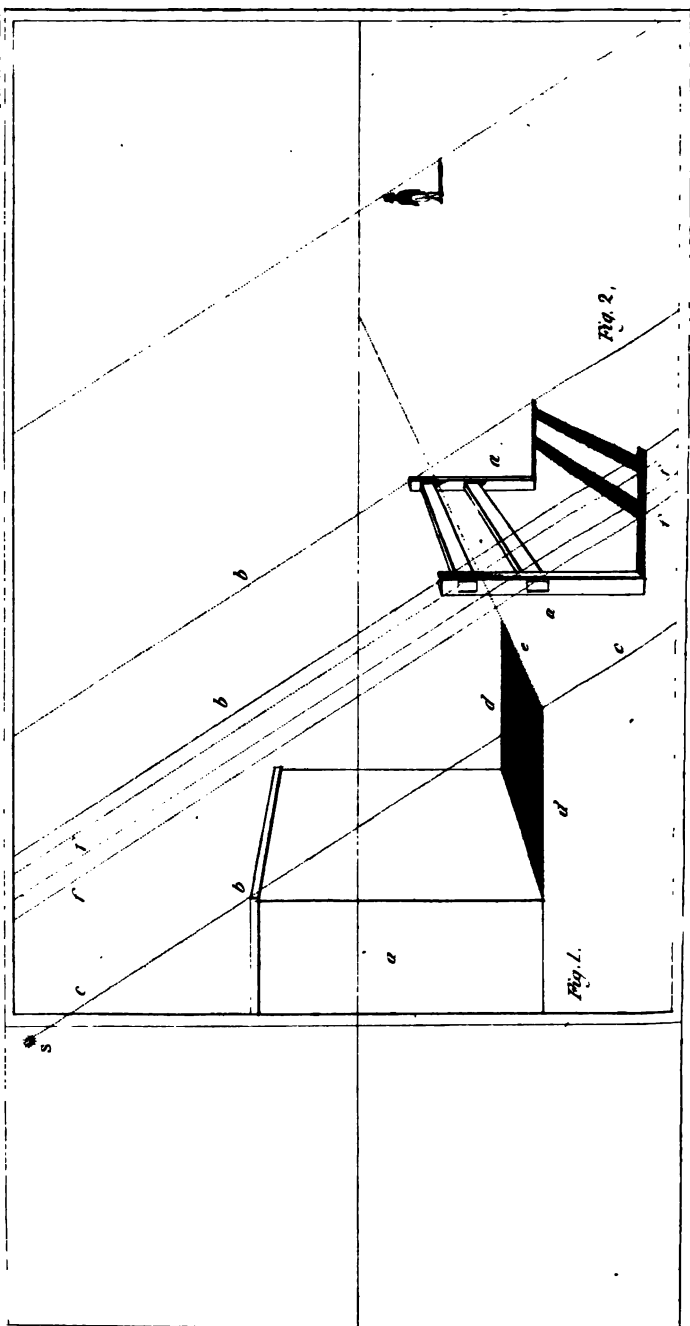
|                              |                           |
|------------------------------|---------------------------|
| <i>Tragopogon</i> . . . . .  | Goat's-beard              |
| <i>Picris</i> . . . . .      | Ox-tongue                 |
| <i>Sonchus</i> . . . . .     | Sow-thistle               |
| <i>Lactuca</i> . . . . .     | Lettuce                   |
| <i>Prenanthes</i> . . . . .  | Ivy-leaved Lettuce        |
| <i>Leontodon</i> . . . . .   | Dandelion                 |
| <i>Hieracium</i> . . . . .   | Hawkweed                  |
| <i>Crepis</i> . . . . .      | Hawk's-beard              |
| <i>Hyoseris</i> . . . . .    | Swine's-eye               |
| <i>Hypochaeris</i> . . . . . | Cat's-ear                 |
| <i>Lapsana</i> . . . . .     | Nipple-wort               |
| <i>Cichorium</i> . . . . .   | Wild Endive               |
| <i>Aroctium</i> . . . . .    | Burdock, Common Bur       |
| <i>Serratula</i> . . . . .   | Saw-wort                  |
| <i>Carduus</i> . . . . .     | Thistle                   |
| <i>Onopordon</i> . . . . .   | Argentine, Cotton Thistle |
| <i>Carlina</i> . . . . .     | Carlina Thistle           |
| <i>Bidens</i> . . . . .      | Double-Tooth              |





# PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE III



By J. H. Johnson, R. F. Johnson.

Eupatorium..... Hemp Agrimony  
 Chrysochoma .... Flax-leaved Goldy-locks  
 Santolina..... Cotton-weed

## PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

### LESSON XXI.—PLATE 21.

WE have now gone through almost all the objects that are most likely to occur in the ordinary course of a lady's sketching: but there is one subject on which we have not yet touched, namely, that of shadows, for which we propose a few simple, and, we believe, sufficient rules. On this point we must first observe, that there are three ways in which a shadow may be cast upon a picture. The sun's rays may be parallel to the picture; that is, shining across it, as from right to left, or from left to right, throwing the shadows horizontally upon the ground: or the sun may be behind us, so as to throw the shadows of objects behind them or away from us: or the sun may be before us, so as to throw the shadows towards us: and for each of these cases the rule is different.

*Plate 21.*—We suppose the sun in such a position in nature as to throw the shadows in a direction parallel to the ground line of the picture. To represent this, having first drawn the object (*a*) *Fig. 1*, supposed a building, by the usual rules, we place our Sun (*s*), in such a position as our eye suggests from the length and appearance of the shadow in nature, or we may measure its height in the same way as we measured that of the ascent and descent in former rules. From the sun (*s*), we draw through the upper corner of the house (*b*) the line (*c c*)—where this line meets the horizontal (*d*) drawn from the lower corner of the house, terminates the shadow—the line (*e*) to the Point of Sight, and the other horizontal (*d*) complete the figure.

In *Fig. 2.*—we have a repetition of the same rule; but there is one thing to be particularly observed—the

lines representing the sun's rays are in this rule to be parallel to each other, and not drawn to a point: so that one line only is actually to be drawn from the point (S,) to serve as a parallel for all the rest. The reason of this is that the real distance of the sun bears no proportion to the size of the drawing or the objects in it, and, therefore, the effect on the shadows is the same as if the rays were parallel, and not all issuing from the same point. *Fig. 2.* is a railing with two staves, casting with their posts a horizontal shadow on the ground. Horizontal lines from the corners of the posts (*a a*) will give the breadth of their shadows—the lines (*b b*) parallel to the first drawn line (*c c*,) will decide the length; while the lines (*f f f f*,) drawn through the near corner of the staves, determine the place and breadth of the shadows cast by them, meeting the shadow of the post, and being carried on thence to the Point of Sight.

## A CHRISTIAN'S CREED.

### AT EVENTIDE.

AT the close of one of those lovely days in Summer when all was hushed to rest, when nature seemed to breathe peace and good will towards man, I lingered on a spot commanding a noble view of much that was great and beautiful in this world's creation. On either side, the tall grey stems of an ancient forest reared themselves like the columns of a mighty temple, with which Solomon's in all its glory could not be compared. Before me a sheet of water spread itself—a vast mirror unruffled by a single ripple, in which the light and fleecy clouds of heaven were reflected as they floated gently in the blue firmament above. The well known tower of—— Church rose from amidst a group of trees concealing the village. The deep notes of its passing bell were wafted through the air. In measured and solemn tones they

seemed to speak of man's mortality, and say, "Thou too wert born to die, and follow the millions who have come and gone their way before thee." Far beyond were stretched the wide extended vales of——bounded by distant mountains, mingling their summits with the fading tints of declining day. The sun, like a globe of fire, hung in the west, hovering over a bank of mist; fringed with a border bright as burnished gold. On its purple couch for a while it lingered; and then slowly sunk in glory—a few bright specks shot upwards from the darkening mass of vapours—these too faded away—the golden fringe of cloud grew paler and paler, the purple glided into a dusky grey, and in a few more moments all was veiled in the shades of twilight. Then first, the evening star appeared—another and another followed. I saw them, as, one by one, they glimmered silently at their appointed posts. Sentinels of heaven; when the night-watch was set. I saw star after star trim its pale lamp on high, till the dark vault above presented countless myriads testifying to the mighty workings of Omnipotence. "There was silence, but I heard a voice." Each glittering speck, rolling in its trackless space, seemed as though it spake of him who inhabiteth eternity; each seemed to say, "Behold we are his works; in wisdom hath he made us all; at our creation we sung together, and the sons of God shouted for joy. In number we are as the sand upon the sea-shore. Compared with us, the world whereupon thou treadest is but as an atom." I looked up, and my eyes bore witness to the truth. I looked within, and my heart also bowed assent. "Who and where is he who denieth existence to the Almighty." He that closeth his eye that it shall not see, and shutteth his ear that it shall not hear—he alone hath denied a dwelling-place for Omnipotence, "It is the fool only that hath said in his heart, there is no God—but as for me and mine we will serve the Lord,"—for *I believe in God the Father, Maker of heaven and earth.*

And again I looked upon the vault of night, and I

thought of the wondrous power of that great God, at whose word the glories I beheld were called into being, and I pondered within me at the insignificance of man. "What is man, that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man, that thou regardest him." God is pure and perfect—man is frail and fallen—his soul, prone to evil and polluted, by the angels of heaven is wept over and bewailed. Between the greatness of God and the littleness of man, infinite is the distance, incalculable the measure of its space. The bond of union was cut asunder by the evil one—a gulph was placed between. But has the Holy One left himself without a witness? Has he left no remnant of his power wherewith to re-unite the severed links? Is there no stepping-stone in the gloomy chasm whereby they may meet again. Fearful is the thought that they are for ever disunited—that the gulph between is forlorn and dreary as the vale of death—and that he, who awakens from the slumbers of the grave, shall wander therein hopeless and deserted. I looked on the dark sky, and in its deep gloom traced a picture of the mind of man. Darkness had now spread itself over the whole expanse; it reached from the north unto the south, from the east unto the west; and in the thousands and ten thousands of obtruding specks fancy pointed out the countless spots of sin destined to meet the eye of Omniscience, when the human soul was awaked and exposed before it. Like the errors and frailties of life, some were greater, some were less—some were near, some far distant, barely visible, like the deeds and thoughts of days long gone by: they were mingled together, sunk, as it were, and lost in the wide and unfathomable space. But an eye, keener than that of man, beheld them. To that all-seeing and all-searching eye space and time are as nothing. To that eye the smallest and most distant star shone clear and brilliant as the mid-day sun; and to that eye words and works, from the cradle to the grave, are equally visible and distinct. And such to me appeared the soul of man. The beams of that sun which

gave it light had departed ; all was obscure and gloomy. But the beams of heavenly light were not withdrawn for ever. Darkness and solitude shall endure but for a time. The gloom of midnight must succeed to the shades of evening ; for a season nature is doomed to follow its course, shrouded in doubt and dreariness ; but in the east, at its appointed hour, a blessed dawn shall glimmer—the beams of another sun, bursting forth in glory, shall scatter before them the shades of darkness, and the prospects of a brighter day shall welcome the universe with prospects of hope and gladness. And such are the hopes and prospects of a Christian. In the setting of the sun of nature upon this lower world, he beholds, in imagination, the countenance of God turning from a scene in which beings created in his image and likeness have forfeited their claims and obscured the blessed resemblance. In the darkness of succeeding night, the Christian beholds the progress of sin and its pervading powers. On the dawn of to-morrow's day the Christian contemplates with joy and hope the rising of the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings, bursting asunder the bonds of death, and overwhelming the shades of sin in the flood of his transcendant glories. Sin and sorrow may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning ; yea, even in the darkness the light of redemption shone, though the darkness comprehended it not, and felt it not. Such is my comfort, such is my trust. My hope is even in this. *My Belief is in Jesus Christ, my Lord and my Saviour.*

Again I looked upwards on the hosts of heaven, and I saw them steering onwards through space—night after night, year after year, the same—unchanged, unrenewed, constant and obedient to laws, of which angels even are, perhaps, permitted only to know in part. What is, and where dwelleth, the power controuling the stars, that they wander not in the immensity of infinite space? Chance created them not—accident formed them not—

neither by these are their movements regulated. He, who formed them, hath he not power over them—he, whose word called them into existence, hath he not given his angels charge concerning them? The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters; brooding over chaos, it formed this world and all that therein is. And doth not the same Spirit move upon the wide firmament? Doth it not repose in the midst of the universe, the sole and worthy temple of Omnipotence, retaining at its will and pleasure the stars and planets in their courses. Each, as it glimmered through the twilight, seemed to bear witness to the presence of the Holy One; and, as the shades of night closed in, increasing in number and brightness, they appeared in fancy to be as letterings of silver, impressed by the Almighty upon the tablets of darkness, recording the greatness of his power, and the sure presence of his Spirit. And when we read in nature's book this truth, who shall say that the spirit of man ever was, ever is, or ever shall be hopelessly deserted by the Spirit of God?—that when all things lifeless and material bear witness of the spirit, that which is immaterial, even the soul of man, the last and noblest part of God's creation, shall alone be destitute of its presence? When I think of what the soul of man has been, is, and may be hereafter, I feel that the record is true—I believe in the *Holy Ghost*—I believe that its spirit is upon me, and the power of the Most High doth overshadow me—I believe that every good and perfect thought and feeling is the fruit of a holy seed within me, planted by the Almighty, fostered by his care, and watered by his hand.

Again I looked upon the host of heaven, and, when I considered that each was probably a sun round which planets like our earth were revolving, and on whose surface beings like ourselves might exist, my thoughts were turned from life unto death, and unto what shall happen after it. In the silence and solitude of night there is a

severing of man from this lower world, there is something which seems to call up the dim forms and shadows of fatuity. Who that has seen the grave close upon the remains of those most dear to him, has not recalled them to his soul, and traced their pale features in dreams and visions of the night. "I shall go to them but they shall not return unto me" is the solace of holy writ—"as one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead." May it not therefore be in yonder firmament, spangled with millions of suns and worlds, that departed spirits find a resting place, one "wherein the wicked cease from troubling, wherein the weary may be at rest;" some blessed spot where the ties of love and friendship may be renewed, when the mortal shall have put on its immortality. Thus did I behold them tracing their path in the heavens, peaceful and blessed abodes, in which, hereafter, when death shall have closed the eyes of all created beings, a resurrection shall have opened to them the joys of an eternal life. Their pale and silvery forms seem to reflect the image of their Creator's purity, as they float in solemn silence round the throne of God. They are dead, lifeless bodies on which the Almighty has stamped the vastness of his power, destitute of souls whereby they may give utterance of his goodness and mercy. But, in pondering upon what they are, I looked forward in thought to what those who die in the Lord shall be—to what those who have already died in the Lord possibly at this moment may be. Like the stars of heaven, thousands and ten thousands of saints, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb, may now be stationed before the throne—their forms divested of the dust and dross of an earthly covering, reflecting the brightness of their heavenly Father, uttering one to another with faculties enlarged, and purified songs of praise, and joy, and gratitude to Him who sitteth on the throne, and who hath given them power to understand the height and depth of that redemption with which God hath visited



his people, and brought them from the darkness of sin unto the light of the everlasting gospel. In thus *believing the resurrection of the dead*, may I join that *Communion of Saints whose existence shall know no end.*

A. Y.

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

### HOPE.

WHERE'ER the wounded spirit dies,  
Oppressed by anxious care;  
When troubles fluctuate and rise,  
'Tis sweet to kneel in prayer.

Hope cheers us in that solemn hour,  
Reanimates the soul,  
And bids us shun the tempter's power,  
Each sinful thought controul.

Hope leads us to the fount of love,  
To streams of pure delight,  
And whispers "look to Christ above,  
In sorrow's gloomy night."

See the poor wretch with pallid brow,  
And mind unknown to rest;  
He wails the past—the awful now,  
With agonizing breast.

Hope soothes him in his poignant woes,  
And breathes her genial fire;  
With peace his throbbing bosom glows,  
All former doubts retire.

So view the Christian—mark and trace  
The glistening of his eye,  
Hope's smiling rays illumine his face  
With tints that cannot die.

With wings of hope he longs to soar,  
Beyond this world of night,  
And fly to that celestial shore,  
Where dwells eternal light.

Futurity, still, still the same,  
 With hope of sins forgiven,  
 Fans in his breast a secret flame,  
 And wafts his thoughts to heaven.

*E. A. W. S.*

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THE MISSIONARY'S HYMN.

GUILTY myself, I scarcely dare to plead
 Before my Maker for another's need ;
 My prayers are so distracted, so defiled,
 Canst thou, my Father, hear thy erring child ?
 I scarce can think it—wilt thou at my prayer
 Receive another wanderer to thy care ?
 It seems presumptuous—yet thou bidst me pray ;
 It is not mine to question, but obey :
 Thou bidst me teach the senseless corpse to live,
 And offer that which is not mine to give.
 O Lord, inspire the prayer, inspire the deed !
 Behold I follow whither thou wilt lead ;
 I am not worthy—but the work is thine ;
 Earthly the means, the power is divine.

~~~~~

IN the twilight hour of Grace,  
 Still the heart the world entwining ;  
 Faith but shows a timid face,  
 A little star and dimly shining.

But set the sun of earthly joy,  
 From darker scenes the day-light driven ;  
 Faith, as a gem without alloy,  
 Shines brighter from the vault of heaven.

D. G.

~~~~~

A FRAGMENT.

AN aged oak bent over it, to look
 At its grey image in the murmuring brook ;
 And on that aged oak, a little bird
 Strove but in vain to make its wild notes heard.

The wan reeds whistling in the Autumn breeze,
And the low moaning of the leafless trees,
Stole on the ear at intervals: the sky
Was sicklied over as in sympathy,
And the sharp arrowy sleet and pelting rain,
In big round drops assailed the reeking plain.
But still—that little bird sang sweetly there,
And with its warblings filled the chill damp air.

I was a youngster then, and chance had led
My wayward feet across the rivulet's bed;
And, as I wandered listlessly along,
My charmed ear caught the stranger's song;
It seemed to fancy, from its chastened tone,
Gay though unfriended, joyous yet alone,
And its sweet numbers waked, I know not why,
Through the whole frame, a thrill of extacy.
'Twas comfortless and chill beside the brook,
But there was sunshine in that little nook;
The blast might sweep around it, hoarse and rude,
But could not harm its peaceful solitude;
The ceaseless rain with cruel force might beat
The twining branches of that still retreat,
And yet the tenor of its song would be,
The tempered breathings of a heart-felt glee.

And was I happy as that feathered one?
And were not all its joys in mine outdone?
Had I less cause for gratitude, or were
Its feelings less than mine, the prey of care?
Knew it no sorrow? Had no mourning rest,
And woe no dwelling, in that heaving breast?
I knew not then the toil of after years,
Its bitter trials and well-grounded fears;
And though one joy but yielded place to bring
Fresh buds of hope to greet my gathering,
That song bespoke a heart of so pure bliss,
I could but wish to change my fate for his.

It was not that its tone was passing sweet,
I lingered pleased beside that still retreat;
For my wrought fancy could at once recall,
Sounds lovelier far, and far more musical;
But there was something in that note of joy,
Which, though it filled the ear, could never eloy.
So calmly passionate, and so serene,
That no distracting thoughts could intervene.

There is a spell in solitude, that fires,
 And raises heavenward our base desires.
 That little songster did not mourn its fate,
 Though cheerless, friendless, lone, and desolate;
 And it had none to pity, yet its voice
 Was the sure herald of undying joys.
 It is not so with man; seclusion brings
 To him "high converse," and sweet communings;
 So they, who scarce had place to set their foot,
 Afflicted, wearied, poor, and destitute,
 Wandering in sheep-skins, taking up their rest
 In dens and caves, were yet supremely blest;
 For God was with them in their solitude,
 Giver of comfort—source of every good.

B.

~~~~~  
 THE MORNING FLOWER.

WHEN I picked thee, pretty flower,  
 Drops of dew were on thy stem—  
 Were they tears the night had left thee  
 When it fled the morning beam?  
 Night is past—the dawn of mercy,  
 Warms my soul with hopes divine,  
 Still my bosom, dark and clouded,  
 Wears a tear as well as thine.  
 We must keep them, pretty flower,  
 Till the day-star's growing light,  
 Chase with its meridian splendour  
 Every vestige of the night.

REVIEW OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS,

AND

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Life of the Right Rev. J. Taylor, D.D., Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore.* By R. Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta.—Duncan and Co. London. Price 15s.

THE works of Jeremy Taylor have been, for nearly two centuries, a sort of standard religious reading in this

country, nor do they even now suffer expulsion by the immense quantity, better and worse, of theological writing that offers itself to publick attention. The doctrinal errors of this eminent writer must be admitted, we suppose, by all; and they are very sensibly and candidly explained and commented on by the present editor of his *Life and Works*. His beauties they must be dull indeed who cannot perceive. Still we find great interest in the comment upon his character and works contained in these volumes, as well from the judgment and good taste with which it is written, as from the extracts and accounts made of works not generally known. While we recommend the book itself to our elder readers as one that will afford them much gratification; for the benefit of the younger, who would find it too dry for their perusal, we extract a few remarks on the *Life and Character of Dr. Taylor*, that will necessarily interest them respecting a person whose name they continually hear repeated, and something of whose writings, in some form or other, they most likely have met with.

The memoirs of Dr. Taylor necessarily disappoint our expectations, as it regards the incidents and circumstances of his life; in which, from the period in which he lived, the reverses he saw, and the eminence of his character, it might be expected to be very rich. But the materials are evidently wanting, and very little has been left upon record respecting him. Dr. Heber thus accounts for the deficiency:

“In some respects, the fate of Jeremy Taylor was distinguished from the general lot of men of letters. So far from his life being retired or monotonous, he seems to have passed much of it in a crowd; and it is one of the circumstances which lead us most to wonder at the fertility and force of his genius, not only that in so few years he wrote so many books, but that these books were, many of them, composed under circumstances the least favourable to research or abstraction. It was his fortune, at an early age, to attract the notice of those whose patronage, however favourable to his interests or his renown, had a natural tendency to withdraw him from the usual scenes of literary or parochial labour. He was favoured by Laud in the zenith of his power, and trusted by king Charles, when he had become the

more venerable from adversity. During the Usurpation, though esteemed and pitied even by his enemies, he was destined to encounter a more than usual share of confiscation and imprisonment; and, at the restoration of the royal family, and while yet in the full vigour of his years and his abilities, he was raised to the highest honours which lie within the compass of his profession. But, during the calamities which agitated an empire, the escapes and sufferings of a private individual were too insignificant to attract much contemporary fame; and Taylor's sufferings were of the kind which, by impoverishing their victim, removes him still more from the knowledge and notice of the world. His subsequent promotion, though it fixed him in the country where he had found his best asylum, was, in itself, a banishment from the society of public men and the theatre of national politics, and his latter days were spent in the alternate and unobtrusive labours of the pulpit and the closet, in preparing himself and others for that heaven, whither his desires had been from his earliest years directed."

And it must be admitted that the *Life of Jeremy Taylor* has nothing in it of interest whatever. We are informed that Dr. Taylor's work, entitled "*The Liberty of Prophesying*," is the first attempt on record to reconcile the minds of Christians to the principles of religious toleration; knowing this, whatever be our wonder that it should be so, we learn to wonder less at the disposition to persecution that so deeply stains the reputation of the wisest and most pious characters of the preceding ages. The editor thus remarks:—

"There is abundant proof in the history of the times in which Taylor lived, and of those which immediately preceded him, that, (much as every religious party, in its turn, had suffered from persecution, and loudly and bitterly as each had, in its own particular instance, complained of the severities exercised against its members) no party had yet been found to perceive the great wickedness of persecution in the abstract, or the unfitness of temporal punishment as an engine of religious controversy. Even the sects which were themselves under oppression exclaimed against their rulers, not as being persecutors at all, but as being persecutors of *the truth*; and each sect, as it obtained the power to wield the secular weapon, esteemed it also a duty, as well as a privilege, not to bear the sword in vain."

The following sketch of Bishop Taylor's private character, is exactly such, as, from his writings, we should suppose it to have been.

"Of Taylor's domestic habits and private character much is not known, but all which is known is amiable. Love, as well as admiration, is said to have waited on him at Oxford. In Wales, and amid the mutual irritation and violence of civil and religious hos-

ality, we find him conciliating, when a prisoner, the favour of his keepers, at the same time that he preserved, undiminished, the confidence and esteem of his own party. Laud, in the height of his power and full-blown dignity, Charles, in his deepest reverses, Hatton, Vaughan, and Conway, amid the tumults of civil war, and Evelyn, in the tranquillity of his elegant retirement, seem alike to have cherished his friendship and coveted his society. The same genius which extorted the commendation of Jeanes, for the variety of its research and vigour of its argument, was also an object of affection with the young, and rich, and beautiful Katharine Philips; and few writers, who have expressed their opinions so strongly, and, sometimes, so unguardedly as he has done, have lived and died with so much praise and so little censure. Much of this felicity may be probably referred to an engaging appearance and a pleasing manner: but its cause must be sought, in a still greater degree, in the evident kindness of heart which, if the uniform tenour of a man's writings is an index to his character, must have distinguished him from most men living: in a temper, to all appearance warm, but easily conciliated, and in that, which, as it is one of the least common, is of all dispositions the most attractive, not merely a neglect, but a total forgetfulness of all selfish feeling. It is this, indeed, which seems to have constituted the most striking feature of his character. Other men have been, to judge from their writings and their lives, to all appearance as religious; as regular in their devotion, as diligent in the performance of, all which the laws of God or man require from us; but with Taylor his duty seems to have been a delight, his piety a passion. His faith was the more vivid in proportion as his fancy was more intensely vigorous; with him the objects of his imagination daily conducted him to 'diet with Gods,' and elevated him to the same height above the world, and the same nearness to ineffable things which Milton ascribes to his allegorical 'cherub Contemplation.' With a mind less accurately disciplined in the trammels and harness of the schools—less deeply imbued with ancient learning—less uniformly accustomed to compare his notions with the dictates of elder saints and sages, and submit his novelties to the authority and censure of his superiors—such ardour of fancy might have estranged him too far from the active duties, the practical wisdom of life, and its dull and painful realities: on the other hand, his logic and learning—his veneration for antiquity and precedent—and his monastic notions of obedience in matters of faith as well as doctrine—might have fettered the energies of a less ardent mind, and weighed him down into an intolerant opposer of all unaccustomed truths, and in his own practice, a superstitious formalist. Happily, however, for himself and the world, Taylor was neither an enthusiast nor a bigot: and if there are some few of his doctrines from which our assent is withheld by the decision of the church and the language of Scripture—even these (while in themselves they are almost altogether speculative, and such as could exercise no injurious influence on the essentials of faith or the obligations to holiness,) may be said to have their foundation in a love for the Deity, and a desire to vindicate his goodness, no less than to excite mankind to aspire after greater degrees of perfection."

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THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

APRIL, 1825.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 134.)*

HISTORY OF THE JEWS, B.C. 221, TO THE TIME OF THE MACCABEES, B.C. 166.

ABOUT the year B.C. 204, Philip of Macedon and Antiochus the Great took advantage of the minority of Ptolemy Epiphanes, to dismember the kingdom of Egypt, and divide its spoils. Antiochus attacked Judæah, and, after much contention, gained possession of it, chiefly through the favourable disposition of the Jews towards him. In consequence of the services thus done him by the people, Antiochus declared his intention to restore the city of Jerusalem to its ancient splendour, to recall all the Jews whom oppression had driven from it, and restore their former privileges. Out of respect, as he asserted, to the temple of God, he made them a grant of silver, of wine, oil, wheat, frankincense, and salt, for their oblations; and further ordered that the temple should be thoroughly repaired at his expense, the priests, Levites, and singers, with all the public services, restored, and that no stranger should again enter the holy place, or any unclean beast be brought into Jerusalem. It was thus, that, by the favour of different conquerors, the establishment of God's holy worship was from time to time restored, falling, as it did continually, into neglect by the misery of the Jews and the oppression of their masters.



For some time after this the Hebrews enjoyed entire repose, and foreign princes sent presents to their temple, the usual mode of manifesting favour towards them. But external peace, as is not uncommonly the case, gave opportunity for internal discord; and some disagreement arising between Onias III., the reigning pontiff, and Simon, governor of the temple, the latter treacherously informed Seleucus, their Syrian lord, that immense treasures were laid up in store in the temple, of which he might take possession. A messenger was dispatched to Jerusalem to claim these treasures; but the same story is told of him as of Ptolemy, and that he recovered only by the prayers and sacrifices offered by Onias on his behalf. He returned to Syria to tell the miraculous tale. Seleucus, suspecting his veracity, or determined to have the treasures at any rate, is further said to have asked him, if he knew any man fit to be sent on the commission in which himself had failed; to which Heliodoras replied, that if the king had an enemy of whom he desired to rid himself, he needed but to send him to rifle that sacred place.

The frequent repetition of these stories in Jewish history, brings the truth of them something into doubt; but we have ever to consider that the Ruler of the Universe did interfere for the external honour of his house; and without some such exercise of extraordinary power, it would be very improbable that the Jews, passing from hand to hand as the victor's helpless prey, could have maintained their temple inviolate, or its treasures undissipated: under such circumstances, it becomes likely, rather than marvellous, that some supernatural influence was repeatedly and habitually exercised on those who attempted to profane it.

Seleucus, the successor of Antiochus, had just succeeded to the Assyrian throne, when Jason, the unworthy brother of the pious Onias, purchased of that prince, for a sum of money, the priesthood of Judeah, and sent his brother prisoner to Antioch. The time was now arrived

when Greece attained the summit of her fame; and Grecian customs, Grecian arts, and Grecian learning had become, as it were, the fashion; objects of imitation and ambition throughout the civilized world; and under the management of the profligate Jason, the Jews partook of this universal influence. He paid money to the Syrian king for leave to erect in Jerusalem a Gymnasium, or place of publick exercise, and an academy for training the Jewish youth after the Grecian manner. From this time an extensive apostacy from the religion of their fathers spread through the kingdom. Grecian schools were every where erected, the service of the temple was neglected for the new sports, and Jews were sent to assist at the Olympic games, celebrated in honour of the gods of Greece. Jesus, or Jason, was, in a little time; supplanted by his brother Menelaus, (it was now the fashion to assume Greek names in place of their own Hebrew appellations,) who, offering a higher price for the priesthood, and promising, with all his partizans, to forsake their religion for that of the Assyrians, was allowed by Seleucus to depose him. The latter part of the compact he willingly performed, but the former was more difficult; and the money was only raised by secretly conveying away the golden vessels of the temple, and selling them in Tyre and the neighbouring cities: while, to prevent opposition, and perfect his crimes, the worthy Onias was treacherously murdered. It was in vain the Jews arose in mutiny against these base transactions—the bribes of Menelaus prevailed, and the Assyrian prince compelled them to submission. B.C. 170.

It was now that the God of Israel once more manifested his displeasure against this corrupted and apostate people, and gave them warning of approaching punishment by fearful and ominous prognostics. For the space of forty days the most terrific apparitions appeared in the air, multitudes of men, magnificently armed and apparelled, both foot and horse, were seen in battle array against each other, while the ear was dinned with the clash of

swords and shields, and the various sounds of war. The guilty conscience of the Jews but too well explained these fearful omens, and they too late endeavoured to avert, by their prayers, the coming danger.

Jason, the deposed High-priest, made a sudden attempt to recover his dignity. Marching to Jerusalem in the night with a band of resolute followers, he gained possession of the city, and committed the utmost cruelties on the opposing party. The triumph was short, ere Antiochus himself appeared with his army. The Jews made a firm resistance, but the gates being forced or betrayed, forty thousand inhabitants were slain, and as many more sold for slaves to the surrounding nations. Menelaus was then commanded to lead his sovereign to the temple, which he entered, even to its most sacred recesses. The God of Abraham now no more interfered to save his house from pollution; for his apostate people had suffered its services to fall into neglect, and were thus to be punished for their delinquency. The stranger laid his impious hands upon the hallowed furniture, caused the golden altar of incense, the golden table on which the shew-bread lay, the candlestick, the censer, and the bowls, with the shields and crowns, and ornaments of gold that had been dedicated there, to be seized and carried off. He caused the gold plating of the gates and of the walls to be torn away, and even the sacred veil removed, that divided the holy from the most holy place; and having sated his anger and avarice to the utmost, left the apostate Menelaus in possession of the High-priesthood.

Meantime great changes had been taking place in the governments of the world; and the once proud monarchs of Egypt and Assyria, though oppressing still the inferior states around them, had themselves become the slaves of a greater power, and the republic of Rome claimed a right to controul their armies and dispose of their dominions. To Rome, therefore, was now deferred the revived dispute between Egypt and Assyria, as to the

right of possessing the province of Palestine; and the decision being given in favour of Egypt, and Antiochus commanded to retire homeward with his army, he resolved to spend his vengeance by the way on the hapless city of Jerusalem. To this purpose 22,000 men, under Apollonius, were dispatched with orders to devastate all the cities of Judeah, murder the whole male population, and keep none alive but women and children. Apollonius came, with seemingly peaceable intention, on his murderous purpose, unsuspected by the Jews, and remained quiet till the ensuing Sabbath, on which day he knew no resistance would be made. Then, when the people were assembled in their synagogues, in the hour of profoundest silence, his men were bidden to arms, and, without the smallest effort at defence on their part, the whole population of the city were massacred, ten thousand captives only being rescued from the slaughter. Apollonius plundered and set fire to the city, levelled its noblest fabricks to the ground, and demolished the exterior walls. The temple, polluted with the blood of the slain, was, from that time, totally abandoned, and its services discontinued; and, in this forlorn condition, Jerusalem and her hallowed sanctuary were left for three years and a half, till Judas Maccabeus rescued and restored them.

The sufferings of the Jews did not end with the desolation of their metropolis. Antiochus was determined, as far as his power might avail, to exterminate the race, or at least to banish their religion from the earth—an undertaking which nor he, nor all the powers of the earth assembled, could accomplish: it has been attempted often, but never has or can succeed—for the world itself subsisted only as the depository of the truth they were endeavouring to chase out of it: the treasure they were labouring to destroy, was the only object for which the else vile casket was preserved.

Antiochus first issued a decree that all people in his dominions should forsake their gods, and their own form

of worship, to conform to his, and dispatched fitting agents into all the provinces to see his decree executed : it being known that the Jews only would resist this edict, directions were given to treat them with the utmost severity. Large numbers of these unhappy people, whose allegiance to the God of Abraham was but an empty profession, yielded to the danger, and became at once apostates to their God and persecutors of those of their brethren who held firm their faith. The Samaritans too, so anxious formerly to prove their Hebrew origin, now denied it, said they were of Sidonian descent, offered to adopt the Assyrian's worship, and dedicated their boasted temple on mount Garizzim to the Grecian Jupiter. These faithless people consequently enjoyed in peace the fruits of their falseness, while those Jews who remained true suffered the most cruel persecutions. The sacred temple of God was dedicated by the heathen tyrant's ministers to Jupiter Olympus, whose statue was placed on the altar of burnt-offerings, with a smaller altar before it, on which the Jews were required to offer their sacrifices to this false deity. Those who refused were either massacred or subjected to lingering torments, till they submitted. The same scenes were acted throughout the provinces of Judeah ; every town had its groves and altars of idolatrous worship, and that which God had chosen for his own holy land, was become one entire scene of murder and pollution. While the people were made to go about with their heads crowned with ivy in honour of Bacchus, all compliance with the Mosaic law was prohibited ; to observe the Sabbath or perform the rite of circumcision was immediate death, and we are told of two women, who, being discovered to have circumcised their new-born babes, were led through the streets of Jerusalem with the infants hung round their necks, and cast headlong from the highest part of the city walls, with all who had assisted at the ceremony.

Still there were those, and not a few, whom neither torture, nor death, nor the promises and bribes that were

abundantly offered, could induce to apostacy. They fled from the cities, hid themselves in rocks and caves, feeding upon roots and herbs: on one occasion we read that the Syrian governor found and massacred a thousand of them as they held their Sabbath worship in a cavern. Great pains were taken to destroy all copies of the sacred books, whether found in the synagogues or in private houses, and heavy penalties attached to the concealing of them: but He whose word they were had already put the record beyond the reach of his enemies to obliterate.

Antiochus, baffled and enraged by the constancy with which this miserable remnant of God's people held their faith, came himself to Jerusalem to complete his purpose. One of the first of his victims was Eleazar; a venerable saint of ninety years of age, whom they in vain endeavoured to compel to eat of the flesh of swine, contrary to the Mosaic law. Failing in this, they who had the execution of the king's mandate, would for pity have persuaded him to bring of some other kind of flesh, that his law permitted him to eat, in order to deceive the king as to his having partaken of the flesh of the sacrifice commanded. But the venerable old man scorned the dissimulation as he feared the sin: he would not have it even supposed that Eleazar, at four-score years and ten, had gone to a strange religion to preserve the small remnant of his years, and bade them lead him to the torture. They who had the conducting of the execution ascribed this rejection of their kindness to a desperate and haughty spirit, and led him immediately to death—but while at the point to die beneath the stripes they inflicted on him, he said, "It is manifest to the Lord, that hath the holy knowledge, that whereas I might have been delivered from death, I now endure sore pains of body by being beaten; but in soul I am content to suffer these things, because I fear him," and saying thus, he departed. The story of Hannah and her seven sons follows immediately on that of the aged Eleazar; and though

historians have differed as to whether it occurred in Jerusalem or at Antioch, we are not aware that there is any doubt as to the facts related of them. Seven brethren of the Hebrews with their mother being taken and required, under torture of the scourge, to eat of the flesh of swine, one of them speaking first, said, "What would'st thou ask or learn of us? We are ready to die rather than transgress the laws of our Father." The enraged prince commanded that pans and cauldrons should be made hot, and the tongue of him who spake, with other parts of his body to be cast in, while his mother and brethren stood spectators of the scene. After this, his maimed body was laid into the pan, and while expiring under the lingering torture, his mother and brethren exhorted each other, saying, "The Lord God looketh upon us, and in truth hath comfort in us, as Moses in his song, which witnessed to their faces, declared, saying, 'And he shall be comforted in his servants.'" When the first was dead, the second son was brought and asked if he would eat. He answered "No," and suffered the like torment with his brother, exclaiming at the last gasp of life, "Thou, like a fury, takest us out of this present life; but the King of the world shall raise us up, who have died for his laws, unto everlasting life." The third was next summoned to submission, but he boldly put forth his tongue and his hands to be dismembered, and said, "These I had from Heaven; and for his laws I despise them; and from him I hope to receive them again." When this one was also dead, the fourth brother was, in like manner, also mangled and tormented, and dying, said, "It is good, being put to death by men, to look for hope from God to be raised up again by him—as for thee, thou shalt have no resurrection to life." The fifth, in his agonies, looked towards the king, and said to him, "Thou hast power over men, thou art corruptible, thou dost what thou wilt; yet think not our nation is forsaken of her God; abide awhile, and behold his great power, how he will torment thee and thy seed." After

him they brought the sixth, who, being ready to die, said, "Be not deceived without cause; for we suffer these things for ourselves, having sinned against our God; therefore marvellous things are done. But think not, thou that takest in hand to strive against God, that thou shalt escape unpunished!"

Meantime the wretched mother, standing by, beheld the agonies of her children, suffering one after another the most excruciating torments; each, as he contemplated his brother's fate, anticipating his own; yet none shrinking from the bold endurance. And she, too, shared their holy constancy, exhorting each one to his death; and while the six were suffering, said to them in the Hebrew language, "I cannot tell how ye came into my womb; for I neither gave you breath nor life, neither was it I that formed the members of every one of you; but doubtless the Creator of the world, who formed the generations of men, and found out the beginning of all things, will also, of his own mercy, give you breath and life again, as ye now regard not your own selves for his laws' sake." The seventh son was yet alive; and Antiochus, humbled and indignant at the contempt with which their holy constancy had balked his power, intreated him to relent and save himself, adding, with oaths, that he would take him to his bosom, and entrust him as his friend, and bestow on him wealth and happiness, if he would forego and abandon his fathers' faith. Finding the young man immoveable in his purpose, the tyrant turned him to the mother, and exhorted her to use her influence for the preservation of her only remaining son. She promised that she would give him counsel; and inclining herself towards her son, while she looked scornfully on the tyrant, said to him, in the language of her country, "O, my son, have pity upon me that bare thee and that gave thee suck, and nourished thee and brought thee up unto this age, and endured the troubles of thy education. I beseech thee, my son, look upon the



heaven and the earth, and all that is therein, and consider that God made them of things that were not; and so was mankind made likewise. Fear not this tormentor, but, being worthy of thy brethren, take thy death, that I may receive thee again in mercy with thy brethren." While the mother was yet speaking, the young man said to his persecutors, "Whom wait ye for? I will not obey the king's commandment; but I will obey the commandment of the law that was given to our fathers by Moses. And thou that hast been the author of all mischief against the Hebrews, shalt not escape the hands of God. For we suffer because of our sins. And though the living God be angry with us a little while for our chastening and correction, yet shall he be at one again with his servants. But thou, O godless man, and of all other men most wicked, be not lifted up without a cause, nor puffed up with uncertain hope, lifting up thy hand against the servants of God; for thou hast not yet escaped the judgment of Almighty God, who seeth all things. For our brethren, who now have suffered a short pain, are dead under God's covenant of everlasting life; but thou, through the judgment of God, shalt receive just punishment for thy pride. I, as my brethren, offer up my body and life for the laws of our fathers, beseeching God that he would speedily be merciful unto our nation; and that thou, by torment and plagues, mayest confess that he alone is God; and that in me and my brethren the wrath of the Almighty, that is brought upon our nation, may cease." Then the king, defeated in his purpose and enraged, treated the seventh even worse than his six brothers; and after all these her sons, the mother also died. We have given the story at its full length, both for the beauty and interest our readers cannot but find in it, and because it is at once a picture of the condition of the real children of God at this mournful period, and a proof that some such there were, even now that the sons of men seemed to be every where tri-

umphant, God's chosen people nearly all destroyed or apostatised, and his name on the very verge of being forgotten and banished from the earth.

It was about this time that the first successful effort was made to resist by force the tyrant's mandates. Mattathias, an eminent priest of the family of Joarib, had fled from Jerusalem, at the commencement of the persecution, to his native city of Modin. The scenes of slaughter and pollution, however, were not to be escaped, and the king's messenger soon made his appearance in Modin to execute the decree. Having assembled the people, among whom were Mattathias and his five sons, the king's officer addressed himself first to them, as persons whose influence was likely to decide the conduct of the rest; and, in his master's name, proffered them wealth, and honours, and protection, if they would yield to the prince's edict, and offer to his gods the required sacrifice. Mattathias, in a voice to be heard by the assembled multitude, declared that though all the Jewish nation, nay, the whole world united should conform to the Assyrians' edict, he and his sons would refuse it, and to the last moment of their existence remain faithful to their God. At the same moment that this holy resistance was making on their part, an apostate Jew offered himself to make sacrifice. Mattathias observing him, and calling to mind that, by the law of Moses, one who sacrificed to idols was to be instantly slain, rushed on the apostate and killed him on the spot. His sons immediately followed his example, slew the king's officer and his attendants, overthrew the idol and its unhallowed altar, and hasting through the city, bade all that would serve the God of Israel to follow them. They soon found themselves at the head of a considerable body of men, with whom they fled into the deserts of Judeah, and were speedily joined by others who flocked to them from all parts of the distracted country.

The next thing to be considered was the means of defending themselves; and, as a first and indispensable step

to this, without which no possible resistance could be made, a decree was passed to make it lawful, in their own defence, to bear arms on the Sabbath day. Mattathias, with his little army, daily increased by the accession of brave and pious men, then descended into the plains to try his force against the enemy, and the apostate Jews who had been joined with them. All of these whom he took, he put to immediate death, and the rest he chased before him, till they were compelled to fly into foreign countries for security. Successful every where, his army rapidly growing as he advanced, the valiant priest passed from city to city, overturned the idol altars, re-opened the synagogues that had been closed or appropriated to other purposes, made active search for such of the sacred books as might have escaped, and caused fresh copies to be made of them, re-established the reading of scripture, the prayers, and other publick services, and ordered immediate circumcision of all the male children who had been born since the prohibition of that ceremony. Before the expiration of a year, Mattathias had extended his reforming influence through great part of Judeah, and would probably have advanced towards Jerusalem, where the strongest resistance was likely to be made, had not death arrested his pious work. Worn down with age, and sickness, and fatigue, the dying patriot called to him his sons, and spoke to them to this effect. "Hitherto pride and oppression have been suffered to prosper over us, for a punishment of our sins; but now be ye valiant and zealous for God's laws, and fear not to expose your lives in defence of God's covenant with your fore-fathers, if you expect the reward promised to it. Call to remembrance the obedience of Abraham, the faithfulness of Joseph, the zeal of Phineas, Caleb's courage, David's constancy, Elijah's zeal, and the intrepidity of Daniel and his faithful companions. Let their miraculous deliverances inspire you with a sure trust in the Almighty's protection. Be not discouraged by the threats and weak efforts of the greatest of men, who, though they seem to

triumph now, will shortly be cut off and become the food of worms; but arm yourselves with courage in defence of our laws, liberties, and religion, and you will not fail of success. Simon, your eldest brother, has shown himself a man of wisdom; let him be as a father and a counsellor to you, and do nothing without his advice: Judas is known for his valour and conduct; let him be your general and lead you against your enemies. And may heaven crown you with glory and success." Having spoken thus, the old man expired, and was buried with his ancestors in his native city of Modin. To his sons, known to us by the name of the Maccabees, remained the glory of restoring Jerusalem to freedom and its ancient splendour. B.C. 166.

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#### REFLECTIONS

#### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, &c. &c.*—HAB.  
iii. 17, 18, 19.

THERE are some, whose fig-trees have always blossomed, and whose vines have always yielded fruit. Cradled in the lap of luxury, and nurtured beneath the wing of prosperity, they know not the bitter feeling of *destitution*—for them, then, this passage has no charms, for to them it evidently does not belong. It is to the afflicted Christian it opens a vein of instruction, blended with solid support; for he knows that what the prophet did, by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, it is his privilege to do in similar circumstances.

Here is not only the cessation of *present* enjoyment, but the cutting off of life's sweetest balm—*hope*. Not only is the fruit lacking from the vine, which should be ready to gather—the full grape to be pressed into the cup, for the refreshment of the languid spirits—but the

blossoms, which should promise for futurity, do not appear: Here are not only the softnesses of life wanting, but the very sustenance of it; the fields yield no meat, the flocks are cut off from the fold, and there are no herd in the stalls. One by one the resources are taken away. He saw them gradually decay. When the first failed, he sighed, but said, that which remaineth shall comfort me. Another faded; but he could still look round, and make his selection, and say, *this* shall be in its stead: but *that* also fled, and so on till the last came; then because it was the last, he folded it to his bosom with a warmth which speaks a concentration of the affections, till a powerful grasp disengaged him from *that* also—then what remaineth for him now to do, but to bid *Despair* stretch her dark plumage, and cover with her cold wings every faculty of the soul, and to brood over it for ever? But not so. He raises his form from this prostration of sorrow, and steadily fixing his eye towards Heaven, his countenance brightens—his hand is lifted up as a beacon of animation, and the lips are seen to move. Listen to the accents: at first they are feeble—softly he begins his plaint. “Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither fruit shall be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the field shall yield no meat, the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls”—his voice gathers a firmer tone, and he proceeds—“yet I will rejoice in the Lord—I will joy in the God of my salvation.” He gradually swells his note, till he has chaunted forth a song worthy of the chief singer on his stringed instruments.

MYOSOTIS.

*Though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny thee.—*

MATT. xxvi. 35.

PETER was no boastful hypocrite, no false, deceitful friend. He thought what he said, and purposed what he promised. But Peter did not know himself. He knew that Jesus was Lord, that he had something to bestow more dear than life, more valuable far than all on earth.

that could be forfeited for his sake. He knew, too, all the gratitude he deserved, and all the devotedness he claimed from him ; and he knew, for he had heard it from his own lips, that he who denieth his Lord before men, him will his Lord deny before the Father in heaven, at a moment when that denial will banish him thence for ever. He thought, and well he might, that it would be madness in him to take the lesser for the greater good, abandon him who loved him, for them who could not help him, and barter his portion in his Master's kingdom, for the poor purchase of this unworthy life. But it never entered into his mind that he could be so mad ; for Peter did not know himself. We have need to tread softly always, and to mistrust ourselves always, and to be presumptuous never ; for we are all of us the fools that Peter thought he could not be. Even when our purposes are right, when our preference is determined to the good, when we do indeed love the Lord we follow, and desire to die with him rather than forsake him, we are so weak, so corrupt, so unstable, that the idlest suggestion of the idlest tongue may fright us from our purpose, the most distant aspect of danger to our earthly interest may turn us from our course ; and if, like Peter, we are presuming on the strength of our own good purposes, we shall surely deny our faith upon the first temptation. To us, as to him, this humiliating lesson must be taught ; and if we set forth on our Christian course in ignorance of this our weakness, or our madness, for such it rather seems, we shall learn it through many a fall as sad, and many a tear as bitter as his were. It does seem impossible, that, once taught the value of eternal things, and having once imbibed the love of them, we should put them to balance against the poor baubles of this brief world ; and we are loath to think so ill of ourselves as to suppose it. But we must know, and if we know it not yet, we have some sore lessons to come, that God's supporting and preventing grace is as needful to the second step as to the first, and to the third as to the

second, even to the very latest—as needful to feed the spiritual life within us as to enkindle it first, to keep us Christians as to make us Christians. And as certainly as the eye of faith and confidence is taken off from that bright light to fix it on any thing in ourselves, darkness, and the dangers of darkness, and the deeds of darkness, so certainly await us. Christians are apt to think they were sometime weak, sometime unfaithful, sometime prone to earth. O! let us not deceive ourselves. This is not what we were, it is what we are, and what, left to ourselves, we shall instantly prove to be. To the latest moment of our earthly course, we need the influence of God's Holy Spirit, and, without it, shall surely take earth in preference to heaven, for our body's life risk our soul's eternal welfare, and for the favour of man deny the Lord that bought us.

*That ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business.*—I. THESS. iv. 11.

ST. Paul had given various counsel to his brethren—he had exhorted them to wakefulness and zeal, to active benevolence and pious self-devotion—he had bidden them put their hands to the plough, gird themselves for labour, and arm themselves for action. And now withal he comes to this, the least acceptable perhaps of all his precepts—“Study to be quiet.” We do not like to be quiet; because we do not like to be nothing—there is more feeling of self-importance in doing the will of God, than in suffering it; in acting, than in submitting; and the command that says, “For my sake go forth into the world; and put your lives to peril,” is less revolting to our nature's pride, than that which says, “For my sake stay at home, and let the world forget you.” Hence we grow eager, restless, and impatient of the circumstances that surround us, thrust ourselves into business that is not our own, and call it an anxiety to be doing good, and a zeal for the glory of God. The only good for mortals upon earth, is to obey the commandments of the Lord their

God—and the only glory that can be given to the Creator by the creature, is by conformity to his will. But alas! it is our own glory, and not his we covet, in much of the noise and bustle we make about religion. When our business is to learn, we prefer to teach—when it is to listen, we prefer to talk—when it is to search out in silence and subdue the evils of our own hearts, we prefer to run from house to house, and prove every body wrong, and set every body right—for their good, we say, and we believe it so—but alas! not for our own. We gain, perhaps, a name and a character as zealous and successful labourers—but meantime our own uncultured garden goes to waste; the weeds grow up apace; the perturbed and agitated mind holds no communion with itself; the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is forgotten. We must be hither and thither in perpetual bustle, as if the command had been, “Be never quiet” The new world we create for ourselves proves as engrossing, as agitating, as exciting, as that we profess to have renounced. The religion of the committee-room and the prayer-meeting takes place, in interest if not in time, of the unseen, unshared devotion of the closet; and the notice, and approbation, and intercourse of the people of God become more desired and more valued than that of God himself. In short, our study is to distinguish ourselves in religion, whereas it should be exactly the contrary—we should be willing to act when plainly called upon by duty—ready to come forth when it is clearly and unequivocally our business—but our “Study” should be “To be quiet;” unseen, unmarked, unheard of—and if so his providence has been pleased to place us, instead of being impatient, we should be most grateful indeed to be unwanted.

*L'ange du Seigneur parut tout d'un coup; le lieu fut rempli de lumière, et l'ange le poussant par le côté le reveilla et lui dit: Levez-vous promptement; au*



*même moment les chaînes tombèrent de ses mains, &c.*  
—ACTES DES APOT: xii. 7, 8.

DIEU écoute les prières de ses serviteurs, mais dans ses moments. L'esperance qu'on a en lui n'est pas trompeuse. On peut considerer ceci comme une image du secours que Dieu donne ou par sa grace ou par l'ange gardien, a une ame qui est endormie dans les tenebres et les liens du peché, et dans la puissance du diable. Il l'éclaire la reveille, et la presse de sortir du sommeil. Il fait tomber de ses mains les chaînes qui l'empêchoient de les lever au ciel par la prière, de les étendre vers les pauvres par l'aumône, de faire des œuvres de penitence, d'humilité, de charité. Ce secours met la pécheur en état de marcher dans la voie des commandemens de Dieu, et de reprendre la robe de la charité. Il lui sert de guide et de compagnon dans le chemin du salut. QUESNEL.

*Quiconque ne renonce pas à tout ce qu'il possède, ne peut être mon disciple.*

On comprend aisément que nous devons renoncer aux plaisirs criminels, aux fortunes injustes, et aux grossières vanités, parceque le renoncement à toutes ces choses consiste dans un mépris qui les rejette absolument et qui en condamne toute jouissance: mais il n'est pas aussi facile de comprendre le renoncement aux biens légitimement acquis, aux douceurs d'une vie honnête et modeste, enfin aux honneurs qui viennent de la bonne réputation et d'une vertu qui s'élève au-dessus de l'envie. On a besoin des consolations d'une vie douce et paisible pour se soulager dans les embarras de sa condition; il faut pour les honneurs avoir égard aux bienséances; il faut conserver pour ses besoins le bien qu'on possède. Comment donc renoncer à toutes ces choses pendant qu'on est occupé du soin de les conserver? C'est qu'il faut, sans passion, faire modérément ce que l'on peut pour conserver ces choses, afin d'en faire un usage sobre, et

non pas en vouloir jouir et y mettre son cœur. Ainsi la manière de renoncer aux mauvaises choses est, d'en rejeter l'usage avec horreur; et la manière de renoncer aux bonnes est de n'user jamais qu'avec modération pour la nécessité, en s'étudiant à retrancher tous les besoins imaginaires dont la nature avide se veut flatter. Il faut donc que tout chrétien renonce à tout ce qu'il possède, même aux choses les plus innocentes, puisqu'elles cesseroient de l'être s'il n'y renonçoit pas. Il faut qu'il renonce même aux choses qu'il est obligé de conserver avec un grand soin, comme le bien de sa famille ou comme sa propre réputation, puisqu'il ne doit tenir de cœur à aucune de toutes ces choses: il ne doit les conserver que pour un usage sobre et modéré; enfin, il doit être prêt à tout perdre toutes les fois que la Providence voudra l'en priver.

FENELON.

## LECTURES

ON OUR

## SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

## LECTURE THE NINTH.

*Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery: But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell. It hath been said, Whosoever shall put*

*away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorce-  
ment: But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put  
away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication,  
causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall  
marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.—  
MATT. v. 27—32.*

THERE are some crimes which it seems to us impossible that we should ever be tempted to commit. The detestation with which society has marked them, the instinctive horror with which our natural delicacy shrinks from them, seem to place them beyond thought or question; and the most careful mother does not feel it necessary to caution her children against vices that seem impossible, or to provide them with defence against an unfeared danger. It is well it should be so—for there is no better moral security against the commission of crime than this persuasion. The Grecian sage knew well the heart of man, when he refused to make laws against a crime that had never been heard of, and which seemed too bad to be committed. While that was the general impression, there was an almost certainty that it would not be committed. It is a fact, too certain to be controverted, and too much under every day's observation to need a proof, that the contemplation of crime lessens our horror of it. As the simple child that screams, and starts, and hides itself from some uncouth image when first presented to its notice, gradually grows reconciled to it, takes it for a play-thing, treasures, and fondles, and at last refuses to relinquish it—even so is it with the human heart; familiarity with wrong, and not with wrong only, but with every thing, blunts our perception of it. It is so in sorrow—it is so in joy—it is so even in our corporeal feelings—if the second stroke be not severer than the first, it is not felt the same. In our moral perceptions, it is most pre-eminently so; and there is no truth more important, more imperiously claiming attention than this, in the moral education of our children. We meet with

parents who think it desirable to introduce their children to the knowledge of vice in order to guard them against it. They argue, that a young person, sent into the world in all the simplicity of ignorance, will be in more danger of corruption than one to whom the secrets of iniquity have been laid open, its language made familiar, and its bitter consequences early impressed on their minds. The argument seems plausible; but the fact is not so. In attempting to furnish them with other arms, we have deprived them of their best—the strangeness of the evil presented to them. It is of course that every child, respectably educated in a Christian country, knows what is a sin and what is not: further than this, there are vices which had better be kept as far out of sight as possible, and as long—happy, if they could remain in ignorance of them for ever! The steps are very slow and very imperceptible; but we doubt not to say of some things, that the first time a youthful mind pauses to look upon vice, the farthest barrier, the extreme out-work of innocence is yielded: we say not that it is necessarily endangered—thank God! there are other and stronger guards remaining; but the enemy has advanced a step upon us.

We wish, ere we leave this subject, it might be possible for words of ours to make the incautious mother sensible of the mischief she is doing, in introducing her daughters to familiarity with the language and feelings of impurity, the recital or representation of illicit passion. To be convinced it is a mischief, we have need but of common observation. Remark the innocent girl the first year she is taken to the theatre—every indecent jest or immodest sentiment brings the colour to her cheeks, and distress into her eye: mark her the second year—she blushes still, perhaps, but the look of distress will be changed to a smile of suppressed mirth: a few years more, and it is well if the blush, and the smile, and the distress, be not all merged in the laugh of effrontery, that cares not to betray its relish for the jest. We hear of the moral influence of the drama, and parents think if

they are careful to select such as paint misery as the ~~sure~~ result of crime, it will conduce to strengthen the love of virtue in the minds of their daughters. But they surely miscalculate, in that they overlook the principle we have been speaking of—the dangerous effect of contact. To an uncorrupted mind, the idea of an illicit passion, even in the unindulged feeling of it, would be simple disgust and horror. You take her to the representation of it—she shudders—but she feels, she pities, she is interested—she finds an hour's exquisite amusement in the contemplation of vice: it ends in misery, certainly; and she, as well as her parents, would doubtless tell us she has more dread of it than she had before; but alas! experience has too surely proved, that the dread of punishment, temporal or eternal, is insufficient to resist the force of present feeling, if unaided by better principle— we have made a losing step indeed, when our horror of the sin has been transferred to the punishment. Mean- time she has become familiar with vice; she has been amused by it, she would like to repeat the interview with it. If it be said, she is still no nearer to the commission of it—thank God! she probably is not. In our country, from the habits of society, the high tone of moral feeling, and the careful education we receive, not one woman in a thousand, above the lowest class of society, ever comes under the temptation; but who can say which is to be that one. Some have stood in such danger that least expected it—and we may depend upon it, the female who is so exposed, religious principles apart, has lost her strongest safeguard, if she finds in it a familiar object, the pastime of her innocence, the language she has learned to listen to without a blush.

There are many things beside the drama, to which our remarks are equally applicable. We have seen parents allow their children to take up a newspaper, and indiscriminately peruse its pages. What do they find there? The crimes without their punishment, perhaps. Children do not understand, reflect upon, or remember

what they read there. Perhaps not—but the images remain upon their minds as familiar objects, common occurrences, things to talk about, and the instinctive horror of innocence is gradually worn out. We should mention novels and poems, but we may speak of these in other places. There is one thing else to which we cannot forbear alluding, though at the risk of betraying secrets—the conversation of ladies when alone—of young women in particular, or old ones when the young are present—the indelicate allusion, the licentious story, the unchecked levity of talk—we would not enter particularly on the subject—one who is wiser than we has said, “Let not these things be so much as named among you”—and we may be assured, the dress of modesty and propriety that is only worn in mixed company, is not the genuine garb of innocence and purity.

We are aware it may be answered, that these cautions are useless, because they are insufficient—common intercourse with the world must make young people familiar with vice. True, but not while they are young; keep it off as long as possible: meantime their feelings are subsiding, the mind is strengthening, the judgment is matured—many a wind may blight the blossom that cannot hurt the fruit. But even if it be proved, that all these things cannot lead to ultimate sin, as man accounts of sin, by a purer code they may be sin themselves: and she, who, providentially saved by circumstance and education from all temptation to wrong, can make an amusement and a sport of it, may in the sight of God be found to love sin as well as she who was tempted and ruined by it.

We reach now the second clause of the text. The divine Preacher had this advantage of all other preachers—he knew what was passing in the hearts of those who heard him—he saw the rising objection, the painful inference, or ever it was so much as felt in the bosom that conceived it. And now, perhaps, he perceived that some were saddened or revolted by the severity of his

requisitions—the demand was exorbitant, the sacrifice was too much. The most common feelings, the most natural impulses of our nature to be prohibited and visited as sins—not a word of anger, not an unholy thought—it is impossible that God can require so much as this! Likely his omniscience marked these feelings then, or, in anticipation, heard them repeated now, and bequeathed for us, as he uttered for his hearers, the sufficient answer of these succeeding verses.

The unbelieving world sadly misjudges of the God we serve, when it supposes that he pleases himself with demanding of us any unnecessary sacrifice, and, like the narrow-minded tyrants of the earth, delights to exercise his power by wanton opposition to our natural feelings and desires. Be we certain that he never yet demanded any thing of his creatures, but what was absolutely and wholly profitable and desirable to themselves. A demand can scarcely be severe, that requires nothing but our good, means nothing but our salvation. But, while we are denying that the divine law is severe, we must admit that it is positive, imperious—it allows of none of those evasions by which men endeavour to elude the strictness of its precepts. Jesus knew well that even they who followed him and called themselves his disciples, would, nor then, nor ever, like the hard sayings, by which their sincerity must be tried. He fore-knew that they with whom the sweet promise of the gospel would find welcome, who would accept, with grateful eagerness, a dispensation so suited to their need, and listen to its doctrines with delight, would hesitate, when it came to the close demands of that gospel, would try to tamper with them, and find excuses for holding fast some forbidden treasure, indulging some dangerous propensity—*forbidden and dangerous to them as temptations and instruments to sin, even when innocent, perhaps, and lawful in itself.*

To determine at once that this could not, must not be, he takes up an emblem, not of our sinful, but of our most natural desires, not of the purchase of iniquity, but of

the most valued gifts of heaven. Thy right hand, thy right eye—the things most valued and most useful to you—the best of all that God himself has given—that you can least of all things do without—things of which the loss reduces you to deformity, and helpless decrepitude. It would be impossible to make use of stronger emblems to represent the absolute sacrifice required by the gospel, of every thing that interferes with our eternal interests. “It has been said,” it is the language of society in general, the language of our lives as of our lips, that temporal advantage and worldly expediency are to take place of the demands of religion in our habits, if not in our minds. Some who know, or think they know the value of the gospel truth, keep their opinions quite concealed, avoid every thing that has the appearance of seriousness, content themselves to wear the dress of entire worldliness, and tell us they should lose their friends or injure their circumstances, were their opinions to be suspected. Others venture on the profession of religion, talk a great deal about it, and run hither and thither after every thing that has to do with it—but these too content themselves with wishing that such and such things did not interfere with their duties. They will confess that certain practices have a tendency to draw off their minds from God, and lead them into sin—even in many cases that they are sinners themselves. “I know it is not right, but I cannot help it”—“I know I ought to do so and so, but circumstances do not admit of it.” This in the literal sense is absurdity, because that which is impossible can never be right, and that which is necessary can never be wrong: but we all understand this to mean, that we cannot do or forbear to do, without injury, or loss, or inconvenience of some kind to ourselves or others; and that the sacrifice is greater than the demand, the objection stronger than the claim.

To say that time is not so long as eternity, that God is more powerful than man, that the interest of our body's brief existence is less important than an immortality



of bliss or woe, is to take up an argument that none will controvert; and hence it is, that fine drawn pictures of the brevity, and uncertainty, and vanity of life, make so little real impression on the mind, however much they may move the feelings. No one doubts all this—but every one doubts, till he has learned to take the simple word of God for truth, whether these sacrifices are required of him. The persons we have been speaking of would tell us, could they really express their feelings—"We are placed here in a world in which there is much to suffer and much to enjoy, and we are, in some sense, at the mercy of the circumstances that surround us. We can feel pain and we can feel pleasure—we can discern between good and evil, between wealth and poverty, between love and hatred, between ease and toil. We have passions that nature gave us, we have inclinations and aversions that we derived from heaven. It is vain to say these things are of no consequence—we know that at some time they will be of none—but they are of consequence now, and of the utmost. Is it reasonable to suppose, then, that religion should require of us all these sacrifices? It does not blunt our feelings, or lessen our needs, or destroy our natural desires—why should we suppose a God of mercy and love will insist upon what is so contrary to them?"

Perhaps, at least, it would be reasonable to take God on his own word, or the "But I say unto you;" that stands, and ever will stand, by his own placing, in direct opposition to the "It has been said," by which the world is determined to regulate its principles and conduct. Is that which you must risk by compliance with the demands of religion, of more use to you than your right hand? Is the thing you will forfeit by your piety more valuable than your right eye? Shall you suffer something more painful to the mind, than to the body would be the rude plucking out, the willing tearing off, of one of its living members? If not, the question is decided for you where there is no appeal—religion does require it, God

does insist on it; for here are his own words—"If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out—If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off." The expression means an occasion of offence, a cause of offending. They are not offences in themselves, as thy pleasures, and pursuits, and interests may not be, but, on the contrary, precious and valuable; but still they may be a means of temptation to do something that God has forbidden, and if the sin can no otherwise be avoided than by parting from them, the decision is very positive—they must be parted from—"Cast them from thee."

We know that some will think and do think this, "A hard saying;" they think they cannot, and some are so bold as to say they will not believe that an eternity of exquisite misery is to be the punishment of some little disobedience in this state of infirmity, and that nothing can avert it but putting themselves to pain and sorrow. It seems to them as if some wanton oppressor should come to their dwelling, and tell them they may only save their lives by voluntarily cutting off a limb. This may seem a burlesqued statement, because the mass of people are little in the habit of examining their own meanings—but such is actually the common feeling. You tell us, God will send us to perdition, because we follow our most natural inclinations. Perhaps to such it should be enough to say, "Nay, but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God?" But there is more that may be said. It is not so. Let us consider who it was that brought this message, the condition in which he stood when he delivered it, the persons he addressed. Before he came to these hard words, can we not understand him to have said, "I am here in the condition that you see me, toiling, suffering, and appointed to death, because sin is of fensive to God, and the soul that is assoiled with it cannot enter into his presence. I have blessed those who were never blessed till now—I have made happy those who but for my coming had been eternally miserable: you profess to believe me, since you have come after

me and called yourselves by my name: I have done every thing for you; all that I now demand is, that you hate, avoid, put away from you the sin that had ruined you, and has brought me where I am, and cease to give wilful offence to the Being to whom I have reconciled you. To do this you must sometimes part from what you value most, your body's ease, your bosom's treasures—do you think the sacrifice too much? I did not think so, when I came hither? You must risk some sufferings to which all your natural feelings are averse—Do you think the risk too great? I did not think so, when I became what you see me? It is for your own profit I demand these things—but if it were not, is life, or limb, or your whole being's happiness, could it be concentrated into a point, to be put in competition with any thing I can demand of you?" Surely we need go no farther with the illustration. No. It is not because we go here and go there, and do this thing and that thing, and dispute over one command, and evade another, and boldly break a third—it is not the folly that our right hand has worked, or the pleasure in which the right eye has indulged, simply and in itself considered, that now exposes us to this hard penalty. It is the spirit of mind that our conduct betrays, it is the deliberate choice of our hearts. Here are things placed before us in seeming opposition, the will of God and our own pleasure—say our happiness, for so it may seem to us—here is the express word of God against something the opinions of men and our own induce us to—here is the sin that God hates, inseparably mixed up with something we love. He who made us, redeemed us, bears every thing, forgives every thing, bestows every thing, demands of us a sacrifice of something we greatly value, not because he likes to give us pain, but because it is an occasion of offence to him, and interferes with his laws and government. Those who hesitate must abide their choice—but let them not say when they have made it, that the sentence pronounced on them is a hard one. They have

proved their little value for a mercy for which they refuse so poor a recompense, for the love of which they can so readily make forfeiture, for the approbation they are so little careful to obtain. Surely they who can think any sacrifice great, or any requirement much, have hearts but little meet for the society of heaven. If the act does not deserve the punishment, the spirit it evinces surely must. Distinguished as the disciples of such a teacher, the servants of such a Lord, we think it too much to be required of us, that our righteousness and the sacrifices we make to it, be more than that of the Scribes and Pharisees—than that which the world in general assents to as necessary, and which suits our own convenience.

We need not pause upon the closing verses of the text; because in the principle they stand united with the first, and in the practice have reference to the Jewish law, which allowed of practices not admissible by ours.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

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### QUEEN MARY.

IN the last two pieces of Biography we presented to our readers—a branch of our work we then, by no means, intended so long to interrupt,—we had occasion to speak of the state of religion in our own and the neighbouring country during the usurpation of Cromwell and the licentious reign of Charles II., that profligate and lawless prince, whom neither could his father's fate alarm, nor his own misfortunes chasten. As affording reference to events, connected with and nearly succeeding to those we there spoke of, we have chosen, for our present subject, the life of Mary, the wife of William III., whose royal dignity of station seems scarcely more eminent than the fame of her piety and domestic virtue. It is

true that the private character of a monarch is difficult to reach; more especially when it is a question of true and genuine piety—a question we can scarcely decide upon for our equals and contemporaries, still less for one so veiled from common observation as a monarch on the throne; whose private character none but those about her person could know, and they can scarcely be expected to relate impartially. All we can do is to repeat what we are told of Mary; the evidence, undoubtedly, of an historian personally attached to her, but which, as far as we are informed, has not been contradicted by any other. In respect to the good things he has said of this princess, we hope to follow, more nearly than he did himself, the advice Burnet has given for this sort of commendatory biography, where he says, “Mankind is so little disposed to believe much good of others, because most men know so much ill of themselves, and are so unwilling to be made better, that, in order to the begetting a full belief of that which is proposed to the imitation of others, the words by which it is expressed must be severely weighed and well chosen. When things of this kind are related with an exactness that seems to be too much studied, the wit that is ill-placed lessens the effect that might have followed, if the recital had been more natural; for what is most genuine will always be best received; nor must too much be said, how true or just soever.”

Mary, the eldest daughter of James II., [then duke of York, was married to her cousin, William, Prince of Orange, on the twenty-third of October, 1677—a period when the prospects of England were so dark, that, remote as might be the benefit to be derived from it, this marriage was the only event that shed a beam of light upon men's dark anticipations of the future. Charles II. had no children. James, the undisputed heir to his kingdom, had, six years before his marriage, openly declared himself a papist. The episcopal church had lost its ground both by the evident inclination towards popery, and by

the vices of the ministry and of the court by which they were upheld, while the protestant dissenters had been yet more alienated by oppression and mismanagement. There was nothing, therefore, in prospect for these unhappy kingdoms, but a renewal of discord and contention, and the probable restoration of popery. James having at that time no son, Mary was his presumptive heir, and had been educated in the protestant faith. The uniting her with a prince, at that time the warmest supporter of the reformed church, opened something of a better prospect to the alarmed and anxious nation. Charles knew this; and though he probably liked the Roman better than the reformed religion, he liked safety and his own convenience better than either. The historian thus explains the ground of a measure, on which, though then unread by human foresight, the rescue of our church and country from superstition and tyranny, and all the present advantages we enjoy, ultimately resulted; a measure of course disagreeable to James, who only submitted by compulsion. "Charles saw, with regret, the violent contents which prevailed in the nation, and which seemed, every day, to augment upon him. Desirous, by his natural temper, to be easy himself and to make every body else easy, he sought expedients to appease these murmurs, which, as they were very disagreeable for the present, might, in their consequences, prove extremely dangerous. He knew, that during the late war with Holland, the malcontents at home had made application to the prince of Orange; and, if he continued still to neglect the prince's interests, and to thwart the inclinations of his own people, he apprehended lest their common complaints should cement a lasting union between them. He saw that the religion of the duke inspired the people with dismal apprehensions; and though he had obliged his brother to allow the young princesses to be educated in the protestant faith, something farther, he thought, was necessary, in order to satisfy the nation. He entertained, therefore, proposals for marrying the prince of Orange

to the Lady Mary, the elder princess, and heir apparent to the crown, (for the duke had no male issue,) and he hoped, by so tempting an offer, to engage him entirely in his interests. When William arrived, by invitation, in England, he desired to be first introduced to the Lady Mary; and he declared, that, contrary to the usual sentiments of persons of his rank, he placed a great part of happiness in domestic satisfaction, and would not, upon any consideration of interest or politics, match himself with a person disagreeable to him. He was introduced to the princess, whom he found in the bloom of youth, and extremely amiable both in her person and her behaviour." Her father's wishes were not consulted by the king, and the marriage was soon completed.

Burnet thus draws the character of the royal pair, on occasion of a visit to them at the Hague many years after. "The prince had been much neglected in his education; for all his life long he hated constraint. He spoke little. He put on some appearance of application; but he hated business of all sorts. Yet he hated talking, and all house games more. This put him on a perpetual course of hunting, to which he seemed to give himself up, beyond any man I ever knew: but I looked on that always as flying from company and business. The depression of France was the governing passion of his whole life. He had no vice, but of one sort, in which he was very cautious and secret. He had a way that was affable and obliging to the Dutch. But he could not bring himself to comply enough with the temper of the English: his coldness and slowness being very contrary to the genius of the nation."

"The princess possessed all that conversed with her with admiration. Her person was majestic, and created respect. She had great knowledge, with a true understanding, and a noble expression. There was a sweetness in her deportment that charmed, and an exactness in piety and virtue that made her a pattern to all that saw her. The king gave her no appointments to sup-

port the dignity of a king's daughter, nor did he send her any presents or jewels, which was thought a very indecent, and certainly was a very ill-advised thing. But though the prince did not increase her court and state upon this additional dignity, she managed her privy purse so well, that she became eminent in her charities; and the good grace with which she bestowed favours did always increase their value. She had read much both in history and divinity; and, when a course of humours in her eyes forced her from that, she set herself to work with such a constant diligence, that she made the ladies about her ashamed to be idle." Speaking on the same subject of her habits after she became queen of England, in another work, the author adds, "Next to the best subjects, she bestowed most of her time on books of history, chiefly of the later ages, particularly those of her own kingdom, as being the most proper to give her instruction. Lively books, where wit and reason gave the mind a true entertainment, had much of her time. She was a good judge, as well as a great lover of poetry: she loved it best when it dwelt on the best subjects. So tender was she of poetry, though much more of virtue, that she had a particular concern in the defilement, or rather prostitution of the muses amongst us. She made some steps to the understanding of philosophy and the mathematicks, but she stopped soon; only she went far in natural history and perspective, and she was very exact in geography. She gave her leisure to architecture and gardening. She knew this drew an expense after it; she had no other inclination beside this to any diversions that were expensive; and since this employed many hands, she said that she hoped it would be forgiven her. Yet she was uneasy when she felt the weight of the charge that lay upon it. When her eyes were endangered by too much reading, she found out the amusement of work; and in all those hours that were not given to better employments, she wrought with her own hands; and that sometimes with so constant a diligence,



as if she had been to earn her bread by it. It was a new thing, and looked like a sight, to see a queen work so many hours a day. 'She looked on idleness,' she said, 'as the great corrupter of human nature; and believed, that if the mind had no employment given it, it would create some of the worst sort to itself; and she thought that any thing that might amuse and divert, without leaving a dreg and ill impressions behind it, ought to fill up those vacant hours, that were not claimed by devotion or business.' Her example soon wrought on, not only those that belonged to her, but the whole town to follow it; so that it was become as much the fashion to work, as it had been formerly to be idle. In this, which seemed a nothing, and was turned by some into a subject of raillery, a greater step was made, than, perhaps, every one was aware of, to the bettering of the age. While she diverted herself thus with work, she took care to give an entertainment to her own mind, as well as to those who were admitted to the honour of working with her. One was appointed to read to the rest, (the choice was suited to the time of day and to the employment,) some book or poem that was lively as well as instructing. Few of her sex, not to say of her rank, gave ever less time to dressing, or seemed less curious about it. Those parts of it, which required more patience, were not given up entirely to it. She read often all the while herself, and generally aloud, that those who served about her might be the better for it. When she was indisposed, another was called to do it; all was intermixed with such pleasant reflections of her own, that the gloss was often better liked than the text. An agreeable vivacity spread that innocent cheerfulness among all about her, that, whereas in most courts, the hours of strict attendance are the heaviest parts of the day, they were in her's the most delightful of all others.'

This account of Mary's occupation, though remarkable only with reference to her dignity, is still not unworthy of notice, since it is an example of universal application;

and we shall see much reason, as we trace out her history and character, to believe it was the result of a pious principle, that, raised as she was above ordinary circumstance, made her feel herself as responsible as the meanest of her subjects, for the employment of every moment of time the Creator had given her in trust.

On the 6th February, 1685, Charles II. died. In strict agreement with his dissolute and careless life, was his insensible and hardened departure from it. With evident indifference to all religion whatever, he received the sacrament from catholic priests, with other rights of the Romish church, and refused it from the protestant bishops: papers in his hand writing were found after his death containing arguments in favour of the Roman communion: there is no reason to suppose he composed them, as he never read the scriptures, nor considered of religious matters, otherwise than to exercise his wit and turn them into jest; but James was too much a bigot not to publish them eagerly as his brother's sentiments. Thus dying, Charles left the kingdoms he had done his utmost to corrupt and ruin, to his brother, the unfortunate James II, a more honest and a better man; but whose bigotted attachment to the faith of his forefathers, and conscientious adherence to its oppressive and injurious tenets, had nearly effected the subversion of truth and liberty in this country, and did eventually terminate in the subversion of his own sovereignty.

Mary was now brought into the situation of next heir to the throne of England, and the eyes of all who loved the reformed religion were fixed upon her as their only refuge. We trace a part of her character, in entire conformity with which was her after conduct, from a conversation Burnet had with her at this time on the subject of her accession to the throne. He says—"I took the liberty, in a private conversation with the princess, to ask her, what she intended the prince should be if she came to the crown. She, who was new to all matters of that kind, did not understand my meaning,

but fancied that whatever accrued to her would likewise accrue to him in the right of marriage. I told her it was not so: and I explained king Henry VII. title to her, and what had passed when queen Mary married Philip of Spain. I told her a titular kingship was no acceptable thing to a man, especially if it was to depend on another's life: and such a nominal dignity might endanger the real one, that the prince had in Holland. She desired me to propose a remedy. I told her the remedy, if she could bring her mind to it, was to be contented to be his wife, and to engage herself to him, that she would give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands, and endeavour effectually to get it legally invested in him during his life: this would lay the greatest obligation on him possible, and lay the foundation of a perfect union between them, which had been of late a little embroiled: this would also give him another sense of our affairs; I hoped she would consider well of it: for if she once declared her mind, I hoped she would never go back or retract it. I desired her therefore to take time to consider of it. She presently answered me she would take no time to consider of any thing by which she could express her regard and affection to the prince; and ordered me to give him an account of all that I had laid before her, and to bring him to her, and I should hear what she would say upon it. He was that day a hunting: and next day I acquainted him with all that had passed, and carried him to her; where she in a very frank manner told him, that she did not know the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God, as I had informed her: she did not think that the husband was ever to be obedient to the wife: she promised him he should always bear rule; and she asked only, that he would obey the command of, 'Husbands, love your wives,' as she should do that, 'Wives, be obedient to your husbands in all things.' From this lively introduction, we engaged in a long discourse of the affairs of England; both seemed pleased with me, and with all that I had sug-

gested." Some historians have supposed that Burnet was directed in this address by William—but however that be, it is equally descriptive of Mary's character; and her refusal of the crown, when offered her exclusively of her husband, proved that her intention was such as she expressed.

*(To be continued.)*

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THE LISTENER.—No. XXII.

It is the undoubted business of a Listener to hear what other people have to say; and it would be proof of most determined perversity, were I to listen only to what is not intended for my hearing, and refuse to hear when I am requested to listen. Since, therefore, my friend "Π," has done me the favour to whisper the following suggestions, I cannot otherwise than allow them to take place of the paper prepared for this month's publication, that the publick may have the advantage of other people's observations as well as my own; and I take this opportunity of suggesting to my friends, that, as there are more Spectators than one, so there may be more Listeners than one, in this well-peopled land.

But—my readers will excuse the answer coming before the enquiry—my correspondent claims an answer, in that he wonders, that, in all my listening, I have heard only what concerns the female part of society, and have left my readers of the other sex to find out their own mistakes, and put to rights their own wrong. To this I can only answer, that it proceeds partly from the belief that females principally peruse my paper, young men of the age for which they are intended, being generally engaged in their deeper studies at school or college, and too much engrossed by them to attend to such small matters. But more it may be attributed to certain unfortunate prejudices I imbibed in my youth against females

becoming the teachers of those from whom nature and the divine law have determined that they ought to learn: and whether I am myself Mr. or Mrs. Listener, it is certain that the name of a lady stands on the title-page as the Editor of these volumes. Where I imbibed so strange a prejudice, it is hard to say—it could not be from the Bible, because those who are most familiar with its language do not find it there; and if I learned it from my nurse or my grandmother, it is no argument in favour of rules now grown obsolete and out of fashion. Whence-soever arising, the present is not the only instance in which the antiquated notion has misled me, and stood in the way of good to be done or to be received. I was passing once—it was the afternoon of a Summer Sunday, when the bird was in the air, and the fish was in the sea, and the beast was in the field, and every thing seemed to have its place, and every thing to be placed according to its nature and destiny—I was passing a genteel-looking house, standing in an open space upon a smooth, green lawn, when I observed, by several paths that led to it, a considerable number of persons approaching, who successively entered the door, as if familiar with its threshold. “Here is neither church nor conventicle,” I said, “but here is plainly something to be done;” and I drew near to discover what it might be. It was no secret. The door of the hall stood wide, and a mixt congregation of fifty or sixty people were assembled within it; to whom a lady, about the middle age, handsomely dressed, and of pleasing exterior, placed on an elevated seat, was expounding or preaching from the word of God. As the door was free to all that chose to enter, I might have joined this extra service, and doubtless should have heard; what few were more capable of disclosing, the tones of piety and truth, and have had benefit thereby; but my unfortunate prejudice came in to mar the golden opportunity. “Is this,” I said to myself, “a woman’s task? Is it the post to which the great Distributor of all things has appointed her? Had his purposes

needed the assistance of women in the ministry, would he not have said so? Would not the publick assembly of her neighbours to prayers, and exposition of the scripture, have been named among the descriptions of female excellence that occur both in the Old and New Testament? Do we not rather gather from some words of St. Paul, that the first attempt at such innovation was resisted and forbidden?" Had any one heard these my secret lucubrations, they would doubtless have told me, that, if good he done, and the ignorant be taught, and the irreligious be converted, it matters not the means; and I might have sate down, convinced and satisfied; but unfortunately my words remained unheard, and my prejudices remained unanswered; and so I walked away.

On another occasion, I found myself in a considerable party of considerably agreeable people. We had talked of many things grave and gay. Ladies learned, and ladies unlearned, had entered into conversation, and even into argument, with men of both descriptions, with perfect ease and perfect modesty; for there was no tone of assumption, or dictation, or display, but an appearance of wishing, by discussion, to prove what might be truth, or to pass the time pleasantly by mutual communication of thoughts and feelings. It befell, however, that towards the close of the evening, I observed a lady—a young lady—draw from her pocket, or her reticule, I cannot be positive which, a miniature Polyglot, such as we wot of, all Hebrew at one end and Greek at the other. It was time for me to be listening. I drew my chair nearer, and found the lady disputing vehemently with an elderly divine, in a voice loud enough, and seemingly desirous to be heard of all, upon some abstruse matter, to be lost or won upon the controverted reading of the Hebrew text, of which she clearly knew more than her reverend opponent. Now, being an avowed admirer of learning in ladies, and a known advocate for the dead languages, I ought to have been pleased with her know-

ledge and the depth of her biblical researches; but, by reason of my aforesaid prejudice, I felt just the contrary, and, for the first time in my life, almost wished the young lady had been taught only to stitch wristbands and weave purses.

I was going to mention, as a third instance, some certain transactions at a committee-room, and a subsequent argumentation between certain female collectors and a gentleman, in the halls of his own house, on the subject of subscription; but I fear my correspondent may think I am wandering wide of my subject. To wander back to it, then, I have but to say, in excuse for my alledged neglect, the sphere of women is amply wide, even on the point of instruction to be offered and good to be effected. Their household, their children, the unlettered inhabitants of the neighbouring cottage, can all in private be advised and taught; and the few women, whom nature and circumstances have so placed and so endowed, may, as we have seen many instances, become widely and eminently useful to society at large by their writings. Of what is offered to all, any one may take, whether male or female, that which suits them; but my prejudice, as I have already confessed, is against a female author becoming the professed satyrst of the habits and practices of the other sex. If, however, any of the Editor's correspondents, who may have imbibed more liberal opinions, will occasionally contribute a paper upon the subject, mine will most gladly give place to them. Wherefore I beg to submit to my readers the following paper, with no further remark, but that I hope "Π." does not think there is any harm in playing cricket, a gentlemanly exercise, to which I am extremely partial.

#### MR. LISTENER,

The title-page of the small periodical work, to which you have been such an ample contributor, having set forth, as its intention, the combined qualifications of lite-

rary amusement, and religious instruction for young persons of certain ages, we have been astonished to find, that, in all your wanderings, you have never had an opportunity of overhearing some of the remarks of that sex, to which the customs of the age and the manners of society have permitted far greater licenses than can be deemed consonant with Christian morality, and which are not to be met with among persons of the contrary sex. Whence this distinction has arisen, it would be difficult to guess; that it does, however, in a great degree exist, is an evil too prevalent to be denied. If any one doubt the assertion, let him turn to the *Tirocinium* of Cowper, and he may there see the glaring defects of our publick seminaries of education depicted in the most glowing colours; and although we would warn the reader ever to bear in mind the ungenerous feelings which that amiable man suffered to dictate to him the plan of his work, we can yet assure him, from painful experience, that, if a fancied injury prompted Cowper thus to display the immorality of these useful institutions, no fictitious misrepresentations have been introduced into his poem to heighten the irregularities, or exaggerate the excesses of its unwholesome truths.

It is true that a mind, which had its eternal interests, as well as its temporal welfare, fully at heart, will easily suggest to itself the application of your excellent morality, although principally directed to the improvement of your female friends; yet so differently are the sexes constituted, both by nature and education; so opposite are their general inclinations and pursuits, that he, who would work a perfect reformation in all his young friends, must equally apply himself to the consideration of the peculiar habits of each, as well as to the general customs of society, in which both are severally concerned.

Did the Framer of the commandments, or the Source of all morality and religion, impose regulations for conduct, and enact laws against sin for the female part of mankind alone? Far otherwise, indeed, is the sad reality



—to man was the first commandment given, and in him was the obedience of the woman only virtually implied. To each, however, individually do all the commandments refer in their fullest force ; but since the name of man is more generally used, while that of woman occurs only where the injunction expressly affects the female part of mankind, it does not seem inconsistent to have supposed, that he, who was thus called on by name to obey the statutes of his Maker, would have conducted himself as an ensample of godly love to her, whose obedience was merely indicated in the direct command of God to him.

Yet the very reverse of what was to be expected is the case ; woman turns with humble devotion to the throne of her Maker ; while man, relying on his “ pride, his reasoning pride,” seeks not the support of his Creator, and asks not his assistance ; avoids his house, and forsakes the altar of his God. Yet does he style himself a Christian. While to the weaker part of the community he trusts the principal concerns of religion, he yet loves to profane the name of Christian, by arrogating to himself a title, and a distinction, as honourable in itself, as he is altogether unworthy of it.

Such is too commonly the case among all ranks of society : with faltering step, and haggard eye, tormented with the bitter retrospect of departed years, and fearful of his coming destiny, the hoary sinner totters along the precipice of eternity, and sinks into its dark abyss, unpitied and unblessed ; while the light bound, and the flippant buoyancy of youthful depravity hurl its heedless votary headlong over the treacherous brink, into the same dreary regions of horror and desolation : thus, therefore, those, who have lavished only their earlier years on the delusions of the world, are suddenly arrested in their mad career, and doomed to the same inevitable fate with those, who have wasted the decline of their existence amid the tasteless infatuations that once bewildered their youth, and now have embittered their departing years. Seldom, indeed, can there be found a

youthful mind strong enough to withstand the scornful reproof of his irreligious associates, however disgusted he may be at the profanity of their language, or the immorality of their conduct. But to assume my original purpose. In playing your part amid the world, and comparing the present hours of my life with those of younger days, I was induced to visit the haunts of my boyhood, and observe what changes had taken place, since last I rioted in those happy scenes of innocent recreation. Wandering about from place to place, and reviewing the various occupations of those engaged in the playground; here leaning on the post where in former days I had learned the beauties of Horace, or retold with Æneas the troubles of the fall of Troy, and his subsequent misfortunes, I at last strolled into the room of one of the new inhabitants of this little world, and concealed myself, with the intention of watching his motions.

Eugenius, for such was his name, bred up at home under the eye of a watchful parent, had been sent to school at an age too late to be easily seduced from the path of virtue, in which he had been instructed; thus at once obtaining all the beneficial effects of a superior education, and excellent connections in his future intercourse with the world, without imbibing any of those pernicious consequences, which must inevitably ensue from an early acquaintance with vicious propensities. Instead, therefore, of prostituting his time in frivolous employments, he had acquired such habits of regular study, tempered with moderate exercise, as tended to improve his mental faculties, without impairing the health and vigour of his constitution.

He was engaged in the study of divinity. I stood for a short time, concealed from his view, watching his progress, and contemplating in his countenance, the inward delight of his mind: suddenly a footstep on the stairs was heard, a loud tap at the door of the apart-

ment, which was immediately burst open, and a third actor appeared upon the stage.

"Eugenius," exclaimed Horatio, the one who had just entered, "pray come and join us in a game of cricket; we have almost enough, and a few more hands will complete our numbers; and you would not wish to spoil our game."

"I am sorry that I cannot comply with your request," replied Eugenius, "but I have already taken my regular walk, and am engaged in a very interesting study."

"How can you," said Horatio, "find pleasure in thus sitting constantly reading, while we are enjoying ourselves; you are never satisfied but with your Bible; I should have thought the hearing it on Sunday would have been sufficient for any one; you will be a methodist at last, I fully foresee."

"I am not afraid of becoming a methodist," replied Eugenius, "nor do I conceive that it is generous in you to attack any sect of religion, however mistaken in their tenets, by thus using their name with an opprobrious signification; if men cannot conscientiously conform to our most pure and beautiful church establishment, the mother Church, in the true spirit of Christian toleration, has ordained that each shall follow the bent of his own inclinations; and from such an example, therefore, should each of us, who profess her doctrines, and admire her principles, endeavour to bear with the delusions of others, although we may not think it consistent to propitiate them."

"I had no intention of saying any thing harsh to you," replied Horatio, "or of ridiculing the faith and religious doctrines of another; yet it seems strange to me that you should incessantly pore over one particular study, which at best seems but dry and abounding with repetition; you might delight yourself with the poetry of the ancients, and the fables of antiquity; or you might reason with Plato, and fight battles with Homer."

"Pray," said Eugénus, "be so good as to tell me, why you give up all your time to the study of history, the writers on political economy, and other constitutional subjects?"

"For a very obvious reason," replied Horatio; "I am intended for the bar, and the chief tendency, therefore, of my studies is directed to that profession, which is to employ me in after life."

"And for the same reason, precisely," said Eugénus, "do I apply myself to divinity; would it not be highly reprehensible in me, who am to become a preacher of the word of God, were I to leave that study untouched, until the time for entering upon my sacred office had arrived? Would you select a grammarian, who is wholly unacquainted with the rules and principles of architecture, to erect a temple to his Maker? Certainly not. And should you, then, ordain the same person to preach the religion of that God, whose earthly and perishable tabernacle he was not deemed worthy to build, unless he were fully instructed in every point of divine truth? Nothing could be more inconsistent."

"I grant you this is all very correct reasoning," said Horatio, "but why are you to deny yourself every recreation and pleasure, to pursue this study?"

"You are much mistaken," replied Eugénus, "if you suppose, that this, which you lately called a dry subject, affords no amusement to the enquirer after divine truths. This book is not only the written declaration of God's salvation to man, but it moreover appears to me, that 'independent of its divine origin, this volume contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more morality, more important history, and fine strains both of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age, or whatever language they may have been composed.'"<sup>\*</sup>

"My dear Eugénus," exclaimed Horatio, "you are

\* Sir William Jones on the Bible.

become a perfect enthusiast; I begin to suspect that you will really turn methodist, and appear in the open fields, with a bare head, preaching to all the rabble that curiosity may collect round you."

"The heat of ambition," replied Eugenius, "or a desire of applause which too often prompts persons to wander about in such an extravagant manner, under the supposed influence of divine revelation, may, perhaps, be mistaken for Christian enthusiasm; but the gospel has taught us to conform to the powers that be, and he who really feels a desire to serve his Creator, is not so inconsistent as to carry one point of duty to an absurd length, while another, equally to be regarded, is in consequence altogether forgotten. It is, therefore, possible to be an enthusiastic Christian, without becoming either ridiculous or vain. As to the enthusiasm, which you seem to consider as so violent an offence, I can only reply, that I am no more an enthusiast in this, than any other person is in the peculiar study to which he is devoted. The botanist who gives his whole time to the search after, and classification of specimens; or the mathematician who exercises his whole ingenuity to discover some new artifice, are both equally guilty of the crime of enthusiasm with myself; and yet who ever thinks of branding these with the sarcastic term of enthusiast? No one. He only who is employed in working out his salvation is to be menaced with the opprobrious attacks of his fellows, who, not content with their own individual transgressions, would yet draw down a heavier punishment on themselves, by persuading, if possible, him who is already in the right path, to quit its cheerful track."

"Well, I see it is a hopeless case to endeavour to turn you from your purpose," said Horatio, "and I shall not, therefore, lose my game of cricket, by arguing with you any longer."

Thus they parted, and, as soon as the way was left clear for me, I hastened away also, to commit this interesting conversation to paper. What effect it may have upon





*Syngenesia Superflua*  
*Achillea Ptarmica*  
Sneezewort Yarrow.

some of my young friends I cannot pretend to anticipate; but, should it be the means of affording arguments of self-defence for any single person under the same or similar circumstances, it will have more than compensated for the labour of transcribing it. II.

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## INTRODUCTION

TO

## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

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### BOTANY.

(Continued from page 160.)

### CLASS 19.—SYNGENESIA.

The second Order of the nineteenth, or Syngenesia Class, is distinguished, as we have observed, by having the Florets of the circumference Female, bearing Pistils only, while those of the centre are Hermaphrodite, containing both Pistils and Stamens; and this Order is termed Polygamia Superflua. It contains

Tanacetum, Tansy, bearing a head of yellow flowers, the Florets of the circumference seldom appearing. The leaves are very much cut, the Receptacle naked, and the seeds without down. Calix tiled.

Artemisia, Southernwood, varies in different species, but may be recognized by a general character. The flowers small, crowded, of an indeterminate colour, and without radiate Florets at the circumference; the leaves, for the most part, very finely cut; the plant shrubby and generally scented, or very bitter.

Gnaphalium, Cud-weed, is a numerous race. Perhaps we shall best recognize them by being told they are the sort of Flower we call Everlasting, from their so well preserving their form and colour when dried. The heads are mostly round, of a variety of colours; and the flow-



ers, and, in some species, the whole plant, wrapped in thick cotton. The Receptacle is naked, but the seeds feathered. The Calix shining and coloured at the edge.

Conyza, Flea-bane, or Spikenard, is also a very woolly plant, and very bitter. The scales of the Calix, which are numerous and narrow, turn their points outwards; the flowers in a head, yellow, or dull purple; the plant generally tall and something aromatic.

Erigeron, Flea-bane, is distinguished by the Florets of the circumference being narrow, strap-shaped, and purple, while those of the centre are yellow and tubular.

Tussilago, Colt's-foot, we can have little difficulty in distinguishing by its large broad leaves, lined with white cotton, and its thick, red, cottony stems. The flower yellow, and mostly single on the stem, which comes out before the leaves. It has been sometimes valued as a medicine.

Senecio, Groundsel, or Ragwort, is too well known to us by its English name to need description; for, though of very numerous species, of which some of the flowers are much larger than others, they all bear a similar character. They are distinguished by a double, not a tiled Calix, of which the points appear to be dead.

Aster, Sea Star-wort, may be immediately known by the numerous pointed Florets of the circumference, of a bright blue, occasionally white, the centre being yellow, and by its narrow, smooth, fleshy leaves.

Solidago, Golden-rod, is a handsome though common plant; the stem tall, and thickly clothed with yellow flowers. The flowers are not large, though numerous, and the Florets of the circumference seldom more than five.

Cineraria, Flea-wort, is distinguished from most of this Order by the single Calix, of numerous equal leaves. Flowers, a pale yellow.

Inula, Elecampane, or Fleabane, is a large yellow flower, best distinguished by the two bristles that must be observed at the base of each Anther.

*Doronicum*, Leopards'-bane, or Wolfs'-bane, is also a large yellow flower, two or three feet high, with the scales of the Calix longer than the blossom, and heart-shaped leaves.

*Bellis*, Daisy, we need not describe; there is but one species, known, we suppose, to all.

*Chrysanthemum*, Ox-eye, or Goldins. This and the following Genera comprise the flowers we call indiscriminately by the common appellation of Daisies and Chamomiles: we all know them generally when we see them, and the only difficulty is to distinguish one Genus from another. The *Chrysanthemum* is either all yellow, or yellow and white; the Calix tiled, and the scales skinny at the edge.

*Matricaria*, Feverfew, has the Calix scales not skinny at the edge. These are all yellow and white.

*Anthemis*, Chamomile, has the Receptacle covered with chaff, which the two preceding Genera have not. Some Species are yellow and white, some all yellow.

*Achillea*, Yarrow, has also a chaffy Receptacle. The flowers are very numerous, much crowded together, and the plants very woolly. We have given, in Plate 21, a specimen of this Genus.

Having gathered our flower in a moist meadow, we perceive at once, by the compound flower contained in a general Calix, that it is a Syngenesia. Examining the Florets, we find those of the circumference to be female, the centre ones Hermaphrodite, whence we know it to be of the second Order, Superflua. We pull off the Florets to examine the Receptacle, and find it covered with a sort of straw-like substance, termed chaff, standing among the Florets. The Calix is in the shape of an egg, and tiled; we are thence led to suppose it may be an *Achillea*; but we can hardly be sure of this till we examine the specific characters. Proceeding to more minute examination, we find between five and twelve white Florets in the circumference, oval, broad, with three teeth in each, and a short tube at the base; the centre

Florets being numerous, short, and of a dull yellow. The Calix scales we find to be of a bright green on the outside, cottony within, the edges skinny and brown. The stems we observe to be many feet high, stiff, smooth, reddish, and angular, with a little wool. The leaves are narrow, standing far apart on the stem, without stalks; they are of a remarkably dark green, the edge very finely cut, and to the touch like a saw. We have no further difficulty in pronouncing our specimen to be the *Achillea Ptarmica*, Sneeze-wort Yarrow.

CLASS XIX.—SYNGENESIA—FLOWERS COMPOUND.

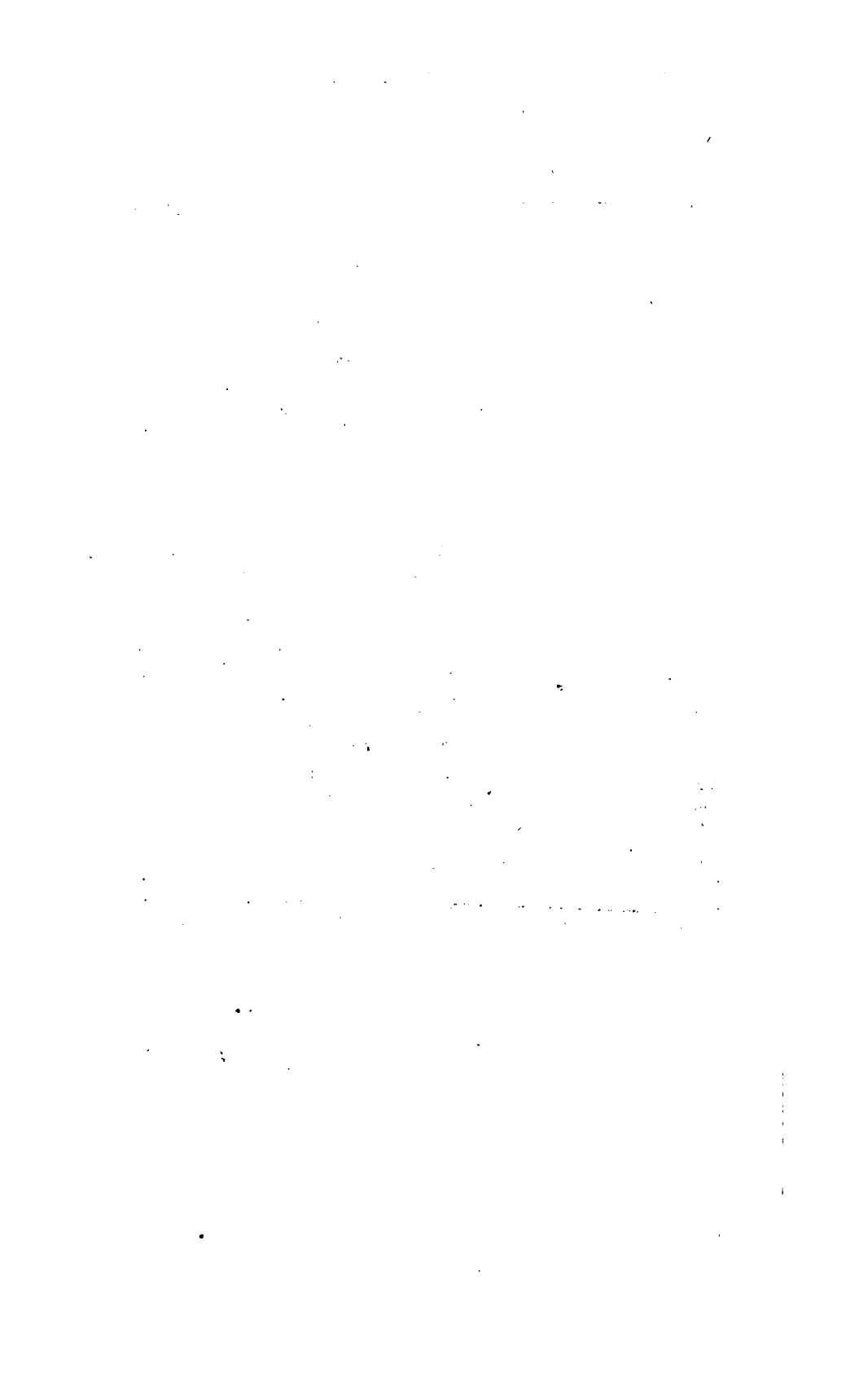
ORDER 2.—SUPERFLUA—Florets of the Circumference Female.

|               |       |                             |
|---------------|-------|-----------------------------|
| Tanacetum     | ..... | Tansy                       |
| Artemisia     | ..... | Southernwood                |
| Gnaphalium    | ..... | Cudweed, Everlasting        |
| Conyza        | ..... | Flea-bane, Spikenard        |
| Erigeron      | ..... | Flea-Bane                   |
| Tussilago     | ..... | Colt's-foot                 |
| Senecio       | ..... | Groundsel, Rag-wort         |
| Aster         | ..... | Sea Star-wort               |
| Solidago      | ..... | Golden-rod                  |
| Cineraria     | ..... | Flea-wort                   |
| Inula         | ..... | Elecampane, Flea-bane       |
| Doronicum     | ..... | Leopard's-bane, Wolf's-bane |
| Bellis        | ..... | Daisy                       |
| Chrysanthemum | ..    | Ox-eye, Goldins             |
| Matricaria    | ..... | Feverfew                    |
| Anthemis      | ..... | Chamomile                   |
| Achillea      | ..    | Yarrow                      |

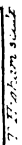
PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

LESSON XXII.—PLATE 22.

IN our first rule for the perspective of shadows, we supposed the sun to shine across the picture from left to right, so that the shadows should be thrown horizontally on the ground, parallel, that is, to the ground line. In the present rule we suppose the sun to be somewhere



**PLATE XXII.**



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behind our picture, that is, shining in our face, and throwing the shadows of objects towards us. Let (s) be the sun, so near to the horizon as to come within the circumference of our picture. From (s) we drop a line (a) to the horizontal line, and the point (B) at which it reaches it, we call the Sun's Seat. To form the shadow of the object (*Fig. 1.*) we project the lines (b b b) through the upper angles of the building from (s), and the lines (c c c) through the lower angles from (B), where each line crosses its respective line forms the corresponding angle of the shadow, supposing it to fall on the ground, and meet with no interruption. We shall perceive, on examination of this figure, that the lines of the shadow all terminate in the point (B), while the lines that proceed from the sun (s), serve only to determine their length. If the sun were raised higher, the shadow would be shorter, if lowered, longer; and it may be within or beyond the outline of our picture, as we choose, or as we perceive it to be in nature.

*Fig. 2.* is on the same rule, but supposes the shadow of the figure (a) to meet, as it falls, a flight of steps (b.) If not so interrupted, it would have proceeded on its course (c), till it met the terminating line (d); but meeting the perpendicular of the step at (e), it necessarily assumes a perpendicular course, till the step on which it falls becomes horizontal; the shadow will then resume its former course (not the course of the step) until it becomes again perpendicular, and so on. At the uttermost step, being no more turned out of its course, the shadow would go on till it reached the line (d); but before it does so, it runs off the step, and is absorbed in the object (b), on the nearer side of which the sun cannot, of course, be shining. This rule will be applicable to any sort of obstacle the shadow may meet, only remembering the perpendicular lines of the shadow to be always perpendicular; those parallel with the ground always to terminate, if drawn on, in the point (B.)

# SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—No. IV.

"FANNY, you are to put away every thing excepting the books for your lessons. Mamma will come and hear them in five minutes; and if, they are known, we are to go to Corbett's Museum."

Miss Fanny did quickly what she was told to do. The writing-books, not yet dry, were closed; the pens were taken from the inkstand, and, with various scattered articles, were placed into her upheld pinafore; and, running up stairs, the young lady *jerked* them into an open drawer, which she pushed with her knee as close as its many and disorderly contents would admit.

Mary, with as much speed as was consistent with regularity, collected her things, arranged them tidily in her drawer, smoothed her sister's, to enable it to shut closely, and returned to the sitting-room to look over her lessons.

"Mary, have you seen my French Grammar? I cannot find it; and I am sure I have looked for it every where—it is very strange where my books go to—I am sure some one must have taken it."

"Indeed I have not," said Mary; "have you looked in your drawer?"

"Oh, no! I am quite sure it is not there; but this is always the way—I never can find any thing I want. I dare say Caroline has locked it up—she said she would, if the books were not in their places."

I here suggested that Caroline had not been in the room all the morning; and I had seen Fanny look for a rule in it whilst writing her French parsing.

"Dear me, so I had! Well, it's of no use looking: lend me your's, Mary, for I have not looked at it yet; and my gloves, run and fetch them: Mamma will be so angry—she said I should not go out again till I had mended them."

The grammar was lent, but the gloves were not to be

found. Fanny was sure she had left them in her bonnet the day before—the servant had seen no gloves when she put the bonnet away.

The two sisters left the room to seek for them, and re-entered unsuccessful with their mother.

“Fanny, my dear, your lessons.”

“Directly, Mamma—this minute, Mamma—I am only looking for the place.”

“Come, my dear.”

Fanny glanced rapidly over the page. “Mary, say your lessons first.”

Mary’s books were instantly given, and the lessons were said; though many a side look towards her sister showed her thoughts were not with them.

“Surely, my dear, you are ready now,” said Mrs. N. as Fanny took up the upper book and looked over the under one.

“Quite ready, Mamma,” and the books were in her mother’s hands.

The first, the English lesson, was correctly, though very hastily repeated; but the French was not known, and the Atlas had not been opened.

“Fanny, I am sorry I must leave you at home.”

“Do let her go, Mamma,” said Mary; and I could not forbear joining in her solicitations, though well aware that Mrs. N. was not accustomed to yield to importunity.

Mary and her mother went. Fanny staid with me, learnt her lessons, requested me to hear them: they were very well known. She again went up stairs—the drawer was “set to rights”—the grammar was searched for, and found—and she brought her work-box, and came to sit by me, and told me she was resolved to be neat and tidy in future. I endeavoured to strengthen her good intent; but the hours passed heavily; for, being very taciturn, I am not a very pleasant companion for young people. In the work-box we found the gloves, and, at length, Mrs. N. re-entered.



The lessons were again repeated, and Fanny was forgiven.

"Oh, Fanny, I did so very much wish for you. Mamma told me a great many anecdotes—you would have been so delighted. There were little humming-birds, and the widow and the taylor birds, and the bird of paradise."

I have left my young friends in eager converse. I hope—I trust, that Fanny will not forget her resolution.

ARGUS.

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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### ON BEING ASKED TO PAINT A FLOWER IN THE WINTER.

A FLOWER! Full many a day has gone,  
And many an hour has loitered on,  
Since I have gather'd one.  
It seems in idle mockery  
Thou bidst my pencil draw for thee  
A flower, when there are none.

I've been where flowers used to grow,  
To find if there be any now,  
But all is bleak and bare:  
I found the briars they grew among,  
I found the thorns they rested on,  
But the flowers are not there.

I asked of those who used to twine  
Their brightest summer-wreath with mine,  
If they could find a flower;  
But, alas! they sigh'd, and told me true,  
The season's pass'd when flowers grew  
In border, bed, and bower.

If thou hast one, that has out-stay'd  
The blighting time, when others fade,  
Then bring it, for mine are gone;  
If thou hast one, that did not die  
When Summer's sunny day went by,  
O bring it, for I have none.

## REPLY TO THE ABOVE, WITH A FORGET-ME-NOT.

WHERE the cowslip and primrose grew,  
But now they were growing no more,  
All wet with the drops of the morning,  
I look'd on a small single flower.

'Twas alter'd, and yet it was like  
To some that in Summer had blown;  
It was sadder and paler, methought,  
Than those that I sometime had known.

I paus'd, and remember'd its name,  
And it seem'd that it whisper'd to me,  
"Of all that was beautiful once,  
I alone am remaining to thee—

The image of joys that are pass'd,  
The shadow of hopes that are faded,  
The memory that bids thee look back  
On a prospect that sorrow has shaded."

"Then grow there, and die there," I said,  
"Poor flower, I'll gather thee not;  
Since the Summer returns not again,  
Be its pleasures for ever forgot;

For altered and sad as thy form,  
And faded and pale as thy flower,  
Is the image that memory paints  
Of joys that are coming no more."

But methought that it whispered again,  
And said, "There is something beside  
That is like to the flower that stays  
When all flowers beside it have died.

Remember the tear-drop of love,  
That fell on the grave of the dead,  
Who seem'd to have perished forgotten  
Of Him, who his coming delayed.

How gently he smiled upon her  
Who seemed for a moment neglected;  
How sweetly he whisper'd of peace  
To them whom the world had rejected."

"Nay, then thou art welcome," I said—  
"All dreary and cold though it be,  
E'en the Winter can bear me a flower—"  
I picked it, and brought it to thee.

---

I THINK of heaven; and then I think of thee,  
 My blessed God; for heaven is where thou art;  
 And I have known, when pondering the chart  
 Which guides my way till I thy glory see,  
 Some foretaste of that glory beam on me.  
 Thy spirit, condescending to impart  
 The sweet assurance to my seeking heart,  
 That where my Lord is, I shall also be;  
 And therefore heaven is mine—for thou art mine,  
 Whose presence constitutes my bliss below,  
 Nor other heaven can saints, made perfect, know:  
 Only on them thou dost forever shine—  
 I catch some scatter'd and far-distant rays  
 Of that great Light they view in one unclouded blaze.

VERITA.

HALLOW my heart and lips, O Lord,  
 That every power in me  
 May, in one grateful song, accord  
 One song of praise to thee.  
 From thee the living spirit flowed  
 That animates my frame;  
 And by thy grace the life bestowed  
 Shall magnify thy name.  
 My waking soul prevents the night;  
 My thoughts to thee arise  
 Ere the first ray of morning light  
 Shoots o'er the eastern skies.  
 And when the evening shadows tell  
 That light has passed away,  
 To Him my hallelujahs swell  
 Whose presence makes my day.  
 To him I bring my ceaseless song,  
 Who my salvation wrought  
 With love so great, with love so strong,  
 As baffles human thought.  
 For life first given I present  
 My humble thanks, and raise  
 For life redeemed a monument  
 Of everlasting praise.  
 Nor life renewed shall less employ  
 The never-dying strain,  
 When righteousness, and peace, and joy,  
 Attest thy spirit's reign.

That spirit, O my God, impart,  
My empty vessel fill;  
And sanctify both head and heart  
To know and love thy will.

Then thou Almighty and All-wise,  
All-good, whom I adore,  
Accept my praise, and let it rise  
Accepted evermore.

IOTA.

## REVIEW OF BOOKS,

*Elements of Thought; or, First Lessons in the Knowledge of the Mind.* By Isaac Taylor, Jun. Second Edition.—Holdsworth, St. Paul's Church-Yard.—Price 4s. 6d. 1824.

COMPELLED as we are to pass over some books as too puerile, and others as too deep for the perusal of those to whom we desire to recommend them, it is a great satisfaction when we meet with one exactly suited to our purpose; and as such we have pleasure in naming to our young readers the above work. Superficial we admit it is as to the subject of which it treats; but the superficies of all science must be touched first, ere its depths can be fathomed; and the author, who has made the first step easy, has done much towards the advancement of the student; even if it be no more than to set open the door, and induce those to look within, who else would have passed it by. As to the particular study to which this work relates, we rank it second to none in interest and importance, and should say very much more respecting it, had we not already done so in another part of this number.\* As a first book, as a prelude to all other reading of this description, and a sort of explanation of the terms used in them—for we do not pretend to say that it is more—and without determining whether it is logically correct in all respects, of which we have our doubts—we strongly recommend each one of our younger readers to

\* In "Letters to a Young Lady," postponed for want of room.

add this little work to their library, and trust it will induce them to pursue the study it opens to them. We willingly repeat, as our own opinion, a part of the author's remarks on its utility.

"Very few persons, in whose education these studies have been entirely neglected, are able to think patiently or clearly; especially on subjects that do not lie within the range of their daily occupations. There are many persons who appear to think little, or whose manner of thinking is always inaccurate and confused, although their understandings are naturally strong. This commonly results from the want of that early discipline which would have given them the power to direct the course of their thoughts; the notions which fill their minds have never been set in order; they have not acquired the power of attending separately to single ideas, or of distinguishing clearly one from another. The greater effort they make to think, the more confusion there seems to be in their ideas; hence it happens they are soon discouraged, and are willing to receive their opinions from other men; or, perhaps, they become positive in affirming what they are conscious that they do not understand. If such persons had early learned to think with ease and correctness, they might have been less servile, or less dogmatical."

*Sermons for Children, designed to Promote their immediate piety.* By Rev. Samuel Mott, Jun. of America.  
—J. Nisbet, 1823. Price 1s. 6d.

THIS little work having come into our hands with many others which our friends have transmitted for our notice, we avail ourselves of the opportunity afforded by the mention of it, to observe that books of this description are not exactly suited to the purpose of our work. We have said children's books; it is true, but we have also said, above a certain age; and we have given it as our opinion that children of that age should not be kept back in their reading, and taught to amuse themselves with nursery books. The little volume we now name is very pretty, and quite unexceptionable; but it is for those under the age for which we have taken upon ourselves to offer instruction and advice; and though we judge from the tenor of some parts, particularly Sermon the fifth, that it is written rather for the lower classes, there is no objection to it for any; on the contrary, we can recommend it to young children, for its plainness and simplicity. But while we dismiss the work with this slight notice, as not being exactly within our province, we shall take oc-

casion by the author's preface to give an opinion or two of our own upon the early religious instruction of children. We scarcely can go so far as he does, and say that the conversion of a child is to be expected, or that where it seems to be, it is to be depended on; but it cannot admit a question that it is to be promoted by every means given into our hands for the purpose. Religion should be the first thing taught a child, or at least, it should be the principle of every thing that is taught. They should be accustomed to judge, and act, and feel upon Christian principles: as our author well expresses it, they should grow up in a Christian atmosphere—"they should be taught that in all their ordinary doings they are reponsible to God; and that their temper, motive, and conduct, should conform to the word and example of Christ, and be ever suitable to them as beings born to die, and through death to appear before God." The value of religious habits, supposing them to be no more, is inestimable, and in no other way can the religious parent answer to his own responsibility. Religious books, therefore, should be given them as early as they can read, and should be written suitably to every different age; and such little works as this before us are highly valuable for the purpose. With respect to the piety of children, we should wish little to be said about it: we do not say that the beam of divine grace has never shone upon the heart of an infant so early that none could trace its coming, or that sometimes, as in early deaths, proofs of actual and certain conversion have not been given: but we should be slow to take pleasure in, and still more slow to aim at producing any premature symptoms of what may be called piety, and should decidedly check a premature profession of it. Children may soon be taught to talk, and they may soon be taught to feel; and by dint of talking and feeling, they may work up their little hearts to a state of excitation upon the subject of religion, that in the eyes of their anxious parents and in their own, makes little saints of them; and their pious sayings, and spiritual propensities are told forth, it is well if not in their own

hearing, as proofs of a genuine work of grace upon their hearts. The fond parent who takes them for such, may well be pardoned the indulgence of a hope so precious—but, if she will indulge it, let her lock up the persuasion in her own bosom, and be cautious how she encourages her child in using language that probably it does not know the meaning of, and making a display of feelings that may just as well exist without principles, as words may be used without meanings. Agreeing with Mr. Mott fully as to the manner of bringing up the child in the way that it should go, we must differ from him as to the expectation of its producing immediate rather than ultimate piety. We should hope, and we should pray that the continuance of our care would be the means of bringing to maturity the seed that divine grace had planted, or might hereafter plant in the ground we had endeavoured to prepare—but we confess that, like the wary gardener, we should be disposed to nip off its untimely buddings for the better strengthening of the future plant—that is, for we have much cause to fear misapprehension here, we should be suspicious of any manifestation of piety in early childhood, but that of influence on the conduct. We have been induced to make these remarks, because, while the author of these infant sermons apprehends that religious parents do not teach their children religion enough, we have our fears, that there are those who teach them too much: not make them too religious, too serious—that is impossible—but teach them too many words, too much formality, too much talk—cramming their little heads with creeds, and catechisms, and comments, till not only are their digestive organs over borne, but their very power of tasting destroyed by too much supply of aliment; while their simplicity of mind, that best charm in religion as in every thing, that never re-purchased treasure, is totally destroyed. These general remarks do not apply to the book in question, which is remarkably simple and inartificial, but arose out of our own consideration of the subject.

# THE ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

MAY, 1825.

## A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 195.)*

HISTORY OF THE JEWS, FROM JUDAS MACCABEUS, 166, B.C., TO  
B.C. 79.

JUDAS, the son of Mattathias, was first named Maccabeus, from what cause cannot be decided ; from him the surname was extended to his brethren and relatives, and afterwards became the common appellation of all who took up arms or died in defence of the Jewish cause. To us it is familiar as the name of the historical books containing a record of these wars, and from which we derive much of our information respecting the Jewish history of this period. They were written originally in Hebrew or Chaldee, but the originals being long since lost, have reached us only in the Greek translations, and constitute a part of the Apocryphal writings.

Judas Maccabeus did not allow his troops to remain longer in idleness than till they had ended the days of mourning for his father. His little army amounted to but six thousand men ; but they were a brave and pious band, contending for the freedom of their country and the religion of their fathers ; and, in the first battle, totally defeated a greatly superior number of their enemies. Immediately after this victory, they had occasion to engage again, the enraged Antiochus being determined to give them no respite. The little troop, fatigued with marching and with frequent fasts—for it was their cus-



tom to hold a fast before every battle—were something discouraged at the numbers and apparent strength of the foe; but Judas dispelled their fears, by reminding them that they fought the cause of God, who was not wont to save by strength or number, and whose glory, now concerned in their success, would display itself the more by the disproportion that was between their armies. They fought, and were again victorious. Antiochus had himself left the country; but hearing of these things, he ordered Lysias, his general, to take an army of 40,000 men, and destroy the Jews; and so easy of accomplishment did this task appear, that proclamation was made through the neighbouring cities, that Jewish captives would be sold at a certain price; and a large concourse of merchants assembled in consequence, attended by servants with chains and other preparations for conveying away their purchases. Judas, apprized of these preparations, assembled his little army, consisting but of six thousand men, reminded them of the various miraculous victories obtained in the former days by the interposition of Heaven against the enemies of God's chosen people, and warned them that, let the success be what it might, their fate would be better dying in the field, than falling into the hands of an enemy resolved on their extermination. He then, according to the law of Moses, ordered all to depart who had married wives, or planted vineyards, or built them houses, and had not enjoyed the possession of them, as well as all whose hearts failed them for fear. This reduced his troops to half their number; the remaining 3,000 marched to Mizpah, where they fasted in sackcloth and ashes, while Eleazar, the brother of Judas, read and expounded to them some suitable portions of Scripture. The priests were in their robes; at the conclusion of their prayers, the priestly trumpets sounded the loud signal as the sure omen of approaching victory, and the Maccabean chief gave, as the watch-word, "*The help of God.*" They then encamped themselves as near to the enemy as they could, resolved to give them battle

the following morning. Meantime Judas was informed that a large body of the Syrians were marching out of their camp to make an attack on his. He immediately led forth all his men, and, by another road, attacked theirs. This gained him a complete and easy victory. The Syrians remaining in the camp were put to confusion and fled; those that had marched out, finding no enemy where they sought them, supposed they had retreated, and were returning to their camp, when, perceiving it on fire, the men took fright, and in spite of the general's efforts to restrain them, threw down their arms, and fled after the rest. Judas pursued till he had slain an immense number of them, and then returned to enrich and re-arm his men with the spoils the flying foe had relinquished, among which they found the money brought for the purchase of Hebrew captives. The next day, being their sabbath, was celebrated with suitable acknowledgments to divine Providence for so great a deliverance. The increase of arms and ammunition, as well as of renown, that Judas this day acquired, put his army into better condition, drawing to him his suffering countrymen from all the places of their dispersion. He soon met the enemy again in open battle, slaughtered great numbers of them, and got possession, in consequence, of several strong fortresses, which he garrisoned with his troops, and deposited in them the arms and ammunition he had gained. The immense spoils that were taken were distributed, not to the army only, but to all the poor and indigent of his people. We have now only to follow the Jewish hero through a succession of brilliant victories, that, if the disproportion of his own and his enemies' forces be not exaggerated, as most probably is the case, are indeed miraculous. The next battle we hear of, fought at Bethzura against the Syrian general Lysias and 65,000 men, we are told was gained by Judas with no more than 10,000, and though it is not asserted that he killed more than 5,000 of the Syrians, the remainder were too much discouraged to venture a second engage-

ment. This is a statement not altogether probable, unless the army of Lysias was an undisciplined multitude, or was panic struck by the immediate interposition of Heaven. Be this as it may, Judas was entirely successful, and marched triumphantly to the city of David, now many years polluted and in ruins. On coming to Mount Sion, and seeing the desolation in which it lay, the houses and palaces laid waste, the gates of the temple on the ground, the shrubs and briars flourishing in its sacred courts, the altars and the holy palaces despoiled of their ornaments, profaned and polluted, they rent their clothes for anguish, put the dust of the earth upon their heads, and filled the air with deepest lamentations. As soon as this first emotion had subsided, they proceeded with anxious, yet mournful zeal, to purify this hallowed spot. They cleared the streets and places of the rubbish that filled them—bore away the polluted vestiges of idolatrous worship, and all the broken remnants of the temple furniture that had been perverted to other uses. The altar of burnt-offering caused them some hesitation as to the manner of disposing of it. It had been dedicated and long time used in the service of God, so that they liked not to destroy it, or convert it to common purposes. On the other hand, to keep it there after unclean beasts had been offered upon it to idol gods, would have defiled their future offerings. It was at length agreed to deposit it in some cavern of the mountain, till a prophet might arise to direct them in the disposal of it; and an altar of unhewn stones was erected in its stead. It was some time yet ere the service of the temple could be resumed—the sacred veil, the candlesticks, the censers, every thing was gone, and new ones were first to be made out of the spoils the Jews had gathered from the enemy. At length in the second year of Judas' government, the day arrived when all was to be dedicated anew to the God of Israel. The trumpets sounded at day-break—new fire was kindled by the striking of two stones, the lamps were lighted, and the lamb was offered as in the daily

sacrifice; and from that time was never again discontinued till the final destruction of the temple by the Romans. The front of the temple was hung with crowns and garlands, every house in the city was illuminated and adorned, the people bore palms and trophies in their hands, and all was intermixed with hymns and psalms of grateful adoration. Judas spared no pains to fortify and secure the city he had thus restored. The neighbouring nation heard with resentment of these triumphant doings among the despised people of the God they disowned, and were plotting with Antiochus for their further molestation, when the death of that monarch defeated their projects.

A short respite only accrued to the Hebrews from this circumstance. There could be no permanent peace between the God of Abraham and the gods of the heathen; for the more his servants were seen to prosper and to triumph, the more his enemies became indignant that this small band of worshippers of an unknown God, should be able to contend with the powerful nations of the earth, and remain unexterminated. Judas was again attacked, and again unsuccessful—always and every where alike successful; and another signal defeat of most unequal numbers, headed by Lysias, having again taken place in 163, overtures were made by the Syrians for peace, and being very favourable to the Jews, assented to by Judas.

But peace was not for Judah. Again her ambitious sons began to dispute for the high-priesthood; and while the hereditary right of Onias was upheld by Judas and his patriot followers, one Alcimus claimed it by-right of appointment from their foreign masters. Both parties had recourse to arms, and Alcimus again brought foreign forces into Judeah, but with no better success than formerly.

During these wars there was an aged member of the Sanhedrin, named Razis, a man highly esteemed by his people as an example of piety and virtue, whose rigid fidelity to his religion and his nation, had gained him the

title of Father of the Jews. Nicanor, the Syrian general, having heard that his example had much influence in preventing the apostacy of his people, resolved either to force him to deny his faith, or to vex the resisting Jews by the death of their revered father. For this purpose he dispatched five hundred men to bring Razis to him. They found his castle strongly guarded, and proceeded to force the doors, or failing of that, to drive him out by setting fire to the building. After a firm defence, the old man, finding himself on the point of being taken, rushed on his own sword and pierced himself through. The wound proved not mortal; the soldiers were rushing into the house, when hasting to the turret, the old man threw himself headlong from its summit. Still life departed not—he rose again from the ground, ran through the assembled crowd to a neighbouring rock, his footsteps marked by a rivulet of blood that was flowing from his wounds, and having gained the summit, tore out his intestines and cast them before his enemies. The Jews held this desperate conduct in great reverence, and canonized Razis as a martyr.

Repeated successes and the death of Nicanor, procured to the Jews some interval of peace. Judas made use of this interval for forming an alliance with the Romans, now in the most brilliant period of their commonwealth, desiring to be taken, as other nations of the East were generally soliciting to be, under their powerful but eventually fatal protection. This appears to be the first treaty made by the Jews with the Romans, nor do they seem to have had much previous knowledge of that people. Soon after this, Judas Maccabeus fell in battle, overborne by unequal numbers, after a long and brave resistance. A universal mourning was made for him in Jerusalem, in imitation of that which David made for Saul and Jonathan, and he was buried in the tomb of his father at Modin, six years after the death of Mattathias left the affairs of Israel in his hands; he was succeeded in command by his brother Jonathan. Every thing was now

reversed with the unhappy Hebrews. Fear and despair made the greater part of the nations again apostatize, and the few that remained faithful to Jonathan, were compelled to fly with him to the deserts, where they long defended themselves with difficulty against the plans and attacks made against them.

In B. C. 153, the contentions of Alexander and Demetrius for the throne of Syria, placed the Jews in a different situation, both parties wishing to gain their support. Demetrius restored Jonathan to Jerusalem, and enforced submission to his authority. Alexander, not to be outdone by his rival, sent a purple robe and a crown of gold, the usual pledges of royal friendship then, those who wore the purple being considered as next in dignity to the monarch, and called his friends; at the same time appointed him to the High-Priesthood. Happily for the Jews, Jonathan took part with Alexander, who proved the more fortunate competitor; and during all his reign, they enjoyed great prosperity, and gained respect among the Eastern nations. They lived on terms of friendship with the government of Egypt, formed fresh alliances with Rome and Lacedæmon; and though continually in arms, it was now for their allies rather than in their own defence. Jonathan had been seventeen years the successful ruler of the state, when he was treacherously drawn into the hands of enemies and murdered: Simon, the only remaining son of Mattathias, succeeded him. B. C. 143.

Under the rule of Simon, Judeah rose again to distinction among the nations of the earth. While all the provinces round were torn and distracted by incessant wars, the Holy Land remained in peace, her inhabitants prospering in the fruit of their labours. The cities were fortified, the land cultivated, the trade greatly increased, and their religion and liberties secured; while Greeks and Romans, as well as Asiatic nations, sought their friendship, and sent presents to their altars.

Simon had a son-in-law, named Ptolemy, whom he

had made governor of Jericho and its territories. Growing rich in his government, Ptolemy's ambition also grew, and he desired to be master of all Judeah. Taking opportunity of Simon's passing through his territories with his two sons, Judas and Mattathias, he invited them to his castle of Dog, where a sumptuous entertainment was prepared for them. The aged pontiff suspected no wrong, and readily accepted the faithless invitation; when, after they had feasted freely, some ruffians rushed in upon the guests, and murdered them. Ptolemy's design had been to cut off Hircan also, the other son, and messengers had been sent to fetch him; but receiving timely notice of what had happened, he fled to the gates of Jerusalem, where he arrived at the very moment that Ptolemy also reached them. Each one presented himself at a different gate, and asked admittance: but the false murderer was repulsed, while Hircan, from respect to his venerable and regretted parent, was admitted, and declared both prince and high-priest in the place of his father. Ptolemy, baffled in these designs, had recourse to Antiochus the Syrian, whom he persuaded to invade Judeah—but what became of himself, remains unrecorded. Antiochus appeared before Jerusalem in 135, and besieged it. The feast of the Tabernacles happening during this siege, Hircan demanded seven days' truce, that they might quietly celebrate it. Antiochus not only granted the request, but sent them a number of victims with gilded horns, vessels of gold and silver filled with rich perfumes, with money, and various other necessities for the accustomed sacrifices—a proof that the religion of the Jews was held in more respect then than at some time it had been. This liberality led to a peace, and Antiochus consented to retire, on condition that the Jews delivered up their arms, demolished the city walls, and paid him a yearly tribute: to this the Jews assented, being wholly in his power, and faithfully performed the stipulation for some years after, when Antiochus dying, Hircan finally relieved his people from their subjection

to the Syrians, to whom they never after paid tribute or homage. He also gained advantages over the Samaritans, whom he attacked, destroying their temple of Garizzim, and incorporated the Idumeans with the Jewish people.

The Jewish commonwealth had now reached the period of its greatest prosperity since the return from captivity in Babylon. Beside the offices of prince and high-priest, Hircan is said to have held that of a prophet also—but with the stories of his inspirations, there is at least so much admixture of fable, as makes us forbear to repeat them. It is undisputed that his wisdom and piety were equal to his military renown. The end of his life was something troubled by dissensions between the Pharisees and Sadducees, two sects now growing into consequence in the state, and ever the bitter enemies and opposers of each other. The preference given by Hircan to the Sadducees, rather from political than religious motives, made the Pharisaic party the lasting enemies of himself and his children. By all but them deeply regretted, he died in the 29th year of his Pontificate.

In B. C. 107, Hircan was succeeded by his son Aristobalus, an unnatural wretch, who stained his reign of a single year with the blood of his mother and some of his brothers. His own death was tragical as the brief circumstances of his life. Whilst carrying on a foreign war, he was taken ill and obliged to leave his brother Antigonus in command. Antigonus finished the expedition successfully—but meantime the wicked mind of Aristobalus had been wrought into jealousy and suspicion against him. The victorious prince marched back in triumph to Jerusalem, and it being one of their solemn feasts, was in so much haste to offer his thanks in the temple, and put up vows for his brother's recovery, that he hastened thither without changing his clothes or taking off his armour. This was represented to the fearful king as an attempt upon his life.



to which he gave willing credit. But to have better proof, he sent to his brother to put off his armour and come to him immediately, ordering his guards meantime to post themselves in a subterranean gallery through which he was to pass, and if he came armed in defiance of the order, to murder him there. The enemies of Antigonus corrupted the messenger who bore the king's command, and bade him tell the prince that his brother, having heard his armour much commended, desired to see him in it. The deception succeeded, and Antigonus appearing in the gallery armed, fell as had been commanded. The king was shortly undeceived, and the violent agitation of remorse that seized him, caused a spitting of blood; of which, as the servant conveyed it from his chamber, he chanced to shed some on the very spot where that of Antigonus had been shed, and where the marks of it were yet remaining. The standers by, thinking it was wilfully done, raised a cry that was heard by the sick monarch in his chamber: forcing them with much difficulty to explain the cause of it, he fell into an excess of despair and grief—"Since, he exclaimed, the privacy of the place could not hide from God's all-seeing eye the detestable deed I have committed, but I must cast up my own blood, as it were, drop by drop, to atone for that I so inhumanly have shed, would not a speedy death be more desirable to me?" and almost immediately he expired. We have used the name of king in speaking of this pontiff, as he himself assumed that title, his predecessors having contented themselves with that of prince, and was the first, according to Josephus, who wore the royal diadem.

Alexander, another brother, succeeded. We shall mention a circumstance that occurred to this prince, not only as leading to important consequences to him, but as a curious specimen of Jewish customs. The Pharisees kept up an hereditary hatred against all this family; and to give expression to it towards Alexander, made choice of the feast of tabernacles to offer him an open and gross

**Feast.** At that solemnity it was the custom to carry palms and branches in their hands, especially a kind of Citron, called Attrog, with the fruit upon it—while the High-priest was performing his office at the great altar, with much insulting and opprobrious language, they pelted him with these Attrogs. This fruit, which the Jews imagine to be that of which Eve disobediendly ate in Paradise, much resembles a Citron or Lemon, except that it has some unevenness in the rind, which they believe to have been originally impressed upon it by the teeth of Eve when she ventured to taste of it, and of which impression the fruit has ever since borne the mark. Whenever this fruit is to be had, the Jews carry it during the festival to their synagogues, and are very particular in the choice of such as best represent the bite of Eve. After the dispersion, the Jews in these more Eastern countries were forced to have it brought from Greece, and none but the richer sort could afford to purchase it: it sometimes occurring, that by contrary winds, or loss of vessels at sea, the supply was so small as to raise the price to a guinea a sprig. It seldom happened that there were not some procured; in this case other odoriferous boughs were used instead; while the poor contented themselves with willows. In Palestine they were so abundant, that the poorest could procure them. On the seventh day, at the close of the festival, they brake their branches, and threw them away—on which day it probably was that the crowd pelted their High Pontiff. The warrior priest ordered his soldiers to fall on the multitude that had insulted him, and slew six thousand of the Pharisees. Intestine quarrels and a civil war of six years duration issued from this tumult, during which above 50,000 of the rebels lost their lives. Alexander, though always prevailing over his foes, did his utmost to obtain pacification with them. Resolved if possible to have peace, he sent his friends to ask what would satisfy them, promising to grant whatever they demanded—but the Pharisees replied that nothing would satisfy them but his

death: and they had thence recourse to the Syrians to assist them with an army against him. Alexander was not to be vanquished; he subdued both the rebels and their allies, and exercised on the former the most dreadful barbarities revenge could suggest. It is told that eight hundred of this people he crucified at once in Jerusalem, slaughtering their wives and children before their eyes as they hung suspended on their crosses, while a banquet was prepared for himself and his court near enough to this scene of horror to behold their sufferings. The opposing party were thus entirely subdued, and the remainder of his life was spent in foreign conquests. When dying in his camp beyond the Jordan, the prince appointed his wife Alexandra to succeed him, and after her death whichever of her sons she should select. The queen, seeing him past recovery, with tears represented to him the dangers to which she and her children would be exposed from the resentment of the Pharisees—dangers of which Alexander but too fully perceived the reality; so, having considered a short time, he thus addressed the queen—"You know the cause of our mutual enmity; and since your security and happiness must rise or fall as you make them your friends or foes, when I am dead, lead the army triumphantly to Jerusalem—carry my dead body with you; and, as soon as you come there, send for the principal leaders of that factious sect, and lay it before them; tell them that you wholly submit it to them, either to give it burial, or to throw it in the high-way for the injuries I have done them. Assure them that, as to yourself, you are so entirely devoted to them, that you design to place them at the head of affairs, and to do nothing without their advice and consent. Give them immediately some marks of your favour and friendship, and you need not doubt but they will not only extol me to the skies and give me a royal burial; but will likewise support you, and my sons after you, in the peaceful enjoyment of your kingdom." Alexander had scarcely given this proof of his knowledge of

mankind, when he expired in the forty-ninth year of his age, having reigned twenty-seven years.

Alexandra was too politic not to follow this advice; and the Pharisees, well pleased to find themselves so suddenly at the head of affairs, were beyond measure lavish of their praises of the late king, especially of his wisdom in appointing her his successor, and bestowed on him, as he had predicted, a very magnificent funeral. B.C. 79.

### REFLECTIONS

#### ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

*The sower soweth the word.*—MARK iv. 14.

AND then there is no more that he can do. The seed is not his, the ground that it falls on is not his, and if it grow to perfection, the honour is not his. He cannot make it grow, he cannot make it bear, he lets it fall as he is bidden, and that is all he can do. We all too much forget this—both they who teach and they who learn, we all too much forget that the effectual teaching of the word of God is not the work of man. We think we can do a great deal, and with zealous earnestness we set about it—we seek access to the thoughtless sinner, provoke occasions to enter into talk with him, and pour the words of truth on his unwilling ear—we do well, for this is the sower's task—but then we are surprised that it succeeds not; the seed grows not up; the fowls have picked it up, the thorns have choked it, the sun has scorched the root—we are discomposed, surprised, impatient—the minister of the gospel complains that he has preached in vain—the teacher of the gospel complains that he has taught in vain, and so we fret ourselves and say that we have lost our work. But we err, in that we mistake what was our work.—We drop the seed, and there our task is ended—if it grows up, it is the work of

another. The owner of the seed may complain that it makes no returns—the owner of the ground may complain that it bears him nothing: but the sower has no complaint to make—if the seed dies, it is not he that is wronged—if it grows up, it is not he that made it grow. And in like manner we forget this truth when we are to be the receivers of the word. We look to this one and to that one for assistance—we think if we could listen to such a minister we should be benefited—if we had such advantages of religious intercourse as some others have, we should advance more rapidly—if we could bring the friends for whom we are anxious to hear a particular preacher, or to discourse with a certain minister, it would surely be effectual. Nay, but he is no other than the sower—and the sower soweth the seed, and what becomes of it? He cannot make soft the heart it falls upon—he cannot fence it round, that Satan shall not enter there—he cannot displace the engrossing, captivating world that is already in possession of it. The seed must be received indeed or ever it can grow, and it is well for us to be wherever the messenger scattereth the sacred words of truth—but we have need to beware lest we look more to him that soweth, than to him that giveth the increase; and whether the benefit desired be for ourselves or others, in our eager pursuing of the means, forget the prayer that should bring down the blessing on it.

*On I. CORINTHIENS, Chap. 10.*

VOUS ne devez point, ce me semble, vous embarrasser sur les divertissemens où vous ne pouvez éviter de prendre part. Il y a bien des gens qui veulent qu'on gémisse de tout, et qu'on se gêne continuellement en excitant en soi le dégoût des amusemens auxquels on est assujetti. Pour moi, j'avoue que je ne saurois m'accommoder de cette rigidité. J'aime mieux quelque chose de plus simple, et je crois que Dieu même l'aime beaucoup mieux. Quand les divertissemens sont innocens en eux-mêmes

et qu'on y entre par les règles de l'état où la Providence nous met; alors je crois qu'il suffit d'y prendre part avec modération et dans la vue de Dieu. Des manières plus sèches, plus réservées, moins complaisantes et moins ouvertes, ne serviroient qu'à donner une fausse idée de la piété aux gens du monde qui ne sont déjà que trop occupés contre elle, et qui croiroient qu'on ne peut servir Dieu que par une vie sombre et chagrine. Vous me direz peut-être que vous aimeriez mieux être occupé de quelque chose plus sérieux et plus solide. Mais Dieu ne l'aime pas mieux pour vous, puisqu'il choisit ce que vous ne choisiriez pas. Vous savez que son goût est meilleur que le vôtre. Vous trouveriez plus de consolation dans les choses solides dont il vous a donné le goût; et c'est cette consolation qu'il veut vous ôter; c'est ce goût qu'il veut mortifier en vous quoiqu'il soit bon et salutaire. Les vertus mêmes ont besoin d'être purifiées dans leur exercice par les contre-temps que la Providence leur fait souffrir pour mieux les détacher de toute volonté propre. O que la piété, quand elle est prise par le principe fondamental de la volonté de Dieu, sans consulter le goût, ni le temperament ni les saillies d'un zèle excessif, est simple, douce, discrète et sure dans toutes ses démarches! On vit à peu près comme les autres gens, sans affectation, sans apparence d'austerité, d'une manière sociable et aisée, mais avec un sujétion perpétuelle à tous ses devoirs, mais avec un renoncement sans relâche à tout ce qui n'entre point d'un moment à l'autre dans l'ordre de Dieu sur nous, enfin avec une vue pure de Dieu à qui on sacrifie tous les mouvements irréguliers de la nature. Voilà l'adoration en esprit et en vérité que Jésus-Christ et son Père cherchent. Toute le reste n'est qu'une religion en cérémonie, et plutôt l'ombre que la vérité du christianisme.

FENELON.

*Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out.*—ACTS iii. 19.

To understand the importance and value attached to repentance in Scripture, we must analyze the feeling, cause, and effect—without which it would seem rather the natural consequence and punishment of error, than any foundation or beginning of virtue. The being aware we have done wrong—the being sorry we have done wrong, gives but an inadequate idea of that state of mind which in Scripture doctrine wipes out all transgressions and places the character in a fresh point of view. Repentance in one sense seems rather the sign of weakness—the undecided never act without repenting—the easy never yield to temptations or persuasion without repenting—the passionate repent—the calculating repent—but all this may and does happen and no further result take place—this is natural—this is common—but—this is not the repentance which blotted out David's sins—not the sorrow which reconciled the prodigal son to his father.

There are certain circumstances in which it is easy to be candid—but there are others in which a spirit of self-justification rises up—our whole faculties are bent to the discovery of palliation, extenuation, excuses, reasons—our partial admissions of error are followed by never-ending *buts*—and there is always an angry feeling either of injustice, of misconception, of wounded pride, of vanity. And though it is hardly to be sufficiently accounted for, no circumstances seem to rouse this spirit of self-defence so universally as the suffering from or through our own faults—nothing we are more unwilling to allow than that such is the case—nothing we are more anxious to conceal from the observation of those who have blamed the fault, and prophesied its consequence, and whose triumph we therefore anticipate in our punishment and their own sagacity.

All the lurking pride of human nature here comes out: see the struggles of children, how early they begin on

this subject—how difficult for youth to yield to the experience of age, and how still more difficult for age to give up its long established preconceived opinions. Here nothing but the impulse of deep real humiliation of soul could set aside these minor feelings—a simple feeling should not seem so rare, but it is—we are so constituted that there are hundreds of eddies to divert the pure stream, and it must go with considerable force to preserve its original course—and there is as much difficulty in finding *single-hearted* repentance as single-hearted charity—love—faith.

But the prodigal son is an instance of it, a remarkable one. Every misfortune with which he must have been threatened by his friends as the inevitable consequence of his folly, his obstinacy, and his mode of life, happens—having wantonly thrown away the blessings of home, friends, and competence, he finds himself in a far country, without friends, and without resource—that he should repent of his previous conduct, see the imprudence and wilful blindness of it, is natural; but it would also have been natural for him to have felt the impossibility of returning to exhibit himself so complete a spectacle of just punishment—to have comforted himself that his injured father would at least not witness his humiliation—that after all, his fate was the result of circumstances—he had been unlucky—no one could have foreseen that such and such things would happen—and all would have done well but for them: nothing of this sort enters his mind—“I will arise and go to my father”—he makes no apology, suggests no palliation, offers no promise, but in the fulness of an oppressed heart exclaims, “I have sinned before Heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son.” It is much easier to feel than to describe the effect such an appeal would have upon the heart of a father, or indeed of a fellow-creature, for every one must at one time or other have felt how such an avowal has cancelled injury, changed the whole current of anger, restored affec-



tion, almost before we could account to ourselves how it was done: what comes *from* the heart goes *to* the heart, and no analysis of the difficulties, the pains of repentance, could convey to the mind such an idea of its nature and value, as that instantaneous involuntary effect it produces on the soul. And as in its purer parts the human nature is the prototype of the divine, so we may from hence form some conception of the mode in which human repentance softens divine justice—how it is at once accepted as the earnest of better things, as the beginning of a new life—and, as being in itself the fruit and pledge of that Christian simplicity which brings us to the condition of little children, we must have conquered many worldly, many complicated, many anti-christian feelings, before we arrive at the repentance of the prodigal son. And if there is one moment more than another in which mortal spirits may taste the purity of heavenly joys, it is that in which unconditional submission and unconditional forgiveness are exchanged between man and man—joy, not triumph, on the one side—humiliation, not despair, on the other—parental tenderness and compassion towards the offender—heartfelt love and gratitude towards the offended.

Well may it be conceived how this state of mind is more congenial to the divine nature—has in it more faith, more love, more elevation, more purity than the calm virtue of “ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.”

A. Y.

*For they considered not the miracle of the loaves: for their hearts were hardened.*—MARK vi. 52.

“As face answereth to face in the glass, even so doth the heart of man.” They had seen the starving thousands fed where food there was none—they had beheld miracles such as no man ever wrought—and yet on every fresh emergency they were as much uneasy, on every fresh manifestation of power they were as much amazed, as if the goodness and omnipotence of their Master had

not been amply and already proved. And we are even like them: always learning, yet never taught; always convinced, yet never satisfied. Again and again our hearts have failed us for fear, the storm has gathered thick upon us, the winds have set in hard—Providence has interposed, and we are safe. Again and again we have hungered, and been fed; wanted, and been supplied; suffered, and been relieved. Be our years many, or be they few, each one among them holds the neglected record of some bounty timely extended to us, some comfort seasonably sent, some apprehension calmed, or danger averted, or suffering mitigated. And yet like those whose hearts were hardened against proof, and like the Israelites before them, who, when their hunger had been stayed by miracle, believed they should die of thirst, and when the cold rock sent forth water, complained that they should perish by the sword—so we in our folly refuse to trust the hand that has ever yet been true. The moment any thing seems to go amiss with us, we are all distrust and agitation: or if nothing is the matter now, we are anxious lest there should be some time. Whether our cares be spiritual or temporal, for our earthly necessities or our soul's estate, it is still the same with us. No mercy already extended, or promises already fulfilled, or assertions already verified, or power already manifested, are accepted by us as pledges for that which is to come. We say they are such; but we act and feel not so; otherwise it were impossible that we should on every fresh emergency be so disquieted and so mistrustful. It is that our hearts too are hardened, and all the power of heaven itself proves scarce enough to soften them. We receive some providential token of our Father's care, and in the fulness of our joy we are ashamed that ever we mistrusted him, and think we shall do it not again. Something goes wrong—and instantly our hearts grow sick, our spirits sink, despondency seizes us—"They considered not the miracle of the loaves, for their hearts were hardened."

## LECTURES

ON OUR

## SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

## LECTURE THE TENTH.

*Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.—MATTHEW v. 33—37.*

ST. JAMES has well said, that "The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity," the most difficult of all things to controul, the last of all things to be subjected to the holy bondage of amended principle; and this gives him occasion to say, "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man—not because the words are of more consequence than the deeds, or the thoughts of the heart from which they emanate, but because they are the last thing from which the stain of man's impurity can be effaced. There is no one who has gone any way upon the straight and narrow path, that has not made mournful proof of the truth of this assertion—there is no night, perhaps, in which they who examine themselves closely of the day's bestading, lie down to rest without a sigh to recall some ill-becoming speech that they remember. No day—nay, there is scarce an hour when those who listen to their own words, which many never do, are not conscious of expressing themselves in a

way that the close precepts of our pure religion would not emotion. The deed of wickedness takes time to perpetrate, and therefore may be more effectually resisted—the evil thought brings with it to the bosom the shame of its conception, conscience takes alarm and struggles to repress it—but the word—it is gone from the lip or ever we perceive that it is there; we cannot reverse it, we cannot fetch it back—the substantial nothing has gained an existence of which we can never more deprive it—the speech has made its impression, has dropped its poison, has worked its mischief—O there is surely not a heart to which the honour of God is dear, and the furtherance of his holy religion precious, that grows not sick to think how often his incautious words and heedless speeches have done disgrace to the one, and injury to the other.

This is in part our misfortune and in part our fault. It is our misfortune in so far as it is the result of habits formed before the age of moral responsibility, or at least before we know the force and meaning of our expressions. Unfortunately as it regards us in this respect, we come to understand words before we understand things—we hear certain expressions used on certain occasions and for certain purposes—we do not consider of the words or their significations, but we use them on the recurrence of a similar occasion or whenever we desire to effect the same purpose. Thus all children talk first from habit and imitation, and not from any perception of the suitableness of their expressions to the things they mean to express, or any thought of the real meaning of any thing they say—they only know it answers their purpose, and they do not reflect on even so much as that. As intellect advances and the reasoning powers are matured, we begin to perceive that words are but the signs of things, we compare them, select them, choose from among them, measure their beauty, their force and fitness, and according as our attainments are, so our words, if duly digested, would be suitable to the end for which

we use them. But long ere this our habits of speaking; our vernacular expressions are established and confirmed—they are as natural to us as our mother tongue. They flow unbidden from the lips—we neither know that we use, nor that we have used them—or if we become aware of it, we find this long, deep-rooted habit, of all things the most difficult to overcome.

This is an evil in which all participate. The Christian has frequently another to contend with, similar in kind, but peculiar to himself. He learned his language in a world that is not christian—for years, perhaps, he has talked the talk of those who know not God—his tongue is but the tongue of his country, for he has had his dwelling in Mesek and his habitation in the tents of Kedar. Mercy and grace have brought him forth at length, and made him the inhabitant of a better kingdom—but alas! he has brought his habits and his language with him; and many a hard struggle, and many a bitter pang will it cost him, or ever he can mould them into such as befits the holiness of the service he has entered. For the last named source of this evil there can be no preventative. It is the penalty of our so long delaying—it is the wringing of the fetters of our willing bondage—the scar upon the forehead that betrays the master we have served. Time, and tears, and anxious watchfulness alone can wear away the disgraceful testimony of our previous degradation; humbling as it is to ourselves, offensive as it must be to Him who has broken our chains, and admitted us to the freedom of his better service. From the influence of the former, we might be preserved by others, though we cannot preserve ourselves. And on this point there is a responsibility on the Christian parent that cannot be too much appreciated: for who shall limit the self-reproach and misery to themselves and the offence to God, that may result to our children from our neglect and inattention to their ill-regulated speech.

Returning to the language of the text—It is plain from this admonition of the divine Preacher, referring

as it did to the third commandment, which the Jews had perverted, and explained still more at large in St. James and other parts of the Gospel, that there is a language befitting the disciples of Christ, differing essentially from that of the world in general; otherwise these admonitions had been superfluous. The Jews had taught that an appeal to God, or the things that are God's, was admissible in their conversations provided it was not in attestation of a falsehood, provided they intended what they asserted; and their usual oaths, beside the names of the Deity, were by Jerusalem, or by the earth, or by their own heads. These words are a sufficient proof that common exclamations, and not judicial oaths, are here alluded to—because the oath judicially administered, would not be in those terms. In respect to the lawfulness of such oaths, as for the security of human affairs they are perpetually administered, we can add nothing to what has been already said upon the subject. There can be no doubt that the person who takes an oath as a mere form, and calls upon God to witness of his truth, without thinking at the moment of the God he calls upon, or caring whether he sees truth in him or not, commits a sin, in that he profanes the majesty of God, and breaks the third commandment, however certainly he means to keep his oath. But the fault is not in the law that administers it—the law esteems it to be a most solemn, sacred and reverential ceremony—so awful, that to the security of such an oath, our public peace, our whole property, and our very lives are committed. The fault is with him who takes the oath, if of a solemn ceremony he makes an empty form. Doubtless the necessity for any oath at all, is the fruit of that sin by reason of which man on his own recognizance cannot be trusted. But then our actual condition is so; we are sinners and therefore to be suspected; and nothing seems more natural or more proper than that they who truly fear God should go solemnly before him on any occasion of importance, to be their witness and as it were their security, that they will do the

thing to which they pledge themselves. The Christian might go to take his oath as he would go to any act of devotion: so taken, it would become in itself an act of piety, and would seem to hallow the affairs, whatever they might be, to which the oath had reference.

But far other than this is the profane, unholy, insulting use of sacred terms in the common conversation of our lives: those who are not in the habit of observing it with religious scrutiny, are not aware how common it is, how almost universal in the language of society. We should startle some persons in polite company, by telling them not to swear; when in fact they are swearing almost as duly as their lips are parted to give utterance to their sentiments. They do not know it, or at least they do not think of it, because they do not think at all, they talk mechanically. If you stop them, and put their words before them, they will answer that they did not know, they used them; and as soon as they speak again, they use them again; sufficiently proving, that when they do know, they do not care. To such persons we know not what is to be said. It is in vain to tell them that God is displeased by it—it never enters into their calculation whether God is pleased or not; they will not tell us they do not care about his pleasure; but we know and they know that they do not. We may tell them it is a breach of one of the Ten commandments, for which they profess some sort of reverence. This they will admit to be wrong, to be even a sin, though they do not particularly like the word: but then it goes into the lump with all the other sins of which every person most willingly confesses himself to be guilty—proving by the willingness with which he owns himself, and the contentedness with which he knows himself a sinful creature, that he esteems a sinful creature to be a very good sort of a person, and is under no anxiety to change his condition. So that when you have convinced them that they do use unfit expressions, and that the using of them is indeed a sin, you have yet produced no valuable reason for the discontinuance of the

habit. We must leave such as these to speak the language of their nativity; and, while we sojourn amongst them, we must submit to have our bosoms startled, and our feelings rent by the careless repetition of names, at the mention of which angels in heaven bow down with reverence, and spirits damned grow pale and tremble; but which man in his madness profanes and makes sport withal. "It hath been said by them of old time," that there is no great harm in all this; and there will be ever those who are determined to hear no other law than that their fathers owned. But Jesus addresses himself to some of whom he has already said, that it must be that their righteousness exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, that the perverted letter of their fathers' laws was not sufficient, and they who would be his disciples must learn of him a closer and a purer rule: and to these he says, that this thing must not be. It becomes therefore the task of every one who professes to be his disciple, to understand what is the language enjoined him in its stead.

"Let your yea be yea, and your nay be nay"—that is, say what you mean, simply, correctly, feelingly. For instance—you met your friend this morning in the street, and parting you shook his hand, and said "God bless you!" Was that what you meant? If it was, the words were good: they were the fitting farewell of a bosom that commits what it loves to the care of the Being it can trust, and leaves it safe with him for time and for eternity. But these are words of meaning. Here is the name of that God whose name is never to be idly used—here is an immediate appeal to him in the form of a prayer—here is a request made to him, and that for no small benefit, on behalf of the person you are speaking to. God was present when you uttered it—he heard it certainly—if not as the prayer of piety, then as the insulting mockery of his power to bless or curse. Now which do you mean? Did you think of God, did you mean he should hear what you said, did you desire



and expect any blessing to come down at your asking for your friend—did you feel he would be the better for the blessing or the worse for the want of it? Did one or any of these feelings possess your mind, when you sent from your lips that aspiration up to Heaven? Or was it the common expression of kindness towards your friend, an act of mere civility, or at most a vague desire for his welfare—words that you never meant should reach to Heaven? They did reach there—and be assured, if they were idle, they were sinful words.

We give this as one instance where we might name an almost endless number: all these expressions that imply an appeal to God, to his works, or to his attributes, when we are not actually, and, at the moment of their utterance, meaning solemnly to make such an appeal, will assuredly come under the same condemnation. I am not forbidden, certainly, in a moment of sudden danger, of extreme agony, of apprehension or surprise, or any other emergency, to call upon God by name, to appeal to him by his mercy, by his goodness, provided such be the real emotion of my bosom—the spontaneous impulse of a heart that loves and fears Him, to fly on the first sense of need to Him whom it has trusted, and who is its ever ready refuge. But for the most part that is not the case. The exclamations are used as the mere interjectory expressions of strong feeling, in which the Deity comes not to mind at all, nor is any invocation of his aid at the moment intended. But what then are we to say to these expressions when they intermix themselves with things in which it is impossible that any serious thought of them can mix—when the “God forbid,” the “God knows,” the cry for mercy on ourselves or somebody else,—the “Bless me,”—the invocation of natural or infernal agents against something that annoys us—all these words cast about at random, without any rational connexion with what we are saying, doing, wanting, or desiring? These are those who, ashamed to use the name of the Deity in the vulgar

tongue, condescend to our prejudice so far as to be at the trouble of putting it into French, or some other foreign tongue—but this is an outrage upon common sense, that scarcely deserves a remark. It is impossible to enumerate every thing—there is the one general rule by which they may all be tried—Do we mean what we say? The words are not forbidden words, but they are forbidden to be used without corresponding feelings; they may be taken for a sober purpose, but they must not be taken in vain. Our yea must be yea, and our nay must be nay.

There is one description of profanation in our common talk which we cannot pass over—for though the term swearing may certainly not be applied to it, we have little doubt that it comes under the censure of our text, and under the prohibition of the third Commandment—for sacred as the Deity himself is his most holy word; and shamed be the ear that hears it without reverence and repeats it without respect! We speak of the familiar, playful, ironical use of Scripture phrases. There are many serious people, we fear, who really reverence this book, and would not for worlds lay the hand of sacrilege upon its hallowed pages, yet are much too incautious in this matter. The language of the Bible is beautiful beyond comparison—a few of its words will sometimes so exactly serve our purpose, and they are beside so naturally present to us, that it is sometimes a real difficulty to avoid using them. If the occasion be a right one, if there be any thing like a serious feeling—we do not mean a religious feeling exactly, but any thing of sober-mindedness in our discourse, and the text we apply be really applicable, in its legitimate meaning, to our subject, we do not suppose that we need forbear the use of it: though even thus we would not have things sacred made too common, lest we lose our respect for them. But the practice we allude to is the employment of Scripture expressions for what they do not mean, for what they have not to do with, for what does not befit

their sacredness—in jest, in playfulness, in secular matters to which they cannot apply. The absurd, ludicrous, and really profane application of Scripture to every thing, which was common to the Puritans of England some ages back, and to the Cameronians of Scotland still more, irreverential as it really was, was not so intended by them: it was bad taste and bad judgment, rather than wrong feeling. But the use of it now in ordinary society, among people of the world, is without extenuation or excuse; it most assuredly is a using of the word of God in vain; and it becomes the disciples of Christ not only to avoid the practice themselves, but to resist it in others—attesting by the silent seriousness with which they hear the words repeated, if they may not do more, that they remember them to be, and feel them to be, of the written Word of Him who never spake in vain. Whether we hear them or speak them or write them, “Saith your God” should be the ever present feeling—then there is no fear that we shall misuse them, make merry with them—do as Belshazzar did, when he brought the vessels of the temple to grace his unhallowed festival.

Little argument need be used to prove that what we may not do, we may not encourage or give countenance to. We have elsewhere had occasion to speak of the irreverent use of sacred terms in musick, in the drama, in other sorts of elocution to which the thought of God does not belong. The bosom that starts not when he hears it, blushes not that he must hear it contentedly, refuses not the response to it, wants something, surely, of that feeling towards his God, that should characterize the disciple of Jesus.

These requirements seem severe; it looks like making much of a light matter; it will be pleaded that it is the intention stamps the wrong, and since our words are mere sounds uttered without intention, we scarcely can ascribe to them the nature of sin. But beside that the words of Scripture are against it—that the great

“I say” stands indelibly written there, which ought to end all controversy—beside this, nature and reason are against it: we do not so with things about which we have any real feeling and concern. We would not hear our fathers or our brothers mocked—we scarcely can speak the name of an earthly object of our love without some corresponding emotion in the bosom. We do not amuse ourselves with babbling and jesting about things on which our deepest interests, the happiness and misery of our lives, perhaps, hang momentarily suspended. We cannot—nature refuses it—the lip involuntarily quivers under the accent that is upon it—the checked blood leaves the cheek to paleness, or suffuses it with deeper red, in confession that the subject is of too much moment to be played with. And O! if the bosom feels nothing when the name of our God is uttered, when the things of eternity are attended to, and our soul’s salvation or destruction is deeply connected with the sounds that are uttered, it is because we have not in these things the real, living, heart-affecting interest that we take in the concerns of earth. They lie not so near our hearts; they are not so much our own. And so we call the requisition hard that claims for God and religion the respect, the feeling, the sensibility we should show instinctive towards the important interests of this unimportant world; for such in comparison it is. We call that breast a hard one that betrays no emotions at the casual mention of what we know concerns it deeply; and yet by that strange perversity of mind which nothing but the whole, entire, and absolute corruption and blindness of our nature can explain, we think it very precise, and affected, and austere, if the anxious candidate for immortality, the humble expectant of mercy, the Father’s new-welcomed prodigal, cannot join the laughter who makes idle mention of all these the deepest interests of his bosom.

And thus again we have the line distinctly marked between the morality of the world and the morality of the Christian; and we have the reason of it as distinctly as

the difference itself—and again we perceive it is not so much in the act as in the spirit it betrays—the unconcern on the one hand, and the deep-felt interest on the other. Our entrance into heaven is not here, or any where, dependent on the simple fulfilment of the command. Alas! if it were, we should come short of it indeed; for we speak all unwittingly. But we cannot enter that kingdom unless we love God, and fear him, and reverence him, and have learned, as it were, the language angels speak. This cannot be the case, so long as we thus treat his sacred name and brave his displeasure, and feel neither emotion nor compunction that we do so: or, if we have not learned it yet, if we are not at least wishing, struggling for it—at once regretting and resisting the miserable influence of long-established custom and inveterate habit.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

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### QUEEN MARY.

*(Continued from page 220.)*

MEANTIME affairs in England grew daily worse. The great dread of republican and presbyterian principles, naturally resulting from the recent confusion they had worked in the kingdom, had induced the clergy of the Church of England to give full support to James's claims, and greatly to contribute to his accession to the throne, though a known and acknowledged papist. But no sooner was he securely seated there, than his violence against them began to show itself, and they found it necessary to place themselves in determined opposition to all his measures. James was true to nothing, for he loved nothing, but his religion; his promises, his interests, his people, his children, every thing was as nothing to him in the comparison—the seeming madness and stu-

pidity of his proceedings was the result rather of a fixed determination formed on the dictate of mistaken principle, than from want of penetration or insensibility to the consequences—for James was a faithful, brave, and honourable man, steady in his conduct, and diligent in his purposes, wanting neither of sense to perceive, nor courage to execute; and yet his whole reign is a tissue of measures the most impolitic, and the most certain to produce the ruin that ensued—he was willing to sacrifice, and was satisfied when he had sacrificed every thing to his zeal for the Roman Catholic Church.

In his great anxiety on this subject, it was natural that James should look with jealous apprehension on his daughters, both reared in the protestant faith, and one, his next heir, married to a protestant prince. “The princess Anne, the second daughter, was still very steadfast and regular in her devotions, and was very exemplary in the course of her life. The king was a kind and indulgent father to her. But as care had been taken to put very ordinary divines about her, so she had never pursued any study in those points with much application.” It was from Mary, therefore, that he had most to fear, as his people had most to hope, “who was out of his reach, and known to be very zealous in matters of religion.” To her James addressed a letter of persuasion, explaining the grounds of his own conversion, and stating his many objections to the Church of England and the protestant faith. Mary wrote in reply a very respectful letter to her father, in which she expressed herself “very sensible of the happiness of hearing so constantly from him: for no difference of religion could hinder her from desiring both his blessing and his prayers, though she was ever so far from him. She was far from sticking to the religion in which she was bred out of a point of honour, for she had taken much pains to be settled in it upon better grounds. Those of the Church of England who had instructed her, had freely laid before her that which was good in the Romish religion, that so, seeing

the good and the bad of both, she might judge impartially, according to the Apostles' rule of proving all things, and holding fast that which is good. Though she had come young out of England, yet she had not left behind her either the desire of being well informed, or the means for it. She had furnished herself with books, and had those about her who might clear any doubts to her. She saw clearly in the Scriptures, that she must work her own salvation with fear and trembling, and that she must not believe by the faith of another, but according as things appeared to herself. It ought to be no prejudice against the reformation, if many of those who professed it led ill lives. If any of them lived ill, none of the principles of their religion allowed them in it. Many of them led good lives, and more might do it by the grace of God. Nor did she see, why the ill use that some made of the Scriptures ought to deprive others of them. It is true, all sects make use of them, and find somewhat in them that they draw in to support their opinions: yet for all this, our Saviour said to the Jews, "Search the Scriptures;" and St. Paul ordered his Epistles to be read to all the saints in the churches; and he says in one place, "I write as to wise men; judge what I say." And if they might judge an Apostle, much more any other teacher. Under the law of Moses, the Old Testament was to be read, not only in the hearing of the Scribes and the Doctors of the law, but likewise in the hearing of the women and children. And since God had made us reasonable creatures, it seemed necessary to employ our reason chiefly in the matters of the greatest concern. Though faith was above our reason, yet it proposed nothing to us that was contradictory to it. Every one ought to satisfy himself in these things: as our Saviour convinced Thomas, by making him to thrust his own hand into the print of the nails, not leaving him to the testimony of the other Apostles, who were already convinced. She was confident, that if the king would hear many of his own subjects, they would fall;

satisfy him as to those prejudices that he had against the reformation ; in which nothing was acted tumultuously, but all was done according to law. The design of it was only to separate from the Romish Church, in so far as it had separated from the primitive Church ; in which they had brought things to as great a degree of perfection as those corrupt ages were capable of. She did not see how the Church of England could be blamed for the persecution of dissenters ; for the laws made against them were made by the state, and not by the Church ; and they were made for crimes against the state. Their enemies had taken great care to foment the division, in which they had been but too successful. But, if he would reflect on the grounds upon which the Church of England had separated from the Church of Rome, he would find them to be of a very different nature from those for which the dissenters had left it. Thus, she concluded, she gave him the trouble of a long account of the grounds upon which she was persuaded of the truth of her religion : in which she was so fully satisfied, that she trusted, by the grace of God, she should spend the rest of her days in it : and she was so well assured of the truth of our Saviour's words, that she was confident the gates of hell should not prevail against it, but that he would be with it to the end of the world. All ended thus, that the religion she professed taught her duty to him, so that she should ever be his most obedient daughter and servant."

This may seem almost the language of falseness in one who so shortly after was to dispute her father's right to the throne on which he sate. But the dethronement was no act of her's ; and if she assented to it, as assuredly she must, when she could not prevent it, it is to be considered that a dearer interest than her father's royalty was at stake ; and she might believe, as many others did, though some would determine otherwise, that in defence and preservation of the truth she was bound to forego her allegiance as a subject and her duty as a child. We



would rather, however, consider Mary as submitting to what she could not prevent, than as willingly acquiescing in her father's dethronement.

The enmity of James against his protestant heir more and more increased, and projects against Holland were formed—while on the other hand the suffering malcontents of England were soliciting William to rescue them from the danger that threatened their liberties and their faith, by an invasion of the kingdom. The crisis was probably hastened by an event that blighted the only remaining hope of better days, by barring the claim of the protestant princesses to the throne. On the 10th June, 1683, the birth of a son was announced; and though some asserted that such a child was never born, and others that it shortly died, and was replaced by another child, and though too many were interested in believing it not to give currency to the report, there seems to be no proof, and little real doubt, but that the prince of Wales was the son and lawful heir of James II.

This event raised the hopes and the insolence of the Papists to the highest pitch, while it drove the protestants to despair.

“The rejoicings over England upon this birth were very cold and forced. Bonfires were made in some places, and a set of congratulatory addresses went round the nation. None durst oppose them, but all was formed, and only to make a show. The prince and princess of Orange received the news of this birth very decently. The first letters gave not those ground of suspicions (respecting the prince's birth) that were sent them afterwards. So they sent over Zuytlestein to congratulate; and the princess ordered the prince of Wales to be prayed for in chapel. Upon this occasion, it may not be improper to set down what the princess said to myself on this subject two years before. I had asked her, in the freedom of much discourse, if she knew the temper of her own mind, and how she could bear the queen's having a son. She said, she was sure it would give her no concern at all on

her own account: God knew best what was fit for her; and if it was not to serve the great ends of providence, she was sure that as to herself, she would rather wish to live and die in the condition she was then in. The advertisements formerly mentioned came over from so many hands, that it was impossible not to be shaken by them. It was also ill taken in England, that the princess should have begun so early to pray for the pretended prince: upon which the naming him was discontinued. But this was so highly resented by the court of England, that the prince, fearing it might precipitate a rupture, ordered him again to be named in the prayers."

This vacillation in a matter of form was not surprising. It was so likely a circumstance that James should present to the nation a surreptitious child, and deprive his own of the succession, for the sake of a religion that admits of every thing in its own behalf, and on behalf of which he had proved himself willing to sacrifice every thing, that we cannot wonder it should be reported, and that it should be hesitatingly listened to by those so deeply interested.

William, however, had already determined not to wait for his wife's lawful succession to the throne; and now with redoubled eagerness hastened his preparations for invading England. To pretend to decide on the moral justness of this invasion of another's rights, would be merely to give an opinion; because, while time endures, there will ever be two opinions upon the subject. As a general principle, if one prince is to be the arbiter of another's conduct, and, as soon as he disapproves his mode of government, is to lend his hand to his malcontent subjects, to depose their monarch and seat himself in his place, there is an end to all legitimate sway; the stronger will never want pretext to attack the weaker; and while the protestant prince pleads his right to set free his suffering fellow-creatures from the cruelty and darkness of papal superstition, the papist will with equal zeal plead the necessity of saving his neighbours from

the eternal perdition that awaits them under a protestant administration. It must be admitted, however, that the Revolution in England was one of a peculiar nature, unlike in the manner and in the issue to every other in the records of history. No blood was shed, no struggle was made, no private rights or interests were compromised to sate the ambition of a party. It seemed throughout as if Heaven had taken the work into its own hands, to perform it by its own means. The easy success that attended the undertaking, the tranquil prosperity that ensued upon it, and the unlimited blessings that have resulted from it, mark it as the will and the work of Him who cannot do amiss; and we should be ungrateful indeed, were we to condemn the instruments he made use of, or wish their deeds undone. We have but to peruse the histories of that period to perceive the fearful necessity there was for some such striking interposition of Heaven, to save the truth of the Gospel from sinking again into the darkness from which it had emerged so lately. There needed, as it were, a fortress in which to shelter and permanently to secure that reformation, which the bitterness of its enemies and the corruption of its friends now on all sides endangered: by the blessing of God, Great Britain has from the time in question been that secure and permanent fortress. Bishop Burnet considers the time we are speaking of as the fifth and last great crisis of danger to the reformed religion. The first he reckons to have been when the successes of Charles V. seemed to place the fate of the continent in his hands, after the death of Henry VIII. and Francis I. The second, when, towards the end of Mary's reign, protestantism seemed almost extinct in England, and France and Holland were ready to combine for its extirpation in their dominions. The third crisis was when Spain entered into a design to displace Elizabeth, and seat Mary of Scotland on her throne, and the invincible Armada set sail to accomplish the purpose. The fourth, when, in the middle of the seventeenth century, the whole of the em-

pire fell under the Austrian yoke, the wars of Rochelle threatened destruction to all Protestants in France, Holland was in danger of subjection to Spain, and England was distracted by the disunion of her people and their king. The fifth great moment of danger was now, when James of England was determined to stop at no measures, however oppressive and unjust, to force his kingdom to reunion with the popish church; when the king of France had recalled the edict of Nantes, made for the security of his protestant subjects, and begun a most violent and cruel persecution throughout his dominions—the duke of Savoy had recalled the indulgence granted to the Vaudois, the protestants of the valleys of Italy, and a bigotted popish family held the chief influence in Germany. And while scenes from the recital of which our nature shrinks with horror, were transacting in the popish governments, those states that were professedly protestant were either trembling for existence, or disgracing their purer faith by dispute and corruption.

*(To be continued.)*

### THE LISTENER.—No. XXIII.

THE eye that has long been accustomed to look upon the scene around it, has become familiar with its minutest peculiarities, reconciled to its deformities, and sated with its charms, can form but a very imperfect idea of the effect of that same scene on one who has never looked on it before. It is thus in every thing—we lose the general effect, in too close intimacy with the minute particulars. The painter feels this, when he has sat hour by hour over the laboured canvass, retouching every feature, measuring every line, till the effect as a whole is so entirely lost to him, that he is obliged to remove it

for a time out of his sight, or have recourse to the judgment of another. The poet feels it, when, having selected word by word the materials of his composition, and fitted them to the measure of his verse, he knows that to his ear they harmonize, to his perceptions they express the idea and excite the feeling he intends, but can very inadequately judge of the impression they will make on the mind of a reader, who for the first time comes to their perusal.

And such is the difficulty I often feel, when I go about to listen for others to what I can only hear for myself; especially when it passes over my mind that I am listening for those to whom nothing can appear under the same aspect in which it appears to me. The features of society that I have looked up till they seem to me too little prominent to excite attention, a young person to whom the world is new will likely fix upon as objects of enquiry and surprise: while those that in minuter intimacy I have discovered to be curious and important, they, in their hasty and unpractised glance, will either not perceive, or feel but little interest in. And so, while I am carefully, and, as I think, very interestingly telling stories and multiplying words about things that, for aught they know, may have happened in the moon, they are wishing, wondering, and not altogether pleased, that I never happen to see, or see under so different a shape, the objects that most puzzle and surprise them. It was under the burden of this very disturbing apprehension, that I bethought myself for once to have recourse to memory for my tale, and tell of what happened when I was as much a novice as my readers, and liable to as much mistake as they possibly can be, respecting the objects I remarked upon. But then my readers must be needs forewarned, that my observations in this paper are not required to be correct: what I thought wrong was in all probability very right—what I thought inconsistent might be most beautifully systematic, if I had but had the sense to perceive the due connexion of

things. And as all wonder is the offspring of ignorance—ignorance of what things are, if not of what they ought to be—any surprise that I may express is to be as of course attributed to my own inexperience at the time.

It happened once—that is the genuine way of beginning the account of things that never happened—but my readers may depend upon it this did happen some time, though I find it inconvenient to say when. It was when the habits and practices of the world were known to me only through the newspapers that reported them, or the moral essays that abused them, or the novels that misrepresented them—the world in which I had grown up, being no wider than the walls of the paternal dwelling, and no more populous than the family that dwelt in it. What ideas or expectations I had formed through the medium of these informers of the busy scene of life in which I have since so largely wandered, is not of moment here to be reported—my readers may be satisfied to know they were in every thing mistaken. Some time about the middle of March I was invited to spend a few weeks in London, where, with all my ignorance and all my prejudices full upon me, I found myself arrived at the given period. I was a Listener then, as well as now; then for myself, as now for others: and among an infinite variety of things, the following circumstances are in memory's record, as something that I heard.

"It is rather a dull time to bring a stranger to London," said Mrs. Thoroughgood, "because in Lent we see less company, and our publick amusements are for the most part suspended. But after Easter we shall be particularly gay, and able to show you every thing."

"I should like to know, Mamma," answered young Selina T., "why we may not as well live in Lent, as we live all the rest of the year; for I suppose we do not live irreligiously at any time?"

"I am surprised to hear you speak thus, Selina," said her mother; "I thought you had been taught to

read your Bible, and attend your religious duties strictly; I did not expect from you so ignorant a remark—I thought you knew”——I was considering of the probability that Mrs. T. had neglected to teach her daughter what she was surprised to find she did not know, when the lively Selina rejoined——

“O yes, dear Mamma, I do know that in Lent we have no balls or plays, never ask more than twelve people to dinner at once, eat salt fish and pancakes, and go to church in the week days. But I wanted to know the reason of it all; I am sure there is nothing about it in the Bible, and I could not find it this morning in the prayer-book.”

“Again, my dear, I must say you are very ignorant, if you do not know, that the forty days preceding Easter are kept in commemoration of our Saviour’s fast of forty days in the lonely wilderness, where for our sakes and for our example he hungered and thirsted, and——”

“O dearest Mamma, I know all that, of course—but I want to be told what that has to do with balls and dinner-parties, and pancakes and plays,” answered Selina, impatiently.

“I should think that too obvious to need explanation, my love,” said Mrs. T.—I thought so too; and seeing her hesitate, I had almost a mind to propound the matter myself, so simple and so certain seemed to me the mode of explanation, and so clear to myself was my own understanding of it. I soon had reason to rejoice that I refrained my lips, when I perceived not only the difficulty of the exposition, but my own mistakes upon the subject.

Mrs. T. took off her thimble, primmed her pleasant face into the length of gravity, bade her daughter be serious, and she would explain to her what she ought to have known long ago. I thought she ought—little suspecting that I did not know myself.

There were not wanting symptoms in the old lady’s manner which might have excited suspicion that she did

not know—but that was impossible; the appearance must of course have proceeded from my want of knowledge of the world. Still there was a long pause—the old lady drew towards her the large Bible and the little prayer-book that lay on the table, and put them carefully one upon the other, the latter at the top, ready for action. If so much preparation should seem extraordinary, be it remembered that Mrs. T. had grown up at a period, when, however much ladies might think upon religion, they were very little accustomed to talk about it; and few persons in the parish, except the parson, were expected to have an opinion upon the subject, much less to explain one. Mrs. T.'s exordium proved nothing the worse for the delay. She began by commenting with feeling and simplicity on the narration of our Saviour's sufferings, the object of his mission upon earth, the awful consummation of his errand that is at this season celebrated, and all the heart-affecting circumstances with which the season stands associated in the mind of a believer.

“And does not my Selina see,” she added, “why such a period should be marked and kept by those so deeply interested in its events?”

“Assuredly, Mamma, I see it should be kept. We commemorate the deeds of earthly greatness—we celebrate the era of our country's freedom—we remember the birth-time and the death of those we love—if good or ill betide us, we grave, as it were, the date upon our hearts, to be no more erased, and thought recurs to it as duly as the day returns. It would seem strange indeed, if, of all important eras, the most important was alone forgotten—if, of all great events, the greatest remained without appropriate celebration. Assuredly, Mamma, it should be kept—but how?”

“By means appropriate to itself. Now what does it seem to you that they would be?”

Selina hesitated; yet her countenance betrayed an emotion that said she knew; nature and feeling were in



this instance better prompters than the wisdom of the schools. She had not reflected on it before, but she felt what she had not learned, and replied—

“In common sense, Mamma, it surely should be this. Jesus suffered for our sins, died for our sins, rose again to free us from our sins. We were the cause of his suffering, and therefore should be sad at the remembrance—we were the gainers by it, and therefore should be glad and should be grateful. But as sin was the mischief, and pardon of sin the gain, it is natural that our joy and our sorrow too should express itself by abstaining from whatever is sinful, or can by any means be offensive to him whose passion we at this time celebrate: and I would add that we should keep it as a season of humiliation for our past sin, and of prayer and preparation for future amendment.”

“You could not have spoken better, my child. And beside this purpose of preparation for Easter, it is required of us to follow the footsteps of our Lord; and as he fasted forty days in the wilderness, so we have an equal period of self-denial appointed us in imitation of his. Do you not then see the wisdom of our church in setting apart the forty days preceding Easter for this good purpose?”

“Yes—but I do not see exactly how the purpose is answered by it—unless the ball and the theatre be the sins from which we are to abstain; and dining with twelve people instead of twenty be the self-denial, and”—Selina’s vivacity was fast getting the better of her previous earnestness; but recollecting herself, she gravely added, “But that, Mamma, is confessing that these are sinful practices, which you know they are not.”

“The innocent amusements of the world cannot be so: but”—Mrs T. hesitated—moved the prayer-book off the Bible—turned it the other side upwards, and seemed at a loss for words—I thought I could have helped her, but I did not. “In the first place these engagements occupy our time, and consequently leave us less for our devo-

tional duties—then they occupy our thoughts, and consequently interfere with the serious thought that becomes the season; and then it cannot be denied, that though innocent amusements on the whole, there is an awful inconsistency in the gaiety and forgetfulness of such pursuits, when brought in near contact with the events at this season, recalled and pictured out afresh to our imagination. You cannot, in the excitation of the theatre, think of your Saviour's dying groan—you cannot, in the hubbub of a crowded room, be in the steps of him who, as he sat at meat with those he loved, was ever teaching them his Father's law, or speaking with them of his approaching expiation. Therefore it is not hard to understand, that at a season when you desire to remember these things and to feel them, you must in some measure change your occupations."

I was considering how far the above ingredients might, if properly compounded, make a sin, when Selina ended at once my doubts and the conversation, of which she was manifestly tired, by the following exclamation--

"O yes, Mamma—I am perfectly satisfied of what you mean, and beg your pardon for teasing you with such foolish questions—I see exactly that things which are perfectly proper during the three hundred and twenty-five days in which we forget our Saviour's sufferings, would be very inconsistent during the forty days in which we desire to remember them; and since Jesus for our sakes at this time barred himself of nature's first necessities, and endured a sufferance from which nature shrinks, we should in imitation of him refrain from what we most delight in, and submit to what is most disagreeable to us—that is, we should give no balls, eat salt fish and pancakes, and go to church."

Mrs. T. smiled at her daughter's mirth, and possibly felt her satire, but contented herself with saying she was too giddy.

I was a thinker then as well as a listener, though not much of a talker, as may have been perceived. Reflect-

ing after I retired upon this conversation, I felt angry with Selina's ridicule of her mother's sensible remarks. The truth of what had been said respecting Easter, the propriety of keeping it, and the manner of keeping it, had deeply impressed my mind. I felt ashamed to know that I had never before so seriously considered it; and a feeling of pious joy animated my bosom, that for the first time in my life I had come into a family where I should see it observed so consistently and so devoutly. How could Selina, I thought, who has been brought up in the constant observance of so excellent a principle, have remained till this time without a perception of its suitability.

I arose the next morning in a mood of more seriousness than I remember to have ever felt before, prepared, as I thought, and willing to make any sacrifice required of me by religion and the church at such a season.

After the usual breakfast the carriage came to take us to morning prayers, and we rolled off to a fashionable chapel at the west end of the town. A few carriages brought a few people on the same errand—the chapel was so warm, and the seats were so well lined, and the hassocks were so near the elevation of the knees, and the reader made such admirable haste, that, contrary to my previous prejudice, I found there was very little trouble in a week-day service, and so we rolled back again and went about our usual occupations.

"Selina, dear, you must not be idle," said Mrs. T., "you know what a deal you have to do, and this is the last leisure week; there is scarcely a day in which we are not engaged after Easter, and our mornings will be occupied in showing our friend about London. If you do not make use of this idle time to prepare your things, you will be sadly bustled."

"O dear me! I am bustled enough as it is," said Selina. "I have saved such a quantity of things to do this week, that I never shall get through them. It is a comfort, at least, that there are a few weeks in the year

in which one has time to one's self. But did you not want me to write those cards this morning?"

"O yes! indeed you must," answered her mother. "For to-morrow the dress-maker will be here all the morning, measuring and taking order for your spring dresses; and next day I have appointed the upholsterer about the furniture, and all the house will be in confusion—on Saturday you must go to the dentist—I must get all these things done this week, for I shall have no time after Easter."

"But for what days are the cards to be sent out, Mamma?"

"That I must think of, if I can find time to think. There is the 1st, the 6th, the 10th. Having no parties in Lent makes them come so thick afterward, it is scarcely possible to find days enough."

The conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a lady dressed in black—she made a visit of the usual length, during which she made a great many ill-natured remarks, repeated several slanderous anecdotes, and expressed herself with much bitterness against some persons who had offended her. As soon as she was gone, Selina said—

"Mamma, what is Miss Tibbs in mourning for?"

"It used to be the custom, my dear, and it is still retained by some persons who are particular, to wear mourning in Lent."

"Nay," said Selina, "if Miss Tibbs is so particular in keeping Lent, she had better abstain from speaking ill of her neighbours, which is the thing she most delights in, and forgive her enemies, which is the thing she is least disposed to."

The days passed on—every body eat and every body drank, and every body enjoyed themselves as usual. Two or three people came some days to dinner, and the entertainment was the same and the conversation was the same, for aught I could see, as if they had been twenty—and on the days that we dined alone, the ob-

jects that occupied our attention were still the same. We talked of the things we did not do, and arranged plans for doing them as soon as we might. I heard no more of Jesus, of his sufferings or his death; of sin, or its consequences, or its pardon, nor, as far as I could, perceive, was any one thinking about them. This probably proceeded from my own inexperience and want of knowledge of the world. It could not really be, as it seemed, that the season so *properly set apart by our church*, as Mrs. T. had said, for meditation, penitence, and prayer, could be passed over without any extra-serious thoughts, of any kind whatever, upon the events at this period commemorated. Certain it is that no more allusion was made to them in word or deed, except that some one now and then took occasion to say, it was very unlucky it happened to be Lent.

"Mamma, which night are we to go to the Oratorio?" said Selina, on Friday morning.

"I believe, my dear, we shall have a box to-night, but you will know when your Papa returns."

On this subject I felt myself quite well informed. I had learned by the newspaper that the theatres are always closed during this season, except on Wednesdays and Fridays, when they are opened for the Oratorio, a sort of religious festival, as I conceived by the names affixed to the performance and by its being held on the same days of the week as the church prayers; the days, as I was aware, to which custom had affixed a peculiar sacredness. I was well pleased with what I heard—for as this amusement was not only allowed in Lent, but confined to it by peculiar appropriation, I certainly might there expect to find something of the devotion with which I had heard the season was to be hallowed.

The box was secured, the hour came, we were duly adorned, and set off, as I supposed, to our devotions. My thoughts by the way were serious—they had not been used to be so; but what I had heard from Mrs. T.

had made a strong impression on me; though I was effectually puzzled that it seemed to have so little affected any body else. I tried to compose my mind to feelings suitable to the occasion, though no one else in the carriage appeared to be doing so. But then they had been used to spend the Lent properly; I had hitherto neglected to do so, and the reflection caused me some feelings of regret and shame.

Shame, regret, and devotion, however, had no tickets of admission. - I parted at the door with all of them, and became absorbed with such sense of pleasure as was likely to possess a youthful mind on tasting for the first time of such an amusement. The splendour of the house, the brilliancy of the lights, the music of the full choir, so unlike to any thing I had heard before, the gay appearance of the audience, where all without was prosperity and smiles, whatever might be beneath them—thoughts of sadness would have seemed to me a sacrilege; within the compass of these walls, at least, there was a world of joy; my reflections and feelings were absorbed in sensations of unmingled pleasure. I could not discern where vice and misery hid itself in that gay crowd, or I should rather say, presented their unblushing front as if by acknowledged right they presided there. I could not guess how the hundreds of immortal beings were employed, who, to support a useless existence and fill up the measure of their crimes, were doing the drudgery of such an establishment. I knew nothing of all this—but ignorant as I was, and thoughtless as I was, I was started from my delirium of enjoyment, when, accompanied by tones from the orchestra that might seem to be the music angels sing, I heard these words, “He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He gave his back to the smiters”—I need not pursue the words, we know where they are, we know what they mean—those deep mysterious words, at which patriarchs and prophets wondered, which sinners treasure in their bosoms as a criminal the

signet that is to stay his execution—which the penitent weeps while he listens to, and triumphs while he weeps—the words of God himself, the prophetic picture of the Saviour's sufferings for a ruined, miserable world, for the world that at this season professed to commemorate his mercy and their own degradation—for the world at that moment assembled within those walls. I looked at the person by whom the words were uttered—I looked at the audience by whom they were listened to—I marked the dazzling accompaniments of the scene. Nature and reason spake within me—for bribed, corrupted, spell-bound as they are, they will speak sometimes, if we will let them. The bold, unblushing front, the unshrinking eye, the immodest attire, the unhallowed air on the one part—on the other the expression of indifference or of emotions simply pleasurable, were so contrasted with the images those words brought, like unwelcome spectres, to my imagination, that at no moment of my life do I remember to have felt so involuntarily persuaded that these things were indeed but the fiction that they seemed—the tragick stories with which men amuse themselves. The beings before me and around me, could they believe themselves the creatures for whom the Messiah had thus suffered? Was it they had done it, they had caused it, they at this very time professing to keep a fast in imitation of his sufferings, and humble themselves before him for their share in it? It was nonsense, it was absurdity—it was imposition that could not be passed upon a child, to suppose that they who sang, or they who listened, felt themselves to be the sinners that had been so redeemed—had there been any bosom there to which the realizing sense had come, they would have drooped their heads for shame and gone away. No—I am bold to say, that whatever it was before or after, the Messiah's sorrows were, at the moment, to every bosom there, a fiction—enhanced by the exquisite pathos of the music, a beautiful, exciting, heart-affecting fiction—represented by the most degraded of mankind

for the amusement of the gayest and most profligate. Yet hither we had presumed to bring the word of God, here we addressed him with the cry for mercy, here we had his name resounded from unhallowed lips, reverberating on unadoring hearts; succeeded as quickly as the scene could change, by a heathen madrigal, sung by the same performers, in the character of Ceres and Proserpine, in which Pluto received the orisons so lately offered in mockery to the God of Heaven; uttered in the same spirit, heard with the same feelings. We drop the picture. Satire grows grave when she touches on things like these; and our readers will say we preach. If there be meaning in words, or sense in any thing, God's commandment was that night broken and his name profaned: and Christians were there to hear it, and were well-pleased.

But to resume my story—a few days more, and the days of Lent were ended. The *imitation* of the Messiah's fast in the wilderness was completed, the season of *humiliation* was accomplished, and we were all *prepared* for the approaching festival of Easter. The day of the Redeemer's death that ended our days of *mourning*, was decently observed in Mrs. T.'s family, as was also the Sunday, the commencement of our joy for his resurrection to eternal life, and our own in his. And what it before behoved us to remember, it now behoved us as quickly as possible to forget; what was sin the week before the expiation was offered, was no sin as soon as it was accomplished—there needed indeed the utmost ingenuity to make up for the time that had been lost. Miss Tibbs put off her mourning; Mrs. Thoroughgood would have thought it quite methodistical to go to church in the week; Selina honestly rejoiced that Lent came but once a year; and I—I remembered what I hope my readers may not have forgotten, the beginning of my story. I remembered Selina's ignorance, and no longer wondered; for neither could I perceive the connection between the season and its observances. I remembered



Mrs. Thoroughgood's pious observations, and wondered what they could have meant—for I had not seen a single illustration of them in the practices or occupations of the family in the interval. One good effect however came of my meditations—they put me on good terms again with myself: for whatever might be the intention of our Church in instituting this fast—whether, that in order to our being made conformable to our Lord in his life, it was judged necessary that we should have a season of self-denial and abstraction from the ordinary occupations and innocent delights of life—or whether, he having fulfilled for us the law, and by his sufferings done away the need of a similar penance on our part, this was rather meant as a time of grateful remembrance than of imitation, a time of humiliation before God, and pious commemoration of his love—in either or in any case, it appeared to me that the intentions of the Church had been as well fulfilled by my forgetfulness as by their observance of the season. Whatever mistakes may be in this comparative estimate of wrong, I beg may be attributed to my inexperience and ignorance of the world.

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## INTRODUCTION.

TO

## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

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BOTANY.

(Continued from page 232.)

### CLASS 19.—SYNGENESIA.

THE two remaining Orders of the Syngenesia Class are Frustranea and Necessaria, in either of which we have but one British Genus. Frustranea is distinguished by having Neutral Florets in the circumference of the flower—that is, Florets having neither Stamens nor Pi-



*Syngenesia Frustranea*  
*Centaurea Scabiosa*  
Greater Knapweed.



tils, while those of the centre have both. In this Order we have only the beautiful Genus *Centaurea*, Knapweed, Star Thistle, or Corn-flower. Of one Species we have a drawing in *Plate 23*—another we probably know as the brilliant Blue Flower that grows among corn. Two Species are so thorny, that we might, without examination, mistake them for Thistles, but the thorns are only on the Calix.

The last Order, *Necessaria*, has necessary Female Florets in the circumference; so called because the centre Florets bear no seed. In English Botany this Order contains only the *Calendula*, Marigold. It nearly resembles the garden Marigold, but that the flowers are smaller and of a paler yellow.

Our specimen is a handsome but not uncommon flower, growing on the borders of corn-fields. The stem, frequently tall, bears usually a single head, sometimes white, but more frequently purple. On dissecting it, we find the Florets of the circumference have neither Stamens nor Pistils, by which we know it to be a *Frustranea*, as its compound flower has before decided it to be a *Syngenesia*; and there being no other Genus in this Order, we know at once it must be a *Centaurea*. All, therefore, that remains to learn; is what species of *Centaurea* we have found. The Calix is globular, composed of many scales, closely laid over in rows, the scales being edged with black and fringed. The Florets are tubular, scored, and cut into four or five segments, and the centre ones marked with purple lines. The Styles are purple at the top, and the summits cloven, the Anthers purple or whitish. The down of the seed is long and bristly. The fruit-stalk is long, naked, and scored. The leaves are curiously formed, the lower ones being on long leaf-stalks, the upper sitting on the stem: they are much cut; the terminating division very large—the base and the mid-rib frequently winged. We cannot long be doubtful of this description answering to that of the *Centaurea Scabiosa*, Greater Knapweed.

## CLASS XIX.—SYNGENESIA—FLOWERS COMPOUND:

ORDER 3.—FRUSTRANEA—Florets of the Circumference neutral.  
Centaurea. . . . . Knapweed, Corn-flower, or Star-thistle.

ORDER 4.—NECESSARIA—Female Florets in the Circumference.  
Calendula. . . . . Marigold.

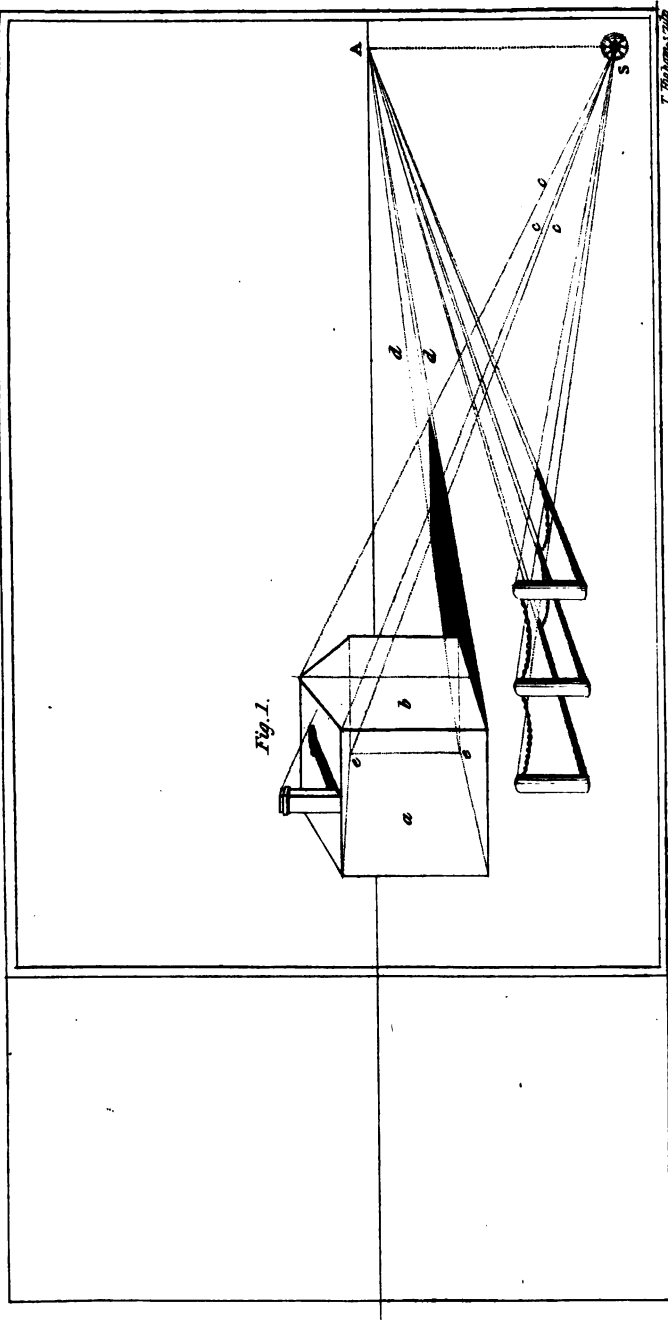
## PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

## LESSON XXIII.—PLATE 23.

THE third rule for the casting of shadows in due perspective, is when the sun is behind us, or in front of the picture, casting the shadows of objects away from us. In this case the sun can be nowhere on our paper. We must, therefore, suppose its beams to pass, as it were, over our heads, which in fact they do, and strike somewhere on the ground before us—suppose at (*s*), *Plate 23*, and there we must make an artificial sun. The situation of this point will depend on circumstances: the nearer the real sun is to the horizon, the nearer this point must be to the horizontal line—if the sun be much to the left of us, this point must be proportionally much to the right. From the sun (*s*), we draw a perpendicular, as in the last rule, to the horizontal line, finding the sun's seat at (*A*.) Suppose *Fig. 1* to be a house, on the side (*a*) of which the sun is shining, but not on the side (*b*). In this case the artificial sun being at (*s*), we draw to that point the line (*c c c*) from the top of the perpendiculars, and to the sun's seat at (*A*) the lines (*d d*) from the base of the same perpendiculars. We shall perceive that it was here necessary to have the invisible angle of the house marked out, as is done by the dotted lines (*e e*.) It was also necessary to have the roof, and the base of a perpendicular from the roof, in order to find the corresponding point of the shadow. There will be no difficulty if we only mind that the lines from each end of the same perpendicular belong to each other, and give, in crossing, the point of the shadow corresponding with that angle of the building which the perpendicular represents. The

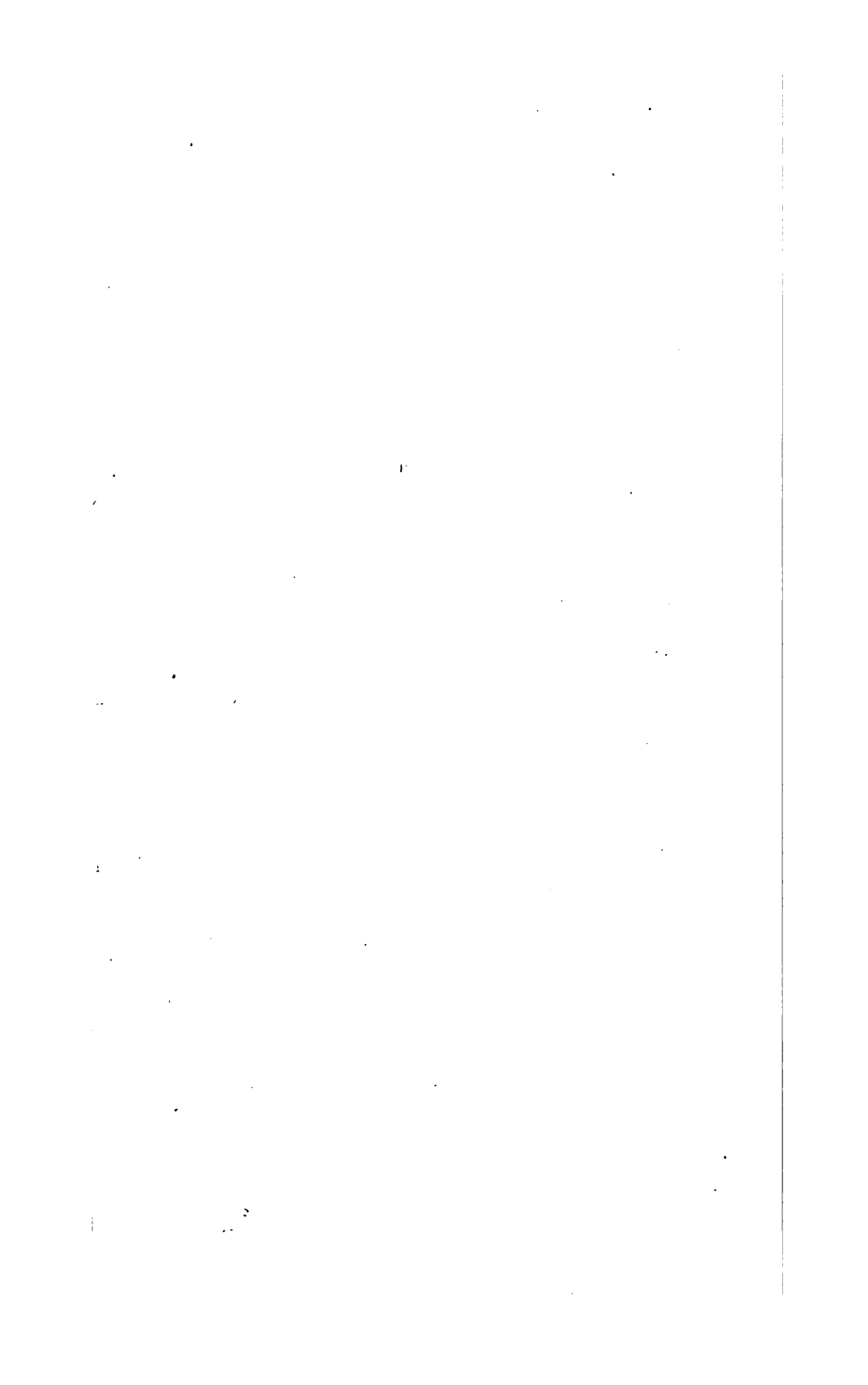
# PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE XXII



T. H. H. H. H. H.

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shadow of the chimney takes the direction of the roof on which it falls, terminated by a line from the top of the chimney to (*s.*) The post and rail *Fig. 2.* is so exactly similar in principle, that we shall need only to observe the lines in order to understand it. We might give many more complicated examples of shadows; but the principle is in all the same, and may be applied to every sort of object likely to be met with in simple sketching from nature. Therefore, as our intention is to close the *Perspective Lessons* in the present volume, in order to make room for other matter, we shall not pursue the subject of shadows further; but devote the succeeding plate to the reflections of objects in water.

## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

### TO A YOUNG FRIEND AT PARTING.

To you, my love, at parting I would send  
The fondest wishes of an anxious friend;  
And if those wishes something strange you deem,  
Believe me they are other than they seem.  
The custom is, on partings such as this,  
To wish you many years and all of bliss;  
And yet, perhaps, it better were for you,  
To wish them clouded, and to wish them few:  
For many a flower will in the sunshine fade;  
That blossoms fair and healthful in the shade;  
And many a tender fruit that's early pull'd,  
Escapes the frost that withers those uncull'd.  
For you I would that so much bliss be given,  
As may instruct you what is meant by Heaven,  
But not so much, that its delusive worth  
Should make you seek that Heaven upon earth.  
Enough of pain to make you value health,  
Not much of beauty and not much of wealth:  
For beauty is the frost work on the flower,  
That tempts to pluck it in its morning hour;  
Its lustre passing with the passing day,  
The flower is cast neglectingly away;  
And the delights by splendid fortune given  
Are rarely scatter'd on the way to heaven:  
And sickness, all unpleasing as it is,



Oft brings us earnest of celestial bliss.  
 I would that you have friends, whose partial love  
 Begun on earth, be perfected above ;  
 But none, however generous and sincere,  
 To whom your Saviour's glory is not dear :  
 And enemies I would, whose sneer unkind  
 May check the faults to which a friend is blind.  
 If any other blessing I bequeath,  
 If other wish at parting I may breathe,  
 Be it that Heaven protect you from the snares  
 That wait your entrance on this world of cares ;  
 Most beautiful, most noble, and sublime,  
 To Him who joins eternity with time ;  
 But treacherous, with rankest poison stor'd,  
 To one who views it separate from its Lord.  
 Mistrust it, when with pleasure it beguiles ;  
 Mistrust yourself, when you have won its smiles :  
 If from the world no opposition spring,  
 Doubt if you bear the banner of your King :  
 The mark that Heaven sets on those it loves  
 Was never that which no one disapproves.  
 Be all your wish what Providence decrees,  
 Be all your pleasure what your God may please ;  
 Be ready to resign what you receive,  
 And fear to have what you will fear to leave ;  
 Then, if the sound of death your ear assail,  
 Murk well if, at the sound, your cheek be pale ;  
 For if it be, the truant feelings tell  
 That something in your bosom is not well—  
 If it be fear, or you neglect your God,  
 Or you mistrust his high and holy word—  
 If it be love of something here enjoy'd,  
 Beware, lest that possession be your god.

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THE BARREN ROCK.

A LONELY Rock
 On the sea-shore stood,
 Its head to heaven,
 Its base in the flood—
 The dews of morning
 Bath'd its brow,
 And the moon-beam played
 On its breast of snow—

The summer breezes
 Kiss'd it lightly,
 And the sun shone on it
 Brightly, brightly;
 But there came not forth
 Of its cold, cold breast,
 So much as to shelter
 The sea-mew's nest—

There came not a leaf,
 There came not a spray,
 Nor the heather brown,
 Nor the besom gay—
 The simpler came not
 To pick with care
 The healing buds
 Of the balsam there.

What ails thee, thou Rock,
 That still in vain
 The spring returns
 With his jocund train,
 So richly dight,
 So gaily sped,
 And finds no wreath
 On thy sullen head?

I look'd again,
 And the waters grew—
 They reach'd its base,
 They reached its brow—
 Again and again,
 With fearful shock,
 The billows broke
 O'er the lonely Rock.

But it trembled not
 As it pass'd them through—
 And it rose in smiles
 As the waves withdrew—
 And its brow was deck'd
 With gems so bright,
 They seem'd like drops
 Of the rainbow's light.

'Tis well—and so
 O'er some beside
 Adversity flows
 With as rough a tide—

POETICAL RECREATIONS.

It rifles the heart
 Of the joys it bore,
 And it comes so oft
 They will grow no more.
 But it leaves it firm,
 It leaves it bright,
 It leaves it deck'd
 With unearthly light—
 In hallow'd tears
 Serene to stand
 As the lonely Rock
 On the cold sea-strand.

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## LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

ALBUM! I'll venture to presage  
 Thou hast a noble pedigree,  
 And can I better fill this page  
 Than with thine history?  
 Thou art no child of modern day,  
 But ages, long since pass'd away,  
 Have known and heard of thee.  
 The sick, who visited the court  
 Of Æsculapius, oft would scrawl  
 Their maladies, in doleful sort,  
 Upon the white-wash'd wall;  
 Whilst others, with a livelier wit,  
 Would write the cures which set them quit  
 From grim disease's thrall.  
 Hippocrates, a quack of note,  
 Transcrib'd the scraps these walls display'd,  
 And backing ill with antidote  
 Compil'd a work 'tis said,  
 Prescribing for the cure of those  
 Who labour'd under pain from blows,  
 Sickness, or aching head:  
 Here was an Album, half as old  
 As time itself, say what you will;  
 But hear me, and you shall be told  
 Of one much older still—  
 It is that Book which speaks of heaven,  
 Of saving love, and sins forgiven—  
 God's holy word and will.

Prophets have fill'd, and holy men,  
 That Album, with instructions meet  
 To call the wanderer back again,  
 And light the pilgrim's feet—  
 It is a volume worthy Him  
 Whom angel bands and seraphim  
 With heavenly praises greet.  
  
 And it shall be my end and aim  
 To fill this Album's ample page  
 With truths which may at once proclaim  
 To youth and hoary age,  
 Lessons of usefulness, design'd  
 With solid food to store the mind  
 Alike of child and sage.

D. A.

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REVIEW OF BOOKS.

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*The Spirit of Prayer.* By Hannah More. Second Edition. Cadell, Strand. 1825.

THIS is a work we would not criticise if we could. There is a sacredness in the voice that speaks from the near verge of the grave, that whether it be to say something new, or to confirm its former sayings, hallows what it speaks, and proves what it asserts. However sound the principle, however clear the intellect, that which in the mid-day of life we send forth to the world as our sentiment and opinion, is as best but as the untried gold that has many a fire yet to pass through, or ever we shall know the quantity of dross that may be in it. Abstracted as we may fancy ourselves from the influence of time and sense, they are around us and about us, like the blue mists of morning, scarcely perceived, yet tinting every thing with colour not its own. But when the three-score years and ten are more than counted, when the *may be* of a near eternity becomes the *must be* that cannot be evaded, and life is not going but gone, its unimportant remainder shrunk to a measureless point—then the opinion, then the judgment has stood out its test—

it has outstayed nature's sorrows and her joys, her passions, feelings, interests, and desires—for these all are gone, and they are left. It is, therefore, that the dying words of men are held in more esteem than all they say while living: we judge that there is one point at least at which all men speak the truth. Of any work that begins with a notice that it issues from the death-bed of the author, we should turn the pages with deference and read it with submission. How much more, when that author is one whose name for forty years or more has stood pre-eminent as the advocate for piety and moral truth—one, too, who has known the world she has so long sojourned in, has intermingled much with its society, and doubtless partaken largely of its pleasures and its pains. She, at least, must by this time know the value of the pearl, of which she has so much laboured to enhance our estimate; and if from this last extremity of life she looks back upon what she has written, and says that it is truth, the writing gains an authority it had not before.

On such ground stands the little work now published; as the last we are to expect from one who has done her task, and waits but the moment to receive her wages. As far as we can perceive, there is nothing in it but what we have read before, as occurring in various parts of her larger works, collected here in one small volume, and forming together a not unconnected treatise upon Prayer. We have already said that we have no criticism for a work so circumstanced: therefore, as most in connexion with the object of our publication, we shall finish this article by a few remarks on the chapter that speaks of the method of teaching young people to pray—or rather to say prayers, for praying is by the teaching of another. The author says,

“Written forms of prayer are not only useful and proper, but indispensably necessary to begin with. But I will hazard the remark that if children are thrown exclusively on the best forms, if they are made to commit them to memory like a copy of verses, and to repeat them in a dry customary way, they will produce little effect on their

minds. They will not understand what they repeat, if we do not early open to them the important *scheme* of prayer."

We do not particularly like this expression, but we apprehend what it means, and the remark is just. We stand, as it were, in suspense, at the extreme difficulty of the question. There is no mother, who feels religiously and thinks deeply, but must have stood arrested in her plans by reflections such as these—"Am I to teach my child to kneel before the God of Heaven and express wants that she does not feel, complain of evils of the existence of which she has no perception, and profess things of which she does not discern the meaning, much less the truth? Will she not thus innocently learn the hypocrisy of which she will hereafter become guilty, and enter by my guidance on the way she should not go?" This we must risk whenever we teach a child, as the expression is, to say its prayers: and yet can we not question but they must be taught. We need not search far to put our finger on the evil; but where to find the remedy or how to prescribe it, puts us to a pause. We go into the cottage of poverty. The mother, who never prays, calls up her brats to let the lady hear how well they can say their prayers—a string of indistinct sounds are gabbled through; and whatever be the words of the petition, the spirit of it is the hope of getting a penny for the performance. We go to the school-room, where young people of every age and every disposition, in sadness or in joy, in sickness or in health, abounding or in need, are summoned one after another by their teachers to repeat the same form of prayer every night, as a task before they go to bed. We sit in the drawing-room, and in presence of the whole family and whatever friends may be domesticated therein, the nursery population are brought, in their night-caps, to say their prayers to mamma. Mamma bids them take pains, mind what they are about and not make mistakes, because they will be heard by the company; and when they have done, calls them good children for saying their prayers so well.

All these things revolt the mind that rightly feels upon the subject of this holy exercise, and deserves to be most strongly protested against by those who care that God be not mocked. But what is to be done? If we leave our children to themselves, or bid them not pray till they feel desire or need, we but commit them to their natural indifference towards the Deity, casting them upon a tide that runs rapidly the adverse way, without an effort to check its current. We cannot teach them or any one to pray—for the first spiritual prayer a sinner's bosom breathes, is by the help of that Spirit of grace that is not ours to give; but we must give religious habits where we cannot give religious feelings; and the heart of genuine piety will have cause to be deeply grateful for having been taught the habit when it wanted the spirit of devotion, as they too sadly know, to whom years of disuse have made it extremely difficult to confine the attention to stated periods of devotion. Admitting, therefore, that children must be made to say prayers before they can pray, great judgment had need be used in our manner of teaching them. As Mrs. More observes, they should be taught first the nature of prayer in general and the meaning of the particular prayer they are to repeat. The words should be no other than they can be made to understand, and as soon as possible it should be a private intercourse between their Maker and themselves. We recommend to parents the attentive perusal of Mrs. More's observations on the subject, particularly in reference to the acquisition and application of Scripture language—page 138 to the close of the chapter.

THE  
ASSISTANT OF EDUCATION.

JUNE, 1825.

A SKETCH OF GENERAL HISTORY.

*(Continued from page 255.)*

HISTORY OF THE JEWS, FROM B.C. 79, TO B.C. 37.

ALEXANDRA, in secure possession of her throne, found herself altogether in subjection to the sect she had thus artfully conciliated. It does not appear exactly when the Pharisaic faction had its beginning—but it seems likely to have been at the same time as that of the Sadducees, which we have before noticed; the result, perhaps, of opposition to one set of errors, that ever drives men into extremes seldom less dangerous on the other side. While the Sadducees denied the immortality of the soul and a futurity of reward and punishment, the Pharisees believed that immortality to be passed on earth, by the return of the soul under different circumstances, transmigrating from one body to another more or less happy according to its deserts—the souls of the incorrigibly wicked being dismissed immediately after death to eternal misery, in the form of evil spirits or devils. While the Sadducees held the perfect freedom of human action, uninfluenced by the Deity, the Pharisees believed that all things were under the direction of a resistless fate, and attributed most of the casualties of life to the influence of the stars. Both professed attachment to the law of Moses—but the Pharisees placed



on a level with it the authority of certain traditions orally conveyed to them, as they believed, from Moses, which superseded, and often contradicted the written word: this the Sadducees strongly resisted. The most distinguishing characteristic of the Pharasaic sect, was their attachment to the ceremonial in preference to the moral law—their washings, fastings, alms-deeds, and publick prayer; a mortified appearance and affected gravity of dress and gesture, with a superstitious observance of the Sabbath and other forms; while justice, mercy, and truth, and every moral virtue, were of no account amongst them.

This proud sect now rapidly increased and held sway in all things. Alexandra was afraid to deny them any thing, and their demands were not few or moderate. All the edicts passed against them were reversed, their banished or imprisoned members were restored, and they were permitted so to enforce their traditionary precepts upon the people, that the written word became almost obsolete as a rule of conduct. This was not enough—they insisted on the punishment of the Sadducees, the only faithful adherents of the late king, and many of them were destroyed. The queen would, but could not, save them from this persecution; the utmost she could do was to permit them to retire to the remote towns and fortresses of Judeah.

Alexandra, at an advanced age, was seized with a dangerous sickness, and her death appeared to be at hand. Her younger son, Aristobulus, perceiving this, made a prompt attempt to secure the succession to himself, in prejudice of his elder brother, Hyrcan, then high-priest. Accompanied by a single confidant, he left Jerusalem by night, to seek those friends of his father who held the fortresses of the kingdom. He reached first the castle of Agaba, where one of his father's adherents had command, and disclosed to him his purpose, representing the tyranny of the Pharisees and the indolence and stupidity of his brother, who would be go-

verned by them. The attempt succeeded—this fortress declared for Aristobulus, and many others followed the example. The alarmed Pharisees repaired to the dying queen, bringing Hyrcan with them, and represented to her the dangerous state of their affairs: she had barely strength remaining to tell them they must see to their own concerns, named Hyrcan as her successor, and expired in the seventy-third year of her age, and the ninth of her reign.

A short struggle put Aristobulus in entire possession of the kingdom, and consigned Hyrcan to obscurity. He would willingly have so remained, incapable of being influenced by any thing but fear—it was with the greatest difficulty the enemies of his brother could draw him into their schemes. Antipater, an Idumean proselyte, joined the Pharisaic party, and carried Hyrcan with them to Arabia, where the king, Aretas, was easily persuaded to assist him in the recovering of his kingdom, by the promise of accessions to his own dominions. An army was led into Judeah; Aristobulus, defeated, fled to Jerusalem, and secured himself in the temple, which Aretas promptly besieged. The feast of the Passover was now at hand, the temple was so closely invested by the foe; that the besieged had no lambs or other victims with which to perform the sacrifice. Aristobulus applied to the besiegers to be supplied, for money, with the required quantity; and a thousand drachms of silver was agreed upon for each victim, the money to be first paid. But when the silver was let down by a rope from the walls, the faithless enemy refused the victims; and the priests could but repair to their altars, and in the stead of them, offer up their prayers to the God of their fathers, speedily to punish the contempt of his religion. To this another crime was quickly added. There was in Jerusalem one Onias, a devout and holy man, who was believed to have saved his country from famine, in obtaining from Heaven, by his prayers, a timely rain after a season of unusual drought. While his country was dis-

tracted by civil commotion, the man of God had retired to the deserts to conceal himself. Him the Pharisaic faction found, and brought by force to the siege, that he might curse Aristobulus and his adherents: for the curse or the blessing of such a man was to the Jews as the voice of heaven. Onias resisted long; but compelled at length to speak, he lifted up his hands to heaven and said, "O Lord God, sovereign Governor of the world, since those that besiege thy temple are thy people, and those that are besieged in it are thy priests, I beseech thee to hear the prayers of neither side." He had scarcely pronounced the words when the exasperated multitude let fly a volley of stones, that put an end to his existence. A double punishment awaited the double crime: famine and the sword quickly devastated the kingdom. Violent winds destroyed their fruits and grains, and raised provisions to an unexampled price—the Romans came to bind that yoke upon them which ended in their destruction. B.C. 65.

Aristobulus first sent presents to these dangerous friends, and induced them to commend Aretas to forego the siege, and leave the Hebrews to their own disputes. The command was obeyed, but the civil dispute remained undecided. The Roman Pompey came at this time to Damascus, and received magnificent presents from either party. Aristobulus sent him a golden vine with the fruit on it, standing on a mount, and surrounded by deer, lions, and various other animals, all of solid gold. At length the rival princes came themselves to plead their cause before him. Hyrcan urged, that being the elder brother, he had unjustly been deposed, and compelled to content himself with the possession of a few paternal lands, while his brother dissipated the revenues of the kingdom and dispensed the royal power. Aristobulus pleaded that he had in truth displaced his brother, but he had been forced to do it, lest the power should pass into another family, Hyrcan being incapable of keeping it, or of exercising the royal power. Some Jews of another party appeared

to dispute the claims of both, alleging that the people of Israel had been long time governed by the high-priests of their God, and both the brothers were usurpers, in that they assumed to themselves the title and power of kings. Pompey was too wise to make the decision till he was ready to enforce it, and therefore said he should shortly come into Judeah in person to end the controversy. Aristobulus understood by this that the kingdom was forfeited, departed in anger, and prepared for defence. Pompey quickly followed him into Judeah; he affected friendly intentions at first, and endeavoured to treat with Aristobulus, but failing in this, laid siege to Jerusalem and took it. Again the superstitious adherence of the Jews to the letter of their law, gave them on the Sabbath into the hands of their enemies, and a fearful slaughter of the citizens ensued. They were on that very day holding a solemn fast, in memory of the taking of the city by Nebuchadnezzar. During the slaughter that was going on around them, the priests continued with unshaken constancy before the altars, offering their prayers, praises, and sacrifices, as if nothing were the matter, till it came to their turn to die, when they fell before their altars with as much meekness and submission as the victims they were offering. Such was the result of the fatal quarrel between the brothers, referred to Roman arbitration: the government was given nominally to Hyrcan, but he was forbidden the name and power of king, abridged of all that conquest had added to the Jewish dominions, and left, in reality, the tributary and the slave of Rome. Pompey, like her other victors, so far profaned the sanctuary of Jerusalem, as to examine into its most holy recesses, to which the Jews attributed all his after misfortunes; but he took nothing from its treasures, and ordered that no interruption should be given to its rites. Aristobulus and his family were carried in chains to Rome. B.C. 63.

Hyrcan's government was such as might be expected from his imbecility, and the escape of Alexander, one of

the sons of Aristobulus, from his captivity in Rome, soon renewed the conflict in his native country. Mark Antony was sent against him, he was for this time successfully resisted, submitted to Rome, and was pardoned. The government was now changed by the Roman conqueror into more of an aristocratic form; the precedence of the high-priest and the grand Sanhedrin of Jerusalem over the lesser councils or Sanhedrins of the provinces was done away, they were all put upon an equality, and the only appeal from their decisions was to the legislature of Rome. Aristobulus next contrived to escape his prison; but failed in his enterprize, was retaken and consigned to it for life, his family being set free.

The Roman Crassus succeeded to the government of the Asiatic provinces, a man whose avarice could not resist the glittering treasures of the temple. It is told in Jewish history that there was an immense beam of solid gold, crossing the partition that divided the holy from the most holy place, on which was hung the veil that separated them. It was the custom, when a new veil was supplied, to throw over this golden beam the old veils that were displaced, so that this treasure, which weighed about 730 pounds, was entirely concealed. A priest, apprized of Crassus' avaricious desires, and hoping thus to save the more sacred treasures of the sanctuary, disclosed the secret under promise that nothing else should be touched. The governor broke his oath and took the whole, to the amount, as is recorded, of two millions of our money. We have seen the temple so often rifled, that it seems almost impossible it should contain so much; but it is to be considered that, beside the annual tribute demanded by law of every individual for its use, to send an offering of value to the temple was an act of devotion, considered as meritorious in the eyes of the Divinity, the purchase of any desired benefit, or the acknowledgment of received mercy—it was the compliment also that nations, and princes, and foreigners of every

description paid to each other: a few years, therefore, in a country where the precious metals so much abounded, was sufficient to amass enormous treasures in the temples generally, and in Jerusalem in particular, that being the only one dedicated to the God of Abraham, while the heathen deities had many.

The wars of Cæsar and Pompey gave the Jews an interval of peace. Aristobulus and Alexander were dead; Antipater, the minister of Hyrcan, at the head of three thousand Jewish troops, joined the standard of Cæsar, and rendered him distinguished service in his Asiatic wars. Great honours were consequently conferred on him, and much favour extended to his people, while the perpetual government and pontificate of Judeah were settled by the decree of Cæsar on Hyrcan and his heirs, and the former government and privileges ordered to be restored. The seeds of future distractions were however sowing, even in this seeming success: these favours had been granted to Antipater's interest with the Romans, and he became consequently an object of jealousy with his own people, the imbecility of Hyrcan leaving the government essentially in his hands. His son Herod was summoned before the Sanhedrin for some severity he had exercised in putting to death, without trial, a bandit chief and his companions, whom he had gallantly seized. Hyrcan had been with difficulty prevailed upon to call him to answer for this assumption of an authority that belonged to himself. Herod appeared splendidly clothed in purple and attended by a retinue of servants sufficient to defend him if condemned, and bringing written orders from the Roman governor for his acquittal. A criminal so circumstanced was little likely to be condemned. Of all his judges, one man only, Sameas by name, ventured to arraign him; and having pointed out the arrogance of his conduct in thus appearing, he bade them take notice that this man, whom they feared to condemn, would thereafter be the ruin of both kings and judges. It so proved: for when Herod had possession

REFLECTIONS  
ON SELECT PASSAGES OF SCRIPTURE.

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*Then thy heart be lifted up and thou forget the Lord thy God, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage.—DEUT. viii. 14.*

THE Lord our God has treatment at our hands no earthly friend would bear with. In the moments of sadness, in the moments of suffering we make haste to go to him, because in truth we know not whither else to betake ourselves—the world cannot medicate our heart's disease—its proffered delicacies avail not in our spirit's sickness—we know where there is food and medicine that will suit us, and we hasten to apply for it. It is then our closets witness to the more frequent prayer—the wakeful hours record our pious meditations—the word of truth is grasped tighter in our holds. It is well—for our heavenly friend has pleasure in our confidence, and pity on our need: He has made most abundant promise to the suffering, and given most pressing invitations to the sad. But O! is it not a falseness to be blushed for, a baseness to be ashamed of, that the moment we are relieved we become less mindful of him, and like the Israelites who cried to him in bondage, and forgot him in their pleasant land, go off with our health, or our spirits, or our property, or whatever it be that is restored to us, to expand them in the service of other masters, in the society of other friends. And we forget him—aye, even as we forget a mercenary physician, whom we leave when he has cured us, and never return to till we are sick again. Our prayers become colder, our sweet meditations are of other matters, the word of God that was erst upon our tables is gone back to its shelf. How should we deal with one who acted thus towards ourselves—shared his adversity with us and his

prosperity with others—sought us in his need and left us in his plenty? Most surely we should say him nay when he returned—we should bid him spend his winters where he spent his summers, and assuage his sorrows where he chose his joys. He does not so, the Lord our God whom we so falsely deal with; for he is long-suffering and of great patience. But something he will do, and he gives us timely warning of it. In the midst of our enjoyment he will leave us to perish, and in our forgetfulness forget us; or if he have thought of mercy for us still, he will take away from us the flocks, and the herds, and the goodly houses—and the fiery serpents, and the scorpions, and the drought will be brought back again, till our pursued and stricken spirits be compelled to remember what they so falsely have forgotten.

*Ayant purifié leurs cœurs par la foi—ACTES xv. 9.*

IL n'y a de différence importante entre les cœurs des hommes, que celle que la grace y met. La justification est attribuée à la foi, parceque la foi en est le commencement; le principe, le fondement, &c., qu'on la suppose animée de la charité.

Tout joug est insupportable à la nature sans la grace de Jésus-Christ. La loi, quand elle est seule, est un fardeau qui accable l'homme, au lieu de l'aider; qui humilie l'orgueil, sans le détruire; qui fait connaître le devoir, sans le faire aimer; et qui est occasion de péché, de malédiction et de mort, loin d'en délivrer. Que ne devons-nous point à Jésus-Christ, par qui la charité, qui fait aimer tout assujettissement, et accomplir toute loi, est répandue dans nos cœurs par le Saint Esprit, après qu'il nous l'a méritée par sa croix?

*The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing.—ECCLESIASTES i. 8.*

MANY fine things are said upon the unsatisfactoriness of all earthly good, and in truth it needs no proving: we



have eyes and we know they are not satisfied with seeing, and we have ears and we know they are not satisfied with hearing: something new, something more, something else, is the language of all our senses, aye, and of our intellects too; for the higher the power, the more hard it is to satisfy. The delight of to-day is a poor insipid thing to-morrow—we are ashamed to own it, and so we persist in the pursuit, or there is nothing to change it for, and so we hold fast by the possession—but we know, we know that it is to us as a thrice told tale; the enjoyment is exhausted, the zest is destroyed by repetition. And then we set ourselves upon complaining—sometimes of our own nature, that it should be so restless, and inconstant, and capricious; of the eye that it will not be satisfied with seeing, and the ear that it will not be satisfied with hearing—sometimes of the things themselves that we enjoy, that they are such unsubstantial, unenduring good, incapable of affording lasting interest or permanent delight. Unreasonable alike in both, we overlook the suitableness of the nature to the things, and the things to the nature, and both to the circumstances of man upon the earth. What would avail us to have permanent desires in a perishable world? Passing, changing, dying, is the character of every thing round us and about us. Is it not well that our satisfaction in them should be changeful and capricious too? If time and circumstance could make no change of feeling, few were the hearts indeed that would escape the breaking. And of the things themselves—being what we are, if they were lasting, stable, and unchanging, how should we sicken over the weary sameness of the never-ending feast? How would our capricious desires loathe the never altered viands? But is it, that all alike, our enjoyments and our powers to enjoy, are formed of a nature so little satisfactory, that neither we nor the other can endure beyond the day? Because they were not intended to endure, they must not endure: exhaustless pleasures and exhaustless feelings would as little avail

to beings that must die, as a perpetual summer of everlasting flowers to the butterfly that flutters over them an hour or two and is no more. The only desires that are permanent in us, are those that will outstay our temporal existence—of them the objects too are permanent, and the possession will be permanent also.

*Attache toi donc à Dieu, et demeure en paix.—*

JOB xxii. 21.

TANDIS que nous demeurons renfermés en nous-mêmes, nous sommes en butte à la contradiction des hommes, à leur malignité et à leur injustice; notre humeur nous expose à celle d'autrui; nos passions s'entrechoquent avec celles de nos voisins; nos désirs sont autant d'endroits par où nous donnons prise à tout le reste des hommes; notre orgueil, qui est incompatible avec celui du prochain, s'élève comme les flots de la mer agitée; tout nous combat, tout nous repousse, tout nous attaque; nous sommes ouverts de toutes parts par la sensibilité de nos passions et par la jalousie de notre orgueil. Il n'y a nulle paix à espérer en soi, où l'on vit à la merci d'une foule de désirs avides et insatiables, et où l'on ne sauroit jamais contenter ce *moi* du vieil homme si jaloux, si ombrageux sur tout ce qui le touche. De là vient que l'on est dans la commerce du prochain comme les malades qui ont languì long-temps dans un lit; il n'y a aucune partie du corps où l'on puisse les toucher sans les blesser. L'amour-propre malade est attendri sur lui-même; il ne peut être touché sans jeter les hauts cris: touchez-le du bout du doigt, il se croit écorché. Joignez à cette délicatesse la grossièreté du prochain, plein d'imperfections qu'il ne connoît pas lui-même; joignez-y la révolte du prochain contre nos défauts, qui n'est pas moins grande que la nôtre contre les siens. Voilà tous les enfans d'Adam qui se servent de supplices les uns aux autres; voilà la moitié des hommes qui est rendue malheureuse par l'autre, et qui la rend misérable à son tour; voilà, dans toutes les villes,

dans toutes les communautés, dans toutes les familles, et jusqu'entre deux amis, le martyre de l'amour-propre. L'unique remède pour trouver la paix est du sortir de soi. Il faut se renoncer et perdre tout amour-propre pour n'avoir plus rien à perdre, ni à craindre, ni à ménager. Alors on goûte la vraie paix, réservée *aux hommes de bonne volonté*, c'est-à-dire à ceux qui n'ont plus d'autre volonté que celle de Dieu, qui devient la leur.

*Brethren, pray for us.*—I. THESS. v. 25.

THE duty of prayer on behalf of others is not questioned by any one; and as a duty we perform it in our publick services, and in our stated prayers: but it may be doubted how far there is in our minds that persuasion of its utility that would induce us to have recourse to it on every emergency in which our feelings are in any manner excited towards others. And yet it should be so. For great might be the advantage to others, and certain would be the advantage to ourselves, if in all our emotions of love or anger, of compassion or disapprobation, we made an appeal to Heaven on behalf of the objects of those emotions, to aid them if we could not, or to aid us in our attempts to do so. For the objects of our affection we are very, very anxious; their interests consume our souls in watchful care for whatever may advantage them, or recommend them to the kindness of those around us. Are we equally anxious to obtain by our prayers the blessing of Heaven for them—do we name them to our God as often and as warmly as to our friends? If we did, beside the answer that our prayers might gain, it would go far to stay the corrodings of our own anxiety respecting them, and inspire a holy confidence on their behalf. And when the faults of others grieve us or offend us—O if we were but half as eager to go to God with our sorrow or our anger, and pray his spirit to reprove and to subdue those faults, as we are to pour our complainings into the ears of men, or our reproaches into the ears of the offender, a kindlier spirit

would be engendered in our bosoms, a check would be given to our impatient, irritable sensibility to wrong in those we love not, and a calmness to the painful sense of it in those we love. Especially would it be the better practice for those who call themselves religious, to be in frequent prayer for those who profess to be so, if they think them inconsistent or in error, than to indulge their nature's eagerness, in loud dispute or hard censoriousness. If we hear one teaching opinions that we believe not, or see one doing things that we approve not, we think we show our zeal for truth and piety, by open opposition or whispered censures. It were to the full as modest as by far more wise, seeing that we ourselves are as liable to err as they, to carry our doubts before our Maker, and invite him to interfere in his own cause, and dissipate the delusion or prevent its influence. We are not, assuredly, in the temporal or spiritual interest of others to lie down in indifference when we might rise up and help them—but if the first movement of the bosom were to pray for them, we risk no mistake in saying, the subsequent feelings and the conduct ensuing from them, would be more christian and more wise.

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LECTURES

ON OUR

SAVIOUR'S SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

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LECTURE THE ELEVENTH.

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*Ye have heard that it has been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak. And whosoever shall compel thee to go with him a mile, go with*

*him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.*  
—MATT. v. 38—42.

We had occasion to say, in one of the earlier lectures, that the law of retaliation is abrogated as it regards the disciples of Christ, and therefore never to be pleaded at his tribunal; a reason why many things that men call justice, are in his courts called sin. We give too little consideration to this circumstance—we say in excuse for ourselves, that such things are the custom of the world, that the judgment of mankind is in our favour, and the principles of action are with us as with others among whom we live. It may be so: but who are the persons, and whose are the laws, by which we thus measure ourselves—for if they be not the judges before whom we are to be tried, and if they be not the laws by which we are to be tried, we see not how this conformity will avail us when we come to stand in judgment. The alien, who quits his native land, and puts himself under the protection of a strange country, chooses to make himself the denizen of some new kingdom, to live in its shelter, and partake its privileges, makes himself also subject to its laws. It would be strange, if, when summoned before its tribunal for some breach of them, he should plead that in his country there are no such laws; that all men do what he has done, and no offence is taken. Yet Christians, the natives of a world that was not Christ's, by the very assumption of that name profess themselves the subjects of the new kingdom he came down from heaven to establish upon earth; they rank themselves among his people, and proudly claim the privileges of being so. Yet Christians, when you tell them such things are not good, that the law of the Gospel, that the words of Christ himself have said nay to them, answer your remonstrances with the self-same plea—they produce a moral code drawn up from the opinions of men; they say they have done nothing that the world condemns, they but follow

its maxims, and live as others live. Doubtless; and if they were to plead their cause before the world, the world would acquit them—and justly, for its laws they have not broken. But what has that to do at the tribunal of Him they call their judge and king? Will he try their conduct by the laws of another? If they will take their portion with the heathen, the careless, and the unbeliever, let them rank themselves among them, and abide the issue. But if, weary of that unpromising, unfruitful land, galled with its bondage, sickened with its folly, they have sought an amendment of their condition by passing over to the service of the Lord their God, and becoming the followers and disciples of Christ their Redeemer—then let them know that the king of this kingdom has legislated for himself: he has inscribed his laws upon tablets of eternal durance: they change not, they yield not—and when the books of heaven shall be opened, and the things that are written there shall be disclosed, and against each man's name shall be found written the things that he did, and the things that he said, and the things that in his heart he purposed, it will be by the letter of those tablets only that his professing people will be judged; by them their sincere obedience will be tried, and with reference to those laws only can it be decided, whether or not they have proved themselves his disciples whether or not they can in any wise enter into the kingdom of Heaven.

This being so, it becomes essential to consider by which code of laws we ourselves are acting—because, if while we are living under the jurisdiction of one kingdom, and certain to be judged in the issue by its laws, we are conforming our practices to the regulations of the other, it is likely to go ill with us at some time. To prove that these codes are not alike, we need but examine this beautiful discourse throughout, and the words of the text in particular.

The law of retaliation is the world's—it has been so always and it is so now—an acknowledged, established,

fundamental law. Among heathen nations it was a point of honour to which every man stood pledged, to requite for himself the injuries himself received—or if the wrong was unto death, his near of kin were pledged to do for him the deed of recompense he could not for himself—and, according to the faith of some nations, the disembodied spirit could not be happy, even in Elysium, till the act of retributive justice was accomplished on his murderer. In the Levitical law it was judicially so decreed. 'Eye for eye and tooth for tooth' were the words of the Lord by Moses—though in this case it was the law and not the individual who was to judge of the wrong and to avenge it. In Christian countries, the retribution is very differently administered: there is punishment for every crime, and justice for every open wrong, but not by the hand of the injured—the man who is defrauded may not go and take from his neighbour's store as much as he has lost by him—the man that has been maimed or wounded must not render to his foe the like—he must bring the culprit before the administrator of public justice, where he will receive the punishment appointed, but not in the kind in which the wrong was done. Yet still retaliation is the world's law, its unregistered, unwritten law, on which most men act, on which most men defend their actions. In that small kingdom where we each one govern for ourselves, I fear it is the main spring of our legislation. It is excuse enough for any wrong to say it was provoked, for any injury to say it was deserved. The proud determination to suffer no aggression is as deep-rooted now as ever it was in heathen times. Mark it amid contending nations—how seldom do you see the successful generous enough to forbear reprisal on the baseness and treachery of the foe. Mark it in the various circles of society—the tradesman tells you he must use deception in passing off his goods, otherwise he does not trade on equal terms with those that do so. The man of fashion tells you he must shoot his foe, or his friend if it so happen, other-

wise he shall always be exposed to insult. The courtier tells you bribery, and intrigue, and flattery, and falsehood, are weapons legitimate and indispensable, where, if not for him, they will be used against him. In the forum, in the market-place, in the drawing-room, the rival contenders for wealth, for fame, or for admiration, all must defend themselves by fraud for fraud, trick for trick, lie for lie, slander for slander. Mark it in the smaller compass of domestick life. Temper for temper, harshness for harshness—"this is not fair"—"this I have a right to"—"this I will not submit to"—"this I will never give up." What are all domestick cavils and disputes, but contention for imagined rights—retaliation, in word or deed, for imagined wrongs? And then to come closer still, and examine into the secret legislation of that small kingdom, where self is king alone, and, till a new-implanted principle come in to claim supremacy, none disputes his reign—what is the fundamental law, by which we try our words, our thoughts, and actions, but a determination to right ourselves by any means, to resist and to retaliate? If we have insisted on no more than our right, and dealt no other measure than we receive, do we not at our own tribunal stand acquitted?

Now if all this be true, and it is true of the greater number, it is proved that the law of retaliation is the world's law—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," was and is the principle of action, till the Gospel authority comes in to abrogate our nature's laws. With the words of our text before us, it should seem scarcely necessary to go on to prove that the law of Christ is different. Terms cannot be stronger, cannot be plainer, than those the Preacher uses. Some contend that we are not to understand them literally—because when men cannot assert that the Scripture does not say the thing they like not, they please themselves by asserting that it does not mean what it says: but the words admit of no misconstruction whatever—the spirit is to be taken literally if not the expressions. For instance—"Resist



not evil" does not certainly mean that you are not to use all lawful and sinless means of avoiding the sufferance of ill, or that while smarting under one injury undeservedly received, you are to court a repetition of the blow. But it certainly does mean that you are not to commit a wrong in order to requite a wrong, to do an injury in order to prevent an injury; for doing so you make that sin your own that was erst your enemy's—he must answer for the ill he did and the further ill he proposed; but you must answer too for that which you have done, to requite or to prevent him, since the plea of retaliation is inadmissible. If you say that by not making reprisal for the first injury you invite a second, the case is exactly in point—turn then your left cheek to him that smote the right—if your forbearance and forgiveness do provoke a second assault, wait that with patience and forbearance too—for the servants of mercy's Lord must be patient and forbearing, whatever be the inconvenience it may bring upon them from a world that is not so. The same in the succeeding verse, which has respect to our earthly property, and the established rights of possession: THY coat, *thy* cloak, any thing that thou hast or ought to have, or may in justice claim—if any man in any way attempt to defraud thee of it, and the law to which he appeals or to which you may appeal, does not give you restitution, you must suffer the exaction; and when he has taken the one half you must let him take the other half also, or ever you attempt to circumvent him in his own way. The manner in which the verses stand in the context, placed in designed opposition to the "eye for eye and tooth for tooth" of the preceding, proves that it is the principle of retaliation which it is throughout intended to deprecate. We believe that this verse applies, without any straining of the text, to all the transactions among us in which our pecuniary interests are concerned, and answers at once to all these pleas of necessity offered in defence of the chicanery, artifice and equivocation, that are in use among

us. If we do not manage our affairs as others manage theirs, and if we do not deal with others as they deal with us, people will have such advantage over us that we shall be ruined. Well then, be ruined—let them take thy coat, and let them take thy cloak, and let them leave thee naked—for it is required of thee to deal honestly and justly, and to do towards others, not as they do, but as you desire they should do towards yourself.

“And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.” We cannot understand these words otherwise, than as an injunction to yield to the will of others in opposition to our own, though the controul over us be unduly exercised. These three verses contain the great fundamentals of all the passive virtues—submission, sacrifice, and compliance. The case occurs to all of us at some time, to ask how far it is our duty to submit to authorities that require of us something we would rather not do; and the want of due adjustment here creates no small confusion in the world. The sovereign and his subjects, the father and his children, the master and his household, every where the superior and inferior in whatever kind, find the demarcations of authority very disputable ground—for we must observe that power or authority is here implied, since compulsion could not otherwise be used. The God of peace, to whom all contention is displeasing, has left us but little to plead for it. He supposes that the holder of power has compelled us against our judgment or our choice to go with him a mile—to walk in the path he chooses for us, to part from our freedom of action, perhaps of opinion, as far as regards the outward expression of it, and abide by his decisions. The Preacher thereon does not bid us stop to consider the degree of compliance that is justly due, that we may yield it and resist the rest—this is the world’s law, and the world requires no more—but He says, Give way—go farther, even, in compliance, than he in his compulsion. Let it appear that rather than risk a wrong by

passing the ill-defined line of demarcation between his domain and yours, you will give up to him even to the half of your territories. This is a precept that comes home to all of us, in our civil and domestic relations, in our concerns temporal and spiritual. We hear great questioning about the right of resistance in publick, and we see great questioning about it in our families and homes; and by the laws of the world it admits of a question, and while time shall last will remain a question; but by the law of the kingdom of Christ it is decided on the authority of his own words: rather than live in contention, and resist by means at variance with his principle as a disciple of Christ, a Christian is required not only to the mile that he is constrained to, but to evince a spirit of concession, a disposition to compliance, even beyond what is insisted on by those who have the power over him.

The succeeding verse is explained by the corresponding verses in the fifth of Deuteronomy, where men are directed to lend to their distressed brethren that which is needful, without too anxious consideration whether it will be repayed. The duty of those to whom Providence has given much, liberally to share it with those to whom it has given little, is perhaps of all Christian virtues that which is least disputed and needs least to be insisted on; and as we shall have occasion to return to it in speaking of alms-giving, we pass over it now thus lightly.

Such is the Preacher's law—how different from the world's, let us on this examination judge. Perhaps some will think the world's law is the wiser of the two, and the best suited to the state of society. Men are living together in the same state of being, and with equal rights; it is fitting therefore they should live on equal terms, and the law of retaliation seems the justest that could be devised—then what a man does not wish to suffer he will take care not to do. Where all have the same feelings, passions, desires, and infirmities, are we to expect that one half will, for virtue's sake, give place to the vices of

the other half? No—and therefore to a world so constituted the Saviour did not address these admonitions. He did not speak to Scribes and Pharisees thus: these were the laws of his kingdom, not of theirs—becoming his people, impossible to them. What then! may it be said—are there two codes, one for the world, and another for the disciples of Christ? Why should this be? Why should Christians differ from others in their moral rules? The world has legislated for itself, and the legislature is such as suits the condition of its people, that at least which they take to be their condition. The Pharisee, who thought he fulfilled his duties so exactly, could have no reason for bearing patiently with the faults of others: till grace has made a difference, and religion has made a reason, there is no difference between the natural claims of one man and those of another, no reason why one is to yield every thing to another who yields nothing—"an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," is a fair dispensation in a state like this. Our Lord himself esteemed it so, when he gave the law of exact retribution to the people of Israel.

But see we no reason why a far different code becomes the subjects of the Redeemer's kingdom? They are no longer in the same condition, and they are no longer deceived as to their condition. They do not consider themselves the independent shareholders of a world that somehow or other has become theirs, to be possessed by right and defended by power—they are no more the virtuous and upright persons who, doing no wrong, cannot be required to suffer any; or the free, independent persons who cannot be obliged to yield up their will to creatures like themselves. They are no more living on terms of equality or in the same state of being as the unchristian world. Quite otherwise. They are now, or rather they now know themselves to be—for they were so before though they knew it not—the claimants to nothing, and therefore having no right of contention: they may enjoy what is lent them, and by

all lawful means may keep it—but they know withal that it is not theirs or anothers, but his without whose permission it could not have been taken from them ; therefore they submit. They are now the conscious doers of so much wrong, wrong of the basest and the blackest kind, towards one who had so much more claim on them than ever they can have on others, they scarcely have a right to complain of any thing, still less to retaliate—more especially when he they wrong complains not, retaliates not—they dare not deal out that equal measure they would so little like should be dealt out to them. They are not now the proud possessors of an independent will, that has a right to make its own decisions and pursue them. Self is not monarch now—deposed, subdued, or at the least subjected, self has learned to yield—and in yielding, does it as unto God, and not as unto men ; assured that if others have the power, it is because he gives it them, and if they misuse it, it is his to punish them. Such is the altered view the Christian takes of his condition. But there is a change as real as it is apparent, and we have said that he is no longer on equal terms, or in the same state of being as those who know not Christ. No—he has passed from the condition of a servant and a slave, to that of an adopted and acknowledged child, an inheritor of immortality. Shall he hold strife with his former fellows over the poor possessions of their servitude, be watchful to requite their impotent assaults, as if he were still their equal ? From the poor earth-worm that he was, with nothing better to expect or to enjoy than the dust he crawled upon, he has passed into a state so big with exalted hopes and anticipatory joys, the baubles of this transitory life are become of but small moment—its brief wrongs are easily borne with, its tinsel treasures are lightly parted from—whether he goes one mile or two, his own way or another's way, is not worth the disturbing of his bosom's peace, engaged as it is in so much greater matters.

Such are the disciples of Christ—and being such, far

other laws befit their condition than those originally established in the world. He, the lawgiver, has entered deeply into the explanation of this difference in this part of his discourse—there is no place for mistake on our part, unless it be a wilful one: neither, if we will honestly examine into our own hearts, can we be at a loss to perceive to which rules we are conforming ourselves, or endeavouring to conform ourselves—for that is probably the best we can any of us say of ourselves. If it be by the world's precept, the "eye for the eye," the "tooth for the tooth," of natural justice, the world will take no objections against us: but when we come to present ourselves as the subjects of the kingdom of heaven, and are examined by that kingdom's laws, what can we expect should be said to us, but that which has been said—now in condemnation as erst in warning—Since your righteousness exceeds not the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye can in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

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### QUEEN MARY.

THE historian thus describes what he witnessed on passing through France.

"I saw and knew so many instances of their injustice and violence, that it exceeded even what could have been well imagined; for all men set their thoughts on work to invent new methods of cruelty. In all the towns through which I passed, I heard the most dismal accounts of things possible; but chiefly at Valence, where one Dherapine seemed to exceed even the furies of the Inquisition. One in the streets could have known the new converts, as they were passing by them, by a cloudy dejection that appeared in their looks and deportment. Such as endeavoured to make their escape, and were seized, (for guards and secret agents were spread along the whole roads and frontier of France)

were, if men, condemned to the galleys, and if women, to monasteries. To complete this cruelty, orders were given that such of the new converts as did not at their death receive the sacrament, should be denied burial, and that their bodies should be left where other dead carcasses were thrown out, to be devoured by dogs and wolves. This was executed in several places with the utmost barbarity: and it gave all people so much horror, that finding the ill effect of it, it was discontinued. This hurt none, but struck all who saw it even with more horror than those sufferings that were more felt. The fury that appeared on this occasion did spread itself with a sort of contagion: for the intendants and other officers, that had been mild and gentle in the former parts of their life, seemed now to have laid aside the compassion of Christians, the breeding of gentlemen, and the common impressions of humanity. The greatest part of the clergy, the regulars especially, were so transported with the zeal that their king showed on this occasion, that their sermons were full of the most inflamed eloquence that they could invent, magnifying their king in strains too indecent and blasphemous to be mentioned by me."

Proceeding thence into states still protestant, he gives a picture scarcely less grievous to those who had at heart the interest of the truth. "I was all the winter at Geneva, where we had constantly fresh stories brought us of the miseries of those who were suffering in France. Refugees were coming over every day, poor and naked, and half starved before they got thither. And that small state was under great apprehensions of being swallowed up, having no strength of their own, and being justly afraid that those of Bern would grow weary of defending them, if they should be vigorously attacked. The rest of Switzerland was not in such imminent danger. But, as they were full of refugees, and all sermons and discourses were much upon the persecutions in France, so Basle was exposed in such manner, that the French could possess themselves of it when they pleased, with-

out the least resistance. Those of Strasburgh, as they had already lost their liberty, so they were every day looking for some fatal edict, like that which the French had fallen under. The churches of the Palatinate, as they are now the frontier of the empire, exposed to be destroyed by every new war, so they are fallen into the hands of a bigotted family. All the other churches on the Rhine see how near they are to ruin, and as the United Provinces were a few years before this very near being swallowed up, so they were now well assured that two great kings designed to ruin them."

"Under so cloudy a prospect it should be expected that a spirit of true devotion and a real reformation should appear more, both among the clergy and the laity; that they should apprehend that God was highly offended with them, and was therefore punishing some, and threatening others, in a most unusual manner. It might have been expected that those unhappy contests between the Lutherans and Calvinists, Arminians and Anti-Arminians, with some minuter disputes that had inflamed Geneva and Switzerland, should have been at least suspended while they had a common enemy to deal with, against whom their whole force united was scarce able to stand. But these things were carried on rather with more eagerness and sharpness than ever. It is true there has appeared much of a primitive charity towards the French refugees; they have been in all places well received, kindly treated, and bountifully supplied. Yet even among them there did not appear a spirit of piety and devotion suitable to their condition; though persons who have willingly suffered the loss of all things, and have forsaken their country, their houses, estates, and their friends, and some of them their nearest relatives, rather than sin against their consciences, must be believed to have a deeper principle in them, than can well be observed by others. I was indeed amazed at the labour and learning of the ministers among the reformed. They understood the Scriptures well in the original



tongues: they had all the points of controversy very ready, and did thoroughly understand the whole body of divinity. In many places they preached every day, and were almost constantly employed in visiting their flock. But they performed their devotions but slightly: read their prayers, which were too long, with great precipitation and little zeal. Their sermons were too long and too dry, and they were so strict, even to jealousy, in the smallest points in which they put orthodoxy, that one who could not go into all their notions, but was resolved not to quarrel with them, could not converse much with them with any freedom. I have, upon all the observation that I have made, often considered the inward state of the reformation, and the decay of the vitals of Christianity in it, as that which gives more melancholy impressions, than all the outward dangers that surround it." A striking verification of St. Paul's words in the Corinthians—contention for the doctrines of the Gospel had taken place of the love of it, preaching was more esteemed than prayer, and zeal even to martyrdom was more apparent than that spirit of piety and devotion that alone can prove the existence of genuine love to God.

Such was the fearful situation of Europe, with respect to the reformed religion, when the Revolution in England was attempted, and by the favouring aid of providence, a protestant church and a protestant government effectually and permanently secured to us.

William suffered himself to be many times invited, before he consented to appear in England; though he was doubtless doing all he could to obtain those invitations, and to ingratiate himself by ample promises with all parties in the realm. "At first he only promised generally, that he should have an eye on the affairs of England; and should endeavour to put the affairs of Holland in so good a posture, as to be ready to act when it should be necessary; and he assured them that if the king should go about either to change the established religion, or to wrong the princess in her right, or to raise forged

plots to destroy his friends, that he would try what he could possibly do." James, ignorant of his danger, or regardless of it in what he deemed the righteous cause; now carried his misrule to the utmost, till he had united almost the whole of his subjects in common cause against him: and William made decided preparations for the invasion of the kingdom, with a force quite inadequate to the purpose, but relying on the disposition of the nation at once to join with him, immediately on his appearing on the shores of England.

All things were now ready for embarkation. Burnet, who accompanied William to England, says—"I waited on the princess a few days before we left the Hague. She seemed to have a great load upon her spirits, but to have no scruple as to the lawfulness of the descent. After much other discourse, I said, that if we got safe to England, I made no doubt of our success in all other things, I only begged her pardon to tell her, that if there should happen to be at any time any disjoining between the prince and her, that would ruin all. She answered me, that I needed fear no such thing: if any person should attempt that, she would treat them so as to discourage all others from venturing on it for the future. She was very solemn and serious, and prayed God earnestly to bless and direct us." Mary's situation at this moment was one that might well indeed weigh heavily on her spirits. The prayer that was offered for her husband's success implied an invocation of her father's ruin; and though Rapin mentions that she had insisted that no personal injury should be done her father, she must have felt that the life, as well as the possessions of one or both, was about to be endangered. "William took leave of his states, calling God to witness that he went to England with no other intention but those set forth in his declaration, (to secure the laws from violation, defend the established church, and enquire into the birth of the prince of Wales :) he did not know how God might dispose of him; to his providence

he committed himself; whatsoever might become of him, he committed to them the care of their country, and recommended the princess to them, in a most particular manner; he assured them she loved their country perfectly, and equally with her own; he hoped that whatever might happen to him they would protect her, and use her as she well deserved."

*(To be continued.)*

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## LETTERS TO A YOUNG LADY ON LEAVING SCHOOL.

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### LETTER THE TENTH.

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DEAR M.,

AMONG the many things, too many perhaps you think, that I have recommended to you as objects of pursuit, and food for mental appetite, there is one to which I have not yet alluded—and in the longest bill of fare ever issued, of what a fashionable school professes to teach, or a fashionable governess professes to have learned, I never remember to have found any mention of it. And they are right; for the one can never teach it, and the other has seldom learned it; and they who would be endowed with this accomplishment, must seek it on their behalf. I mean the study of yourself. And still perhaps you are no nearer to guessing what I intend than before I told you. Yourself I mean, as you are distinguished from all that is around you and about you—from those unanimated, unintelligent things I have been recommending to your attention, because they are the works of Omnipotence, and because they are the things essential to your animal existence. More important than all that contributes to our being here, must be that to which it contributes—more worthy of investigation than all beside that is created, must be that for which it was created—and as far as our present powers may

enquire of the works of Omnipotence, the greatest work and the strangest is man himself. When therefore of all other studies, I recommend to you as the most important the study of yourself, I do not mean yourself individually, as you are distinct from others of your kind, but as you are one of a species distinct from every other with which we are acquainted—as a thinking, reasoning, intellectual being. The study, in short, of what we call mind—that something for which we have a name without a notion, which distinguishes mankind from all the things of which they are the created lords. How, or how far, this intellectual possession separates us from the creatures we call irrational, is very difficult to define, perhaps impossible to know; and yet the distinction is obvious and perceptible. Animals are susceptible of pain and pleasure, hope and fear—they have memory, they have anticipation—they have choice, they can deliberate upon their choice, and they can act upon their deliberations; they can combine causes and consequences, and to escape the one, will avoid the other: we treat them as responsible beings, capable of controlling their own propensities, and weighing the future against the present good, since we continually act on them by rewards and punishments. All these are what we term operations of the mind; yet we as distinctly see them performed by the animal as by ourselves. When therefore, we say that man only is endowed with mind, we surely say more than we know. Still we know and perceive there is a difference—and it is that on which we most pride ourselves, in which our superiority consists; for in physical powers we are very often inferior to the meanest of animals. Perhaps no small part of our advantage over the brute may consist in our being able to value, to improve, to apply the mental powers, and to make them subserve the happiness or misery of our present and our future state. However this be, we all understand the term *mind*, though we cannot define it; and we cannot dispute its being the most important part of ourselves,

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the most mysterious and interesting part of God's created works. And if you perceive the truth of this, you will not wonder that I should name it to you as, next to the study of God's own truth, the most useful and desirable of all studies. Nothing can so much enable us to controul the operations of our own minds as the habit of observing them, explaining them, and understanding them; and it is on those operations of the mind, on what passes within us, that depend all the outward results of character and conduct, as they appear before men. Deep, concealed, incomprehensible, indeed, is much that is within us; and for ever must remain so, till he who only knows what he only has designed, shall be pleased to disclose it: but all that can be known of these, as of his other works, is free for us to study; and the nearer be our interest in it, the more inviting should seem the pursuit. Yet this study, important as I have represented it, and consider it, is very much neglected, and that by many who take notice of every thing without them. If we have wondered at the incurious stupidity of those who can sit hour by hour before the fire, supplying it with the cold fuel from which they derive their warmth, without ever feeling the least desire to know by what process so extraordinary changes are produced; greater yet should seem the wonder that any one who has time and capacity for enquiry, should go on thinking, judging, reasoning, and giving outward expression, by word and deed, to all these inward operations, without ever feeling a desire to understand how they are carried on, and by what process those words and deeds come to be the result. If we want to improve our house, we go into all corners of it to see what can be altered—if we want to improve a piece of machinery, we take it to pieces, and see how it is made, how it works, and how it may be amended—when we would improve our minds, we examine every thing, and study every thing, but our minds. Erroneous judgments, inaccuracy of expression, falseness of principle, instability and indecision of charac-

ter, are among the fruits of this neglect; and it thence results, among women especially, that so few know what they mean by what they say; or have a reason, much less can assign one, for the opinions they adopt or the line of conduct they pursue. If we were more accustomed to reason upon our reasons, and to reflect upon our reflections, to observe, in short, the workings of our minds, and to understand them, we should not so perpetually have to bewail the triumphs of a bad judgment over a good intention; and the fair features of our most pure, and lovely, and perfect religion, would not be distorted, as they are, with the fantasies, and extravagancies, and weakness, and illiberality of its professors, till one is fain to confess that, however beautiful in itself, its aspect in society is not lovely.

Under this impression, dear M., I strongly advise you to take up, in your course of solid reading, that class of books which relates to the formation, character, and action of the human mind; they are so numerous and so excellent in our language, that you cannot be at a loss to find them; and though at first the line of reading will present some difficulties that are new to you, perhaps require an effort of the mind to understand them that you have not been used to make, and even, it may be, seem at first uninteresting and dry, all these things will vanish rapidly before the delights of a newly-excited interest, a fresh-opened mine for curiosity to range in, and a perception of the uses to be made of its treasures. But the interest as well as utility of this class of reading will greatly depend on the immediate application of it to what is passing in your own mind: taken up as an abstract of study, it may seem dry—considered as the study of yourself, it will become immediately interesting. Not while you are reading only, but through the succeeding hours, be looking often into your mind for the application of the rules, the verification of the remarks you have been reading. Do as you would do if you set out to travel through a country of which you had previously

been reading the description—you would look out for the objects that had been observed upon, from the customs and manners described—you would compare the statement with the fact—and though you could perceive the outward circumstance only, you would call to mind the cause to which it had been ascribed, and the consequences likely to result from it. This do with your mind—watch your feelings, watch your thoughts, watch your words—not to constrain them, but as a mere spectator, as it were, of what is going on within you; reflect upon them as they go by, with reference to what you have been reading; and I have no hesitation in assuring you this dry study will become one of most animated interest, and, in the issue, of great utility in enabling you to controul and regulate the mind, with whose secret springs you will thus become intimate.

You complain that in advising the studies you are to pursue, I have neglected to point out the means of pursuing them, by naming the books, &c. to which you should have recourse. This may partly have arisen from my averseness to all general system—I no more like systems of reading, than I like systems of education; they are never applicable to individual cases, and in education our business is always with individuals; therefore though there may be general hints, general principles, general ideas upon the subject of education, I do not like general systems; and I have much the same feeling with respect to the course of reading to be prescribed. Some books may be within your reach, while others are not so—some may better suit the taste and turn of mind than others—we must not shackle the mind with too many rules for growing; or we shall do as our predecessors were wont to do with the persons of their children, make them crooked in attempting to make them grow straight, which left at liberty, they would have done of course. But as I should not wish to see you wandering round, and round a valuable collection of books, doubting which of the many may be worth withdrawing

from its ranks, or hopelessly turning over the catalogue in a circulating library, having recourse at last to the shopman, as I have seen some ladies, to know which book he recommends, I will in future name such authors as are most read in the various subjects to which we may allude. With respect to that immediately before us, I can but repeat names already familiar to you, though their writings are not so. They tell us sometimes in England that Scotch philosophy is not deep: whether that be so or not, it is quite deep enough for us; and I should name to you the philosophical writings of Dugald Stewart as among the most interesting and the clearest of this class of writing—as also those of Reid. Locke on the Understanding and Watts on the Mind are standard works, and usually read first; but they are of all, perhaps, the most difficult to understand. Butler's Analogy, Burke on the Sublime, Alison on Taste, and other lighter and more modern works of the same description, are certain to come into your hands, and if not directly to the point, may be comprised in this class of books,

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THE LISTENER.—No. XXIV.

I HAVE received from an unknown correspondent the following paper, as a contribution to my periodical listenings. It is something more serious than I desire my papers to become—but I think there is an interest in it that will not make it unacceptable, and a truth to nature in it that will make it not useless. It is beside a sort of tale—which in this story-loving age makes seriousness to be accepted, when in a sermon it would be complained of. Calvinism, or Arminianism, or any other *ism* will go down, if it be delivered by a fictitious hero on his death-bed, instead of a living minister in his pulpit—witness the eagerness with which certain ladies carry off the religious novels from a circulating library, who



would not hear so much truth from the pulpit for the world, lest it should make them methodistical—a pretty considerable proof, worthy the notice of the advocates of such works, that they take the sentiments to be as much a fiction as the story that propounds them. This by the way. I do not myself consider the introducing of this paper needs an apology, but my young readers I find are becoming jealous of what they call the amusing part of the publication; and being myself more especially a candidate for their favour, I would not that they should think the Listener grows too grave.

The subject of the paper is that which we all talk about, and all alas! have at some time need to exercise—and until the hour of that need arrives, we know little of what we talk about: and when it arrives, we are liable to as much mistake. The cold reasoner who never happened to have a heart, and therefore knows not what its aching means, fancies he is resigned to the ways of Providence because the things that befall him never awaken rebellious feelings in the heart he is not. The prating gossip, who runs from house to house to tell the story of her own afflictions, claims the merit of resignation too, because her griefs have evaporated, like the contents of her tea-kettle, in bubble and vapour. The romantic spirit thinks itself resigned, when determined never to forego her sorrows, the sufferer has assembled round her all that tends to keep them in remembrance—makes of her griefs her pleasure—stimulates her appetite for pain, by gazing on the images of bliss foregone—refuses the aliment of cheerfuller spirits, to feed herself on tears—shuns whatever might divert her mind as if it were the touch of sacrilege, and mistakes for acquiescence in the will of heaven an excitation of feeling that nature always loves. The callous spirit thinks itself resigned, when blow after blow has so blunted the edge of feeling, that it is edged no longer—soured by disappointments, offended by ill-success, it takes vengeance on the world by sullen indifference and cold con-

tempt. It repels as false every kindlier disposition, mocks at its good things, and defies its bad things—loves nothing, trusts nothing, believes in nothing—and takes the hardening of the heart for the right effect of trials that were sent to soften it. The dissipated spirit thinks itself resigned, when like the pauper that betakes himself to the gin-shop to buy oblivion of his wants with the few remaining pence that suffice not to supply them, it loses in thoughtlessness the sense of sorrow—and in wild inebriation drowning all consciousness, feeling, and reflection, thinks it some merit that its grief goes too. All these things pass for submission, and are not what they pass for. Where then are we to look for it? For the most part where looking we shall not perceive it. If the poet or the sculptor wishes to personify Resignation, he sets her down beside a monument, or lays her in a comfortable attitude under a willow-tree—and he does right; for if he represented her cheerfully sweeping the house in which she once was served, or hospitably carving the food she is too sick at heart to eat of, we should probably not know what he meant. Yet it is so, that real Christian resignation is not beside the urn, among the willow-brooks, or in the relict-hung chamber. It is in the market-place, in the drawing-room, in the active duties of ordinary life. Look for it where cheerfulness is in the countenance and composure in the manner—among those who seem alive to every claim of society, grateful for every pleasant gift of Heaven, susceptible of every tenderness of nature, interested in every laudable pursuit, and promoting the welfare and enjoyment of all around them. You will not see it there, for it lies too deep for human observation—she wears no weeds, but in her heart—the sickening recollection, the weary sadness, the oft-returning throb of anguish, is where the stranger's eye may never penetrate, and men will call her by some other name:—but it is there and only there that Resignation has done her perfect work. Though it be true that our words are to those who have little yet

to do with resignation, their day is coming, and the timely considering of her features may save them from much mistake in feeling and in conduct. On the subjoined paper I have only to remark, that I should transpose the words, and call the higher feeling Acquiescence, the lower Submission—by the former understanding a cheerful assenting to the dispensations of Heaven as good, and therefore acceptable; by the latter a yielding to them as omnipotent, and therefore irresistible, but not acceptable. Words, however, are but arbitrary things; we do not always know what meaning they convey to our own minds, much less to the minds of others.

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No study is in itself so interesting, contains so much variety, and yet is so rarely pursued, as the study of mind. How many sources of error, enmity, and distrust, does this wilful ignorance occasion? We too frequently judge of others by ourselves, and impute to them motives, by which we are aware that we ourselves are influenced; thus, their actions and conduct, viewed as springing from a wrong source, are laid open to that reprehension, which they would not deserve, if referred to their real motive. But the generality of men cultivate so little acquaintance with their own minds, much less with those of others, that it is no wonder they know but little of those hidden springs of action, which lie so deep in the heart, that ere the streams reach us, we have lost sight of their source; for it is only the eye of penetrating and extensive observation that can apprehend, and the mind of quick and accurate discrimination that can correctly estimate, in others, those motives and feelings which are not unfrequently, even to their possessor himself, unknown and unacknowledged. There are many who study not the secrets of their own hearts, that start with amazement, when the skilful and tender finger of friendship removes the veil, or the more rough hand

of enmity tears it aside, and discloses the real source of their conduct. How liable then must they be to form an incorrect estimate of the motives of others!

The real nature of genuine submission is little known, and its influence but rarely felt: much that is so called deserves not the name. The MISTAKE is, in confounding submission with acquiescence, and the FAULT is, in supposing we can of ourselves exercise that grace; which is from him alone who requires the exercise of it. Acquiescence expresses concurrence, with little or no opposition from the will; while submission includes resignation triumphing over strong adverse feeling. A worldly character is of course unacquainted with the power of both these principles. If stoicism, instead of feeling, mount guard on the outlets of his heart, then he needs not their corrective influence; but if acuteness of feeling and strong mental susceptibility mark his character, then will he fly from one vain pursuit to another, to assuage his grief; or he will give himself up to the bitterness of despair, rejecting the comfort which is offered him; and ignorant of a higher source of consolation. The same characters, under the influence of divine grace, will illustrate these two principles. We see a Christian suffering under bereavement, and he bears up under his loss in a manner we did not expect; we are surprised at his calmness, and call it submission. But were we to look into his mind, we should find that this apparent submission had its source not so much in a reference to the dispensations of Jehovah, as in the natural constitution of his mind, which gave him not the power to feel acutely that stroke, which would have well nigh crushed a spirit formed in a different mould. Acquiescence and not submission will characterize the feelings of this individual. We see another, bowed down under the heavy hand of affliction, and bleeding from a recent wound: we see him perhaps avoiding society, presenting the appearance of dejection and mourning, and apparently engrossed with the subject of his bitter grief. We

say, where is the power of religion? This man indulges in his sorrow, and exhibits not that submission, which so adorns the Christian character. Alas! we have heard not the sighs which have been uttered in secret, we have seen not the tears, nor have witnessed the supplications, which have ascended to the throne of mercy, that his sorrow may be subjected to the chastening influence of this grace, and that he may be enabled from the heart to say, "Not *my* will, but *thine* be done." Both are alike the children of God, both are made desirous of bowing to his will: but in the one are strong natural feelings, which work adverse to the power of grace; but when grace gains the victory over nature, as in the end it assuredly will, it is then that religion is effectually exalted; it is then that the character shines forth the brightest, and reflecting the glory of Jehovah, shines to his praise and honour.

I once saw the source and power of submission beautifully exemplified in one whom I knew not, and who was not aware that any but her Maker witnessed the scene, which I possessed facilities for observing, of a peculiar nature. It was in the night season, and instructive was the lesson I learned at that window. A young and handsome female, clad in widow's weeds, was pacing the room with a hurried and disordered step: an infant lay extended in her arms, on which she occasionally glanced, with apparent agony of mind. Her eyes incessantly wandering round the room, betrayed that agitated state of feeling, which appears to read the tale of woe, in every object that meets the sight. From her own appearance, and that of her vesture, I conjectured that she had not long worn that dress, the sight of which carries a thrill of sympathy into the heart of the compassionate beholder. With the attractions of youth and beauty, which affliction, though so heavy, had not yet had time to efface, there was mingled an expression of intense feeling, and deep melancholy: her present excitement of mind added still farther to the appear-

ance of this interesting female. My attention was arrested, and from the contemplation of this scene, my thoughts were led to dwell on the varied lot, which is adjudged to mortals. My speculations were extending far and wide on the subject of comparative happiness and misery. But my mind was soon roused to the reality of the scene which was before me, when I saw the convulsive starts of the infant, and the more agonized looks of the mother. Its little body was writhing under the influence of convulsion: its blackening complexion, quivering lip, and clenched hand, all bore witness to the power of the disorder, and seemed the too true precursors of death. When the fit was over, the mother kneeled down, and with the infant still in her arms, thus gave vent to her bursting feelings.

“O thou merciful Father of the fatherless, and husband of the widow! graciously look upon my afflictions, and pitifully behold the sorrows of my heart. Thou hast taken away from me the delight of mine eyes with a stroke; thou hast left me a widow on the earth; thou hast visited with affliction this my only child, and thou art threatening to deprive me of this, my last earthly comfort. Spare! oh spare me, my heavenly Father! this dear pledge of that love, which death itself has hardly divided! Leave! oh leave me, this sweet remembrancer of joys, which shall no more be mine! I *would* trust in thee as my Father; I *would* believe that thou doest that which is best for me; I *would* say, ‘thy will be done;’ but oh! that it may be thy will, that I should not drink the very dregs of the cup of sorrow, that this one blessing might be mixed in the draught of woe, which is my portion here. Thou hast visited me with many and sore chastisings, and my heart acknowledges that I have deserved them all, and that there is not a single blessing which I can claim at thy hands. But oh! my God! rich in mercy—spare me this one: take from me every earthly enjoyment besides, the sacrifice will be but small; but tear not away the heart-strings

of my existence, in taking my child. Assuage, I intreat thee, the sufferings of this innocent bade, and spare my maternal heart these bitter pangs." She rose from her knees, and sat down, still watching the infant: a ray of hope gradually lighted up her despairing countenance, as it lay quietly on her knees, and its breathing grew less and less disturbed. Not one tear moistened that colourless cheek, or even filled that eye, which betrayed a conflict of feeling, too strong and deep for utterance. This tranquil state of body was granted to mother and child, for one hour, at the end of which time a still stronger convulsion than the last appeared ready to rend the little tabernacle of flesh, and let the tenant go free. This distressing fit continued with little intermission for some time. I could not leave the spot, and was resolved to wait the event. Many were the petitions which the mother put up from time to time for the life of her child: the broken sentences escaped half finished from her lips, and spoke that agony of mind which defied language to express it. Two female friends now entered the room, with slow and doubtful step, as though they feared their presence might prove an unwelcome intrusion; they appeared solicitous to render assistance to the infant and consolation to the mother; but she stedfastly rejected both. One even attempted to take the child from her arms, but was repulsed with a look and manner almost approaching to phrenzy. She then proceeded to offer such consolation as those are wont to present, who scarce ever felt the need of it themselves; but as an idle tale were all her words in the ear of her friend. The other, whose heart appeared overflowing with kindly feelings and Christian sympathy, sat for some minutes in silent emotion; at length she said—"How vain are the words of man to reach so deep a wound! Gracious Father! send down thy Spirit, the Comforter, to pour a healing balm into the bleeding heart of thine afflicted handmaid!" then addressing herself to the widow, who continued to walk to and fro with much agitation;" Oh my friend,

have you lost sight of your Saviour, in care for your babe? Who has said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble?' Who has declared, 'I will be better to thee than ten sons?' Who has promised, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be?' And who has engaged to strengthen thine heart, if thou wilt only wait on him? Remember in whose hands is the rod—in the hand of your Father—your God—He who is too wise too err, and too good willingly to afflict. View this trial as the painful, yet salutary means, of withdrawing your affections from this world, and fitting you for higher enjoyments; and you will then see, that it is the hand of mercy and love, and not of wrath, that strikes the blow, which drives you nearer to himself."

"Leave me," said the disconsolate mother, "leave me to my God—and to my child."

"Yes," said her friend, "*we will* leave you to your God; *we will* commend you to Jehovah's care.' May you be enabled, through faith, to commit your babe into the arms of a compassionate Saviour; remember what bodily sufferings—what mental pangs he endured to redeem your soul, and the soul of your child."

With evident concern and reluctance, they now left the room. A short interval, and the fits returned with increased violence. Loud and piercing were now the cries of the lovely infant, and the power of despair appeared to strengthen in the mind of the wretched mother. With all the wildness of agony she ejaculated, "Sustain me, O my God!" When this heart-rending paroxysm was over, I watched her countenance, and much was I astonished to see it gradually assume a calmer appearance. There was evidently a contest carrying on within; but it was not the contest of a retreating hope, that is slowly and reluctantly dispossessed of its feeble holds by the powerful grasp of despair. It was the ravings of adverse feeling, giving way to the power of submission—God was answering her prayer, but not in the way she expected. She cast her eyes upward, and resignation



was in that look. She fixed them on the child, with an expression in which tenderness and compassion triumphed over the intensity of grief and despair. She appeared for some minutes engaged in deep thought; till with feelings apparently much composed, and carried beyond the passing moment, she again bent her knee in the attitude of prayer: yet quivering were the lips, and tremulous the voice, which faintly uttered, "O thou God of long-suffering, and tender mercy! listen to thine handmaid; for thine ear is not heavy that thou canst not hear. Teach me to bow before thy inscrutable decrees with humble submission: suffer me not to repine at what thou doest. How hast thou borne with my self-will—my ingratitude—and my unbelief—rich in goodness thou didst bestow on me blessings, which I deserved not, but which I abused—I made them my idols—I loved them more than my God. In love and in mercy thou takest them away, and my rebellious heart rises against thee, arraigns thy providence, disputes thy right, and questions thy love. Have I not reason to be ashamed and abased before thee? Thou hast not granted me the desire of my heart, but thou hast heard my prayer, and hast given me an answer of peace. Thou didst look on the thing that thou madest, and thou sawest the rough waves of affliction about to swallow her up: thou madest the tumult without, and the tumult within; and thou didst whisper 'Peace, be still! be not dismayed—I am thy God—a present help in time of trouble.' Is not the hope of salvation mine? Are not the promises of Jesus mine? Is not the prospect of glory mine? And shall I not trust in thee at all times, and be satisfied with thee only as my portion? I bless thee that thou hast even *now* made me willing to give up my best earthly treasure—thou hast taught me to resign my child—Lord Jesus! receive it to thine arms, and give it a place among thy dear lambs. And grant to thy bereaved handmaid much of thy presence to support her in affliction, and to keep her from repining, even in thought—grace must work

against nature ; may grace be strong, that glory may rebound to God—strengthen my faith, O Lord, and help me to set my affections more on the things which are above—severe is the rod which thou hast sent to wean me from the world—but oh ! may it do its work, and may live henceforth for the praise of my Redeemer. Yet grant me *one* petition—oh ! my God ! visit not again, I entreat thee, this dear babe with those distressing pangs, which rend my maternal heart—bid it depart in peace. Oh ! calm the waves of that distressed sea, and waft the little spirit gently o'er. And when I have done and suffered all thy will on earth, and my change is come, then, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” She paused—her voice had gradually strengthened into a firm and tranquil tone : she yet remained with uplifted eyes, absorbed in the feelings of devotion. A few minutes—and the mother gazed upon her child—its eyes were closed—she bent her head over its little face, that its warm breath might play on her cheek—but breath there was none—the spirit had fled.

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## INTRODUCTON

TO

## THE STUDY OF NATURE.

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BOTANY.

(Continued from page 232.)

### CLASS XX.—CRYPTOGAMIA—FLOWERS INCONSPICUOUS.

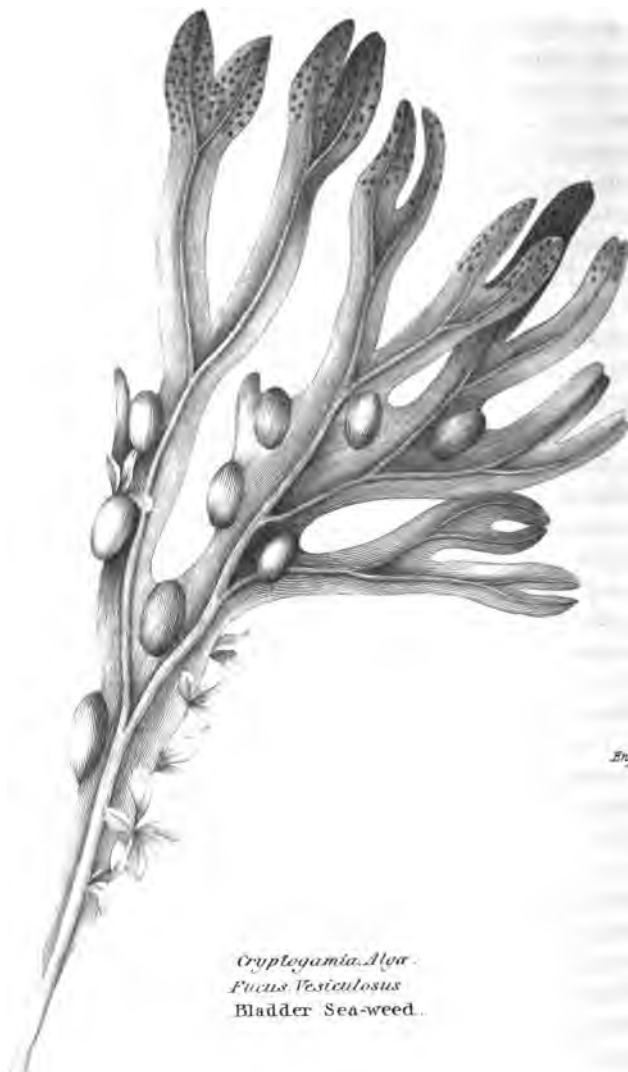
IN the botanical arrangement that, after Withering, we have adopted, the twentieth and last Class is Cryptogamia, of which the character is that the flowers are so indistinct, it is impossible to number the Pistils or Stamens, or even to discover where they are. The difficulties attending the study of this Class are so considerable,

that we should not recommend it at first to the attention of the learner, though the numerous, beautiful, and curious subjects it comprises, must eventually make it a subject of interest and curiosity. Our purpose is not to dwell long upon it, being certain that no descriptions, brief and compressed as ours must necessarily be, will in any way assist the student in the study of this peculiar class. We shall mention simply what sorts of plants are contained in it, and for the rest refer our readers to larger botanical treatises, of which this single Class generally occupies half as much space as all the others together. Different botanists divide it differently—we shall consider it as containing five Orders—Filices, Musci, Hepaticæ, Algæ, and Fungi.

1. Filices, Ferns, we can scarcely be unacquainted with under the English name. The plant consists only of a Frond, as described in a former lesson, *Plate 2. Fig. 1.*—On the back, the summit, or base of which, is the fructification, clearly visible in brown substances; but entirely inconspicuous as to the parts that usually compose a flower. We know a Fern when we see it by the general character and appearance; but if we examine deeply into the character of this beautiful race, we must expect to be puzzled—for there are plants of which the most experienced botanists have not agreed whether they be Ferns or not.

2. Musci, Mosses, is a name familiar to us also, and in a common way we know where to apply it, but scientifically it has its difficulties also. The parts of the flower are more perceptible in this Order than in the last, the Stamens and Pistils are frequently distinct, as well as the leaves, stalks, and other parts of a plant. The construction is exquisitely curious and beautiful; they are found in the hottest and the coldest climates, the last to die of drought or frost, and the first to recover on the return of more genial weather. Of all the Orders of this Class we should consider the Mosses as the most amusing and least difficult to study.





Eng<sup>d</sup> by T. E. -

*Cryptogamia. Alga.*  
*Fucus Vesiculosus*  
Bladder Sea-weed.

3. *Hepaticæ*, Liverworts, we should probably in common language call Mosses too; and they are in every respect nearly allied to them, and only to be distinguished by the minute characters.

4. *Algæ*, Flags. In this Order we must expect very many difficulties. It contains the Lichens, which in many respects resemble Mosses—the Sea-weeds, the Lavers, and a great number of fresh-water plants of the same Genera, but for which we have very generally no English names; they being productions that none but the botanist seeks or enquires of. We can learn nothing of them without reference to minute and accurate description.

5. *Fungi*, Mushrooms. These are plants so distinct in their construction from every other, that some have doubted whether they may not rather be of an animal nature; but there seems little ground for this supposition. The substance is fleshy, quick in growth and of a short duration, differing in texture, from a watery pulp to a leathery toughness. Of all our divisions of vegetable productions, the *Fungi* are the most numerous, and as far as we know, the least useful—in many cases indeed, they are rather the engines of destruction; as the growth of a *Fungus* upon them, is undoubtedly the cause of blight or decay to other substances. Still we cannot doubt, that like all created things, they live to serve a purpose; and if useless themselves, may be the support and food of something that is useful.

PLATE XXIV presents the drawing of a plant of the description we usually call Sea-weed—these are included, as we have said, in the Class *Cryptogamia*, Order *Algæ*, but examination only could have shown it to be, as it is, of the Genus *Fuci*. The broad flat, leathery substance, the fructification consisting only of globules within the substance of the plant, without any external appearance of seed or flower, lead us to suppose it may be so: on the whole, the plant we have picked up, for it grew where we could not well go to gather it, answers to the following description. It is about a foot in length,

of a thick, leathery substance, not notched at the edges. The leaves are flat, forked at the end, from half an inch to an inch in breadth, with a strong rib running up the middle. There are bladders in pairs or solitary at the division of the leaves, and on the mid-ribs. At the points of the leaves there are small tubercles or granulations within the substance. When fresh, the plant is of a deep olive, turning reddish in decay: and it is remarkable, that wherever the stem or leaves are bruised, or an incision made, a number of small leaves grow out of the wound. This description is sufficient to ascertain that we have the *Fucus Vesiculosus*, Bladder Sea-weed.

CLASS XX.—CRYPTOGAMIA—FLOWERS INCONSPICUOUS.

- ORDER 1.—Filices ..... Ferns
- ORDER 2.—Musci ..... Mosses
- ORDER 3.—Hepaticæ .... Liverworts
- ORDER 4.—Algæ..... Flags, Lichens, Sea-weeds
- ORDER 5.—Fungi ..... Mushrooms

Having thus gone through the twenty Classes, and made a slight mention of the Genera contained in each, we refer our readers for more minute description of the Generic and Specific characters of plants to the larger works we have had occasion to name.

Of children's books we have already mentioned some in other parts of our work. To those who are desirous and capable of going farther, we recommend for attentive perusal Sir J. E. Smith's Introduction to Physiological and Systematical Botany. As a Catalogue, to which to refer in our examination of the flowers we find, we have elsewhere spoken of those of Withering and Smith—the latter we considered as the better work—the former as offering more facility to the inexperienced: either would serve our purpose. So furnished, we may proceed in our study, without need of further assistance: the botanical terms will become familiar to us by the frequency of their recurrence, and all seeming difficulties will quickly disappear. The objects of our study are round us and about us; we can scarcely walk out in the

country without treading them under our feet, and we may seek long and far before we can exhaust them. The costly experiments of the Chemist, the far-sought materials of the Mineralogist, are not needed here: the specimens are free to all, and within the reach of all; each returning season brings us new and abundant treasures, that no one cares to claim, and whoever finds may take: yet are they of heaven's most exquisite productions, a source of amusement innocent as inexhaustible, and of knowledge worthy of the highest intellect. We may add to this, that, unlike other studies which are mostly sedentary, the pursuit of this may greatly contribute to the body's health, and to that vigour and activity of spirit, which exercise in the open air so much tends to promote. Of that still better use which this pursuit partakes of in connexion with all other study of the works of nature, we have already and amply spoken. It remains only that we leave with our reader a few hints for the practical pursuance of the study.

It is so little satisfactory to pick to pieces a specimen and cast it away, trusting to memory entirely to recollect its name, and recognize its characters when we chance to meet with it again, that every botanist feels inclined to make some record of his progress and discoveries, by enregistering in some way the specimens and their names. The usual method of doing this is by preserving the plants in a dried state. Every particular of a plant may be thus preserved, except the colour, and by immersing the dried flower into hot water, you can at any time so restore its parts as to be fit for examination. Great nicety and care are requisite in forming such an Herbarium. They should be placed between paper in their most natural position, not artificially opened and arranged, unless it be some one or two of the flowers that may be opened to show the internal parts. Some plants will grow after they are laid down, which must be prevented by putting them first in hot water, or by a hot iron—but except where this is necessary to kill them, it is better not to iron them:



also those that are disposed to cast off their leaves when dry, must be immersed in hot water. It is necessary to fasten the specimens, when dried, to the paper, either by a little glue, or by strips of paper across the stems. Against each plant should be written the Class and Order to which it belongs, the Botanical and English names, and, if we please, the place and season in which it was found. Dried plants are much subject to be consumed by insects, as well as the paper on which they are laid. To prevent this, it is recommended to dissolve about two drams of corrosive sublimate of mercury with a little camphor, in a pint of rectified spirits of wine, and apply the mixture with a brush to the various parts of the plant when quite dry, mixing also a little of it with the glue: it should be done before they are fastened, to avoid staining the paper. They must then be kept in a dry place.

The difficulty of preserving plants well, and the cumbersome form of a large collection when preserved, also the loss of their beauty by the fading colour, induced us to adopt another plan, which is within the reach of most ladies, and if not so strictly scientific, will be likely to prove much more amusing than the plants themselves. Instead of drying our specimens, we make a drawing of each, with strict attention to its botanical characters, even in the minutest particulars, for which purpose the description should be read and the flower examined *before* it is drawn, lest some specific character be overlooked. As painting flowers is a work of some length, we adopted the plan of drawing and shadowing them with pencil only, as if for engraving, and merely tinting over the pencil with the proper colouring. The effect is good, and the process very quick; so that a collection may thus be made with very little cost of time. We say this is within reach of most ladies, because most ladies can draw; or if they cannot, they might if they chose it, so far as to sketch a flower from nature, a task that requires neither the talent nor the knowledge requisite

for other drawing, or for painting. We strongly recommend this method to our younger friends, to whom it will prove an innocent and useful amusement in their leisure; and by the time they cease to be young, they will have a very valuable collection of botanical drawings. Should any difficulty present itself in the method, let them choose first the same flowers we have given in our plates, and drawing their own from a living specimen, correct and shadow it by reference to ours—there is no difference but to substitute the pencil for the ink of the engraving.

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### DIRECTIONS

FOR COLOURING THE PLATES IN VOLS. 3 AND 4.

*Plate 13. Lythrum Salicaria.* Remembering our former advice to mix the colours thin, and lay them on equally with a large brush—mix Gamboge and Prussian Green for the leaves, stem, and calix; for the latter and for the upper leaves, with a larger proportion of the yellow. Mark a fine distinct line of Red Lake round the edge of the leaves, and tint with the same, the stem, the points of the calix, and of the fruit leaves. Put a very small quantity of Prussian Blue into the Lake, and colour with it the whole flower, except a slight touch of yellow in the middle: filaments of the same colour; anthers a deep green.

*Plate 14. Potentilla Anserina.* The front of the leaves of a grass green—that part which folds over so as to show the back, of the palest blue green. The stems entirely Red Lake—the flower an equal yellow.

*Plate 15. Ranunculus Aquatilis.* Leaves and stems rather light green, flower white—stamens and claws of the petals yellow.

*Plate 16. Scutellaria Galericulata.* The upper surface of the leaves of a bright green, the under surface and calix of a whitish green. The flowers bright blue, paler towards the centre. Stem a strong purplish red.

**Plate 17.** *Cardamine Pratensis*. The leaves and stems of an equal green. The stamens, pistil, and claws of the petals pale yellow—the outer part of the petals lilac, inclining to white in the middle—lilac to be made of Prussian Blue and Lake, the latter predominating.

**Plate 18.** *Althæa Officinalis*. The leaves and stem of a bright green—the flowers of the very palest pink, veined also with pink. The tube of filaments a bright red, the anthers deep purple.

**Plate 19.** *Vicia Cracca*. Leaves and stem an equal green, rather bluish. The flowers of bright blue, with a slight tinge of pink.

**Plate 20.** *Hypericum Pulchrum*. Leaves green—stem strongly tinted with Burnt Umber. Flowers bright yellow, marked and pointed with red—stamens yellow, anthers and buds of Lake and Gamboge mixed.

**Plate 21.** *Cichorium Intybus*. Leaves of the usual green—stems and calix and floret leaves a lighter green, edged and tipped with Seppia. Flowers of the most brilliant blue—the best colour is the Ultramarine.

**Plate 22.** *Achillea Ptarmica*. Leaves a deep green—the middle rib of the leaves, the stem and calix a whitish green. Central florets yellow—those of the circumference white. All white flowers should be washed with the palest possible tint of yellow.

**Plate 23.** *Centaurea Scabiosa*. Leaves, stem and calix green—edges of the latter brown—flowers either white, washed with a pale yellow, or a reddish purple formed of Lake and Prussian Blue.

**Plate 24.** *Fucus Vesiculosus*. The whole plant washed with an olive colour, best formed of Brown Pink and Seppia; may be made of Seppia and Gamboge.

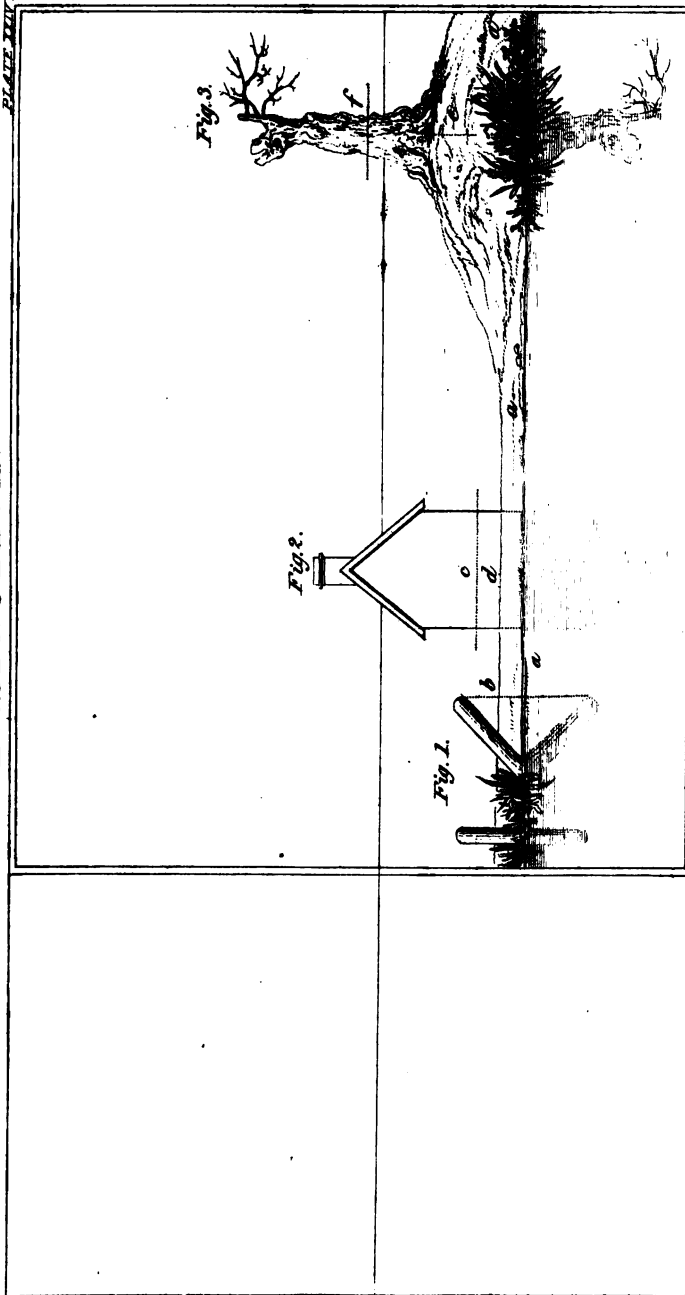
## PERSPECTIVE DRAWING.

### LESSON XXIV.—PLATE 24.

WE have reserved our only remaining lesson in Perspective, for the shadows cast by natural objects upon

# PERSPECTIVE.

PLATE VII.



Pub<sup>d</sup> by Baker & Fletcher 14 Finsbury Place.

Eng<sup>d</sup> by T. Hughes.



the water. The rule for these is simple and easy, and will need but little explanation. Let *a a*, Plate XXIV. be the outline of the water. Fig. 1. represents two posts, one perpendicular, the other reclining, but both planted close to the water's edge. Nothing is necessary here but to make the reflection of the perpendicular post also perpendicular in the water, and of the same length as the post: the reclining one to form an equal angle with the line *a a*, till it meets the dotted perpendicular *b*; all objects close to the water and on a level with it, to be formed in the same way; merely drawing the shadow of the same size and shape as the object, in a reversed position. Fig. 2. is also on a level with the water, but not close to it; the space therefore that the intervening ground occupies in the picture, must be taken from the shadow, as marked by the dotted line *c*, the space from *c* to *d*, being equal to that from *d* to the line *a*. The part of the building above *c* will thus alone be reflected. Fig. 3. is not only at a distance from the water's edge, but it is on an elevation above it. This is to be represented by dropping the line *e* from the base of the tree as far as we suppose the mound on which it stands to be above the level of the water: this may be judged of by the eye, or measured according to the method in Lesson XIX. for the ascent of the street. From the base of this line *e* the remaining space to the line *a* will be the apparent distance of the object from the water, and that is to be taken, as in Fig. 2., from the length of the reflection—so that the part of the tree above *f* will alone be reflected: the space from one end of the line *e* to *f*, being equal to the space from the other end to the line *a*.

We have now pursued our lessons in Perspective as far as we intended: no farther, that is, than is essential to every young person to understand, for the purpose of sketching from nature. Subjects might be endlessly multiplied, and rules more intricate be supplied: for elaborate architectural drawings much more would be

necessary—but this was not our purpose. There are many larger and more scientific works upon the subject, which they who would pursue it farther may have recourse to, and will now, we trust, understand; though had they commenced with them they probably would not. Of the works we have seen on the subject, we consider Wood's to be the plainest and the best for practical purposes.

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## INTRODUCTION

TO A

### SERIES OF FAMILIAR CONVERSATIONS ON THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

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LIVING, or organized beings, have, from their earliest periods of observation, being divided into two kingdoms; the Animal and the Vegetable. The first generally endowed with the faculties of sense and motion; the second destitute of both, and capable only of vegetation.

The *first* and most important circumstance which distinguishes an animal from a vegetable, is the possession of an intestinal cavity, or stomach; where the food is prepared by digestion to be distributed, either by absorption or circulation, to every part of the body. Of this all plants are destitute; for they are supplied by the soil and the surrounding atmosphere, with juices already prepared for their nourishment.

The *second* leading character of animals is the circulating system: this is less essential than the digestive, and does not exist in animals of the simpler conformation.

The *third* is respiration, which is essential to the constitution of the animal body. Animals are found to exercise all their functions with more or less efficiency, in proportion as their respiration is more or less perfect.

The *fourth* peculiarity of animals is, that oxygen

and nitrogen, two gases which plants reject, are essential to their life. They in return throw off a great proportion of hydrogen and carbon, which form the principal parts of the vegetable composition.

The several divisions of Classes, Orders, and Genera, are employed in the Zoological department of Natural History, as well as in the mineral and vegetable.

The Baron Cuvier, whose system is now most esteemed, distributes the whole animal kingdom into four Classes:—

1. VERTEBRATED animals, or those in which the brain and chief trunk of the nervous system, the spinal marrow, are enclosed in bony coverings; the former called the cranium or skull, the latter, the vertebra or back bone. This Class is divided into four Orders: *Mammalia*, or those animals that nourish their young by milk, *Birds*, *Reptiles*, and *Fishes*, which are again subdivided into various Genera and Species.

2. MOLLUSCA. In animals of this Class we find no skeleton: the muscles are simply attached to the skin, which forms a soft and contractile covering, or mantle, in which the viscera are enclosed. Many species in this Class are furnished with a shell.

3. ARTICULATED animals, in which the covering of the body is divided into a certain number of rings, forming frequently a kind of external skeleton. This Class contains the four Orders of *Worms*, *Crustacea*, *Arachnida*, and *Insects*.

4. ZOOPHYTES, or radiated animals: those which, though possessed of the chief characteristic of an animal, a digestive organ, yet bear, in some particulars, a strong resemblance to vegetables.

In the series of familiar conversations on the animal kingdom, to which this rapid sketch is intended as an introduction, we shall proceed, contrary to the usual method, from the lowest to the highest scale in animated nature: from the simply-constructed polype to the lord of the creation: and while we observe the different con-



formations, propensities and instincts that distinguish the various orders of animals, and notice the admirable adaptation of the whole to promote their enjoyments, and to fit each for the place in creation it was designed to occupy, we shall be convinced that it is not the heavens alone that declare the glory of God, nor the firmament only which sheweth his wondrous works: but that "His omnipotence, his wisdom, and his superintending providence, are equally manifested in the meanest worm that creeps upon the earth, and in the lowest of the radiated tribes that slumber in the coral caves of ocean."

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## HYMNS AND POETICAL RECREATIONS.

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### PSALM XCI.

Who in the secret of thy presence hide,  
O thou Most High, in peace securely rest;  
Under thy shadow they shall still abide,  
Guarded by the Almighty God and blest.

To thee, the Lord Jehovah, I will sing;  
Thou art my rock, my refuge, my abode;  
My soul's strong confidence, my glorious King,  
In whom for ever I will trust—my God.

He will deliver thee from every snare;  
Satan shall spread the net for thee in vain;  
Though sin's impoisoned arrows fill the air,  
The soul in Christ uninjured shall remain.

'Thine everlasting strength will he be found;  
Beneath his wings thy soul shall rest in peace;  
His faith shall shield and compass thee around,  
Till every danger, every storm shall cease.

'The Lord is thy salvation and thy light,  
What shall alarm thee guarded by his eye?  
Thou shalt not fear the terrors of the night,  
Nor deadly shafts by day that round thee fly.

'Walking in darkness, with terrific power,  
Though the swift pestilence its thousands slay,  
Or tens of thousands perish in the hour,  
When dire destruction points the burning ray.

'Though on the impious thine eyes shall see  
The threatened vials of his wrath descend,  
His indignation will not fall on thee,  
For in the judge thou shalt behold thy friend.'

Surely to thee, Jehovah, I have fled—  
'Because thy dwelling is in God Most High,  
Within that sanctuary he has said,  
No plague shall come, no evil venture nigh.

'Concerning thee, his angels have command  
To bear thee up and keep thee in thy way ;  
The Lord of angels is himself at hand,  
A light by night, a covering by day.

'Walk in his light, and thou shalt never fall,  
Rising in darkness he will on thee shine ;  
Go in his strength, and thou shalt conquer all,  
And tread beneath thy feet his foes and thine.'

"Because thine heart is mine," thus saith the Lord,  
"I will deliverance for thee proclaim ;  
Keep thee in peace, for thou hast kept my word,  
Raise thee on high, for thou hast known my name.

"When thou shalt lift thy supplicating voice,  
Then will I answer from my throne above ;  
Even in trouble shall thy soul rejoice,  
Cheered with the consolations of my love.

"Thus will I honour him who honours me—  
He shall be raised in glory and in power,  
At my right hand complete salvation see,  
Fulness of joy and life for evermore."

IOTA.

#### THE HAIR-BELL.

Deep in the beds of heather where it grew,  
I saw a Hair-bell of celestial blue—  
The dew-drops glittered on its cheek so brightly,  
It hung upon its slender stem so lightly,  
I thought it was a thing of too much grace  
To bide alone in that rude dwelling-place.  
It seem'd the trembling, drooping bells would break  
Beneath the tear that hung upon its cheek—  
It seemed a form so tender would be riven  
If breath'd on by the lightest wind of heaven.

Too eagerly I bent me down to try  
If I might wipe its little leaflets dry.  
I put aside the thorns that clos'd it round,  
And gently drew it from its native ground;  
To bear it, as I thought, to some fair spot,  
Where the rude forest-winds would reach it not—  
Nor rugged thorns be for its pillow spread,  
Nor dew-drops lie too heavy on its head.  
But scarcely had it reach'd its dwelling-place,  
Or ere there came a sadness on its face :  
There came a certain dimness in its hue,  
That did not seem to be its native blue :  
Press'd by no dew-drop now, each tiny bell  
Lower and lower on its bosom fell—  
As if the sicken'd appetite denied  
To take the fresh'ning moisture I supplied ;  
As if it could not feel, or did not love  
The softer breeze that fann'd it from above.  
Ah! hapless flower!—it was in evil day  
I tore thee from thy native waste away.  
The thorns thy shelter and thy drink the dew,  
He who had placed thee there, full surely knew  
'Twas there that thou wert best—thy tender form  
Flourish'd, albeit unshelter'd from the storm—  
Thy pliant stem the breezes did not break—  
The sunbeam did not fade thy pretty cheek—  
Thou hadst not sigh'd to deck the garden bower,  
Or share the fortunes of some cherish'd flower,  
That softer suns and fairer climates bore  
To be the favourites of a passing hour.  
He that had form'd thee, form'd thee to adorn  
The barren heath, and bide beneath the thorn ;  
And fitted thee to blossom and to thrive,  
There where his wisdom destin'd thee to live.  
'Twas I that wrong'd thee, when with hand so rude  
I rashly tore thee from thy solitude.  
I fain would take thee back again, poor flower !  
But 'twere in vain—for thou can'st grow no more.  
It was not nature wrong'd thee—it was I  
Whose fond mistaking marr'd thy destiny—  
And wiser than thy Maker, proudly bore  
The hair-bell where 'twill never blossom more,

## EASTER THOUGHTS.

Is't joy to me that Jesus lives? That he  
 Whom mortals buried, burst the riven tomb,  
 And came again to prove that he was God?  
 What joy? Men slay their enemies—and I  
 Was one that slew him—for my guilt was there,  
 To bind a thorn the more upon his brow;  
 My faithless, cold ingratitude was there,  
 To add a burden to his bosom's sadness;  
 And I was party to that fearful burst  
 Of agony that swelled his sinless heart;  
 And brake it, ere the murderous sword had smitten.  
 What joy? Men do not love to see again  
 The being they have injured and have slain!  
 'Twere safer for them, that the grave they closed,  
 Should hold him in its iron grasp for ever.  
 Is't joy to me that Jesus lives? That he  
 Who suffered and was buried, comes again  
 In character of Heaven's eternal King,  
 To be the arbiter of weal or woe?  
 What joy? If Jesus lives, he lives to judge  
 And to decide between the soul that loves him,  
 Or loves him not—and surely as he brings  
 To one the eternal purchase of his anguish,  
 Pardon, and joy, and holiness, and love,  
 Peace upon earth, in heav'n immortality;  
 So surely to the other is he bearer  
 Of that unsparing justice that has fallen  
 Once on himself, but now must fall on all  
 Who have not known him, lov'd him, and been pardon'd.

Jesus is risen. Yes; but ere I join  
 The pæon of joyful gratitude, that hails  
 The day of his returning, let me think  
 If he who has arisen is my friend.  
 If he is not my friend, he is my foe,  
 Most injured, most insulted, most provoked—  
 Men do not sing a welcome to their foes.  
 Still the loud musick, doff the gay attire,  
 Till wrapt in deep and silent communing,  
 My spirit first has questioned of itself  
 If it be so, that I have cause for joy.

If I have lov'd him—aye, but then to love  
 Is to deaire, to follow, to obey.

It is to bind the object on the heart  
 So close, so near, that nought may come between,  
 Nor ought be held of value, or be deem'd  
 Too much to part from, or too much to leave,  
 Or suffer, for the sake of him we love.  
 With him—it is to listen to his words,  
 And drink them in as eagerly, as gladly,  
 As does the parched and thirsty soil drink in  
 The first small droppings of the summer shower.  
 Away from him—it is to remember  
 When all beside forget him; and recall  
 His name, his character, his words, his wishes,  
 Where nothing whispers of them but our love,  
 And all around us and about us sounds,  
 Amid the turmoil of a restless world,  
 Oblivion to his honour and his name.  
 It is to have his will so deeply written  
 Upon our hearts, that running we may read it:  
 And, 'mid the hurry of existence, never  
 Forego it or forget it, or let pass  
 Affection's wakeful, monitory whisper,  
 That says, "'Tis so he would"—"'tis so he would not."  
 If I am pardon'd—am I pardon'd then?  
 The prodigal, who chose his luckless portion  
 So far at distance from his father's house,  
 And for a season liked it, and expended  
 All that he had in careless revelry,  
 So long as he was happy, was not pardon'd.  
 Nay, nor was he pardon'd, when, bereaved,  
 Or wearied, or forsaken of his pleasures,  
 He sate him down in sadness to abide  
 The miserable portion he had earned—  
 Distant in sorrow then, as erst in joy.  
 From sorrow, or from joy, or from the things,  
 Whatever or where'er, apart from him,  
 That made me blest or wretched, have I risen,  
 And gat me back again to ask a pardon?  
 Vain, vain had been to him the dance, the song.  
 The voice of mirth, and noise of revelry,  
 That day that sounded through his father's halls,  
 Had he not been the pardon'd, the accepted—  
 At once the willing and the welcom'd guest.  
 And vainer far than this, and worse than vain,  
 A senseless mockery and a bold derision,  
 It were to me to sing a joyful welcome

To one I have forgotten and forsaken ;  
And idly come to celebrate a day  
That is not joy to me, unless, indeed,  
There something be within me to attest  
That I have lov'd him, and am lov'd of Him.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

*Modern Geography—Arranged in a systematic form, and intended as an introduction to a more enlarged study of the science.* By Charlotte Hennion. Seeley and Son. Price 5s. 1825.

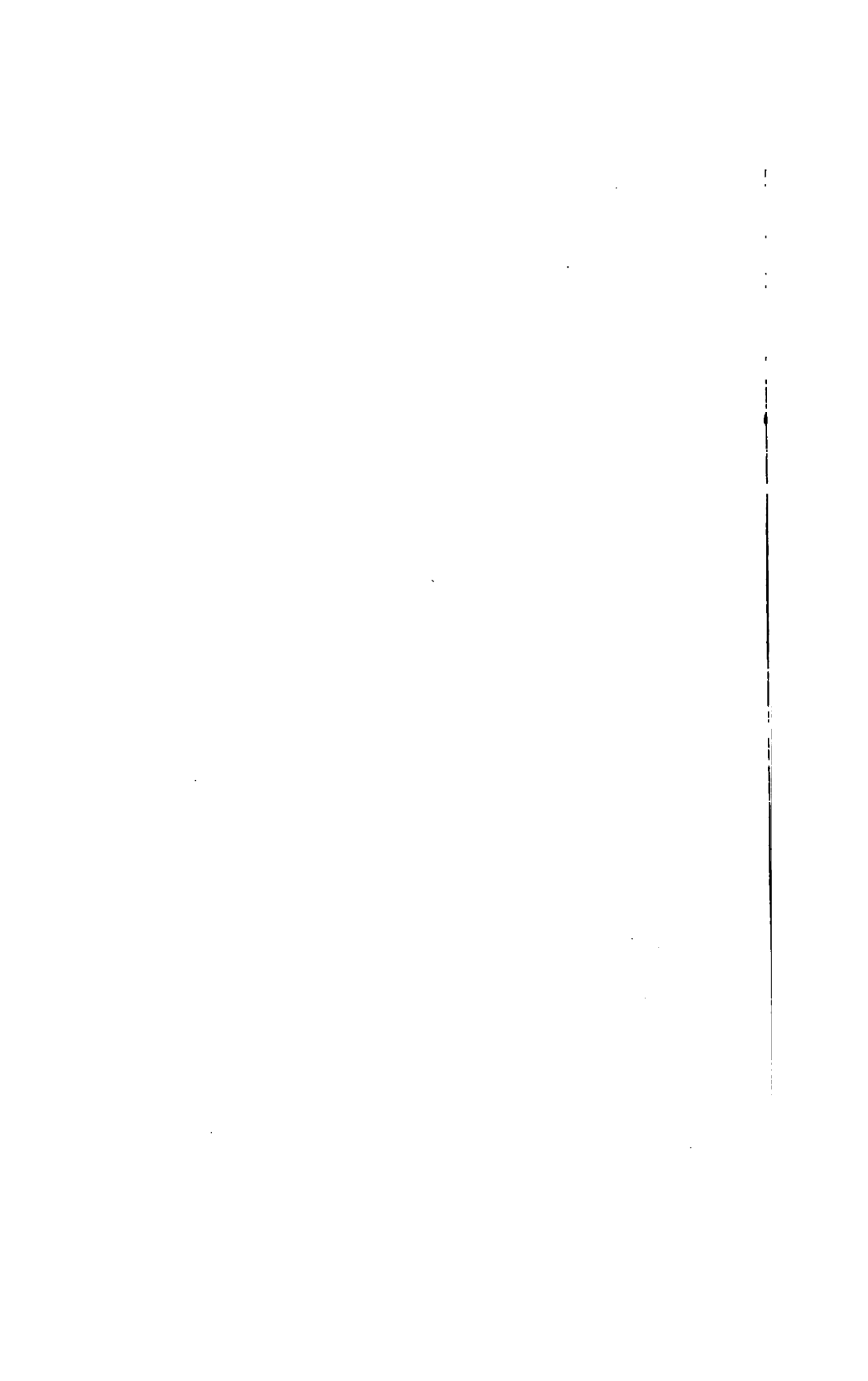
THERE is no person, perhaps, engaged in tuition, but has felt the want of a good first book for Geography. In the melancholy routine of early education we must begin with learning names by rote—though how little geographical knowledge is ever acquired this way, the author doubtless knows as well as we do. We may as well learn musick without seeing an instrument, as geography without a map. Still names must be learned, and a book of this description was wanted. Whether this will answer to that want, the author who has tried it can better judge than we who have not tried it, because it is only to be proved by experience. There seems by the preface to be a design of making the learner form the map for himself. If this can be effected, the plan must be good. We cannot help wishing the author had given us in a plate an example of the method by which this is intended to be done. At the same time we have pleasure in recommending the work to the notice of our readers.

*The Contributions of Q. Q. to a Periodical Work, with some pieces never before published.* By the late Jane Taylor. 2 Vols., 9s. 1824. J. H. Holdsworth, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

OUR younger readers have complained of us, that while we direct them in their more solid reading, we have forgotten that there are times when the mind has need to relax itself with something of a lighter nature: story-books have answered to them the same purpose that poetry, travels, and works of fancy do to their elder; they must have light reading as well as ourselves: but then we have suggested that a great many story-books are objectionable in themselves, and many, good in themselves, are objectionable if taken in too abundant quantity. All this is very true: we know that little ladies as well as great ladies are not always in a humour for application—there are, besides, a great many five-minutes and ten-minutes in the course of the day, which, because they cannot apply themselves to study in so desultory a way, they usually pass in fidgetting every body who happens to be employed; but which, if some light, unconnected reading lay in their way, might be considerably better and more agreeably spent. We are happy, therefore, to have a book to recommend exactly suited to their purpose, and we hope to their taste—full of useful hints and brief stories, to which no possible objection can be made, either by us or by themselves.











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